THE

LIFE AND ACTS

Of the most famous and valiant Champion

Sir *William Wallace*

Knight of Ellerslie,

Maintainer of the Liberty of

SCOTLAND.

With a Preface containing a short sum of the History of that time.

EDINBURGH

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EPITAPHIVM GVLIELMI WALLACE.

Nvida Mors tristi *Gulielmum* fvnere *Vallam*
Quæ cuncta tollit, sustulit.
Tanto pro cive, cinis: profinibus urna est:
Frigusque pro lorica obit.
Ille quidem terras, loca se inferiora, reliquit,
At fata factis supprimens,
Parcesti melioré solum, Cœlumque peterrat
Hoc spiritu, illud gloria.
Atqui si inscriptum generoso pectus honesto
Fuisset, hostis proditi
Anglus *Angle* tuis, in pœnas parcior isses:
Nec oppidatim spargeres
Membra viri sacrandâ adytis. Sed scin quid in
Immanitate viceris?
Vasta in cunctas oras spargantur & horas
Laudes, immunque dedecus.

The Printer to the Reader.

THis Historie of sir *William Wallace*, with the other of the valiant king *Robert Bruce*, which followeth upon the end of it (the former written in *Latine* by Master *Iohn Blair*, Chaplaine to *Wallace*, and turned in *Scots* meeter by one called *Blind Harry*, in the dayes of king *Iames* the fourth: The other written by Master *Iohn Barber* Archdean of *Aberdene*, a learned man in the dayes of king *Dauid Bruce* and *Robert Stewart*) contains the relation of the most famous war that ever fell out in the Ile of *Britaine*, foughten most valiantly for the space of 40 yeares, betwixt the two Realmes of *Scotland* and *England*, the one unjustly pursuing, the other constantly defending the liberties of this Countrey: During which broiles, there happened great alterations, both in the generall state of this Kingdome, and in the overthrow and advancement of particular Families, the one for betraying, the other for maintaining their countries freedom and welfare.

That the whole History may bee the more cleare, wee have thought good in a short preface to set downe the causes, occasions, and the most memorable passages of this war. In the yeare 1285: *Alexander* the third King of *Scotland* being pitifully taken away by a fall of his horse at *Kinghorn*, without any issue of his body, and in him the whole posterity of his father *Alexander* the second, and grand-father *William* the Lyon being extinct, the right of the Crowne fell to the heires of *David* Earle of *Huntingtown* and *Chriach* youngest brother to *William* the Lyon. Hee had left three daughters: the eldest *Margaret*, married to *Alan* Lord of *Galloway*, the second *Isabel* to *Robert Bruce* (surnamed the *Noble*) Lord of *Annandale* and *Cleveland*, grandfather to *Alan* mentioned *Henry Hastings*, an *Englishman*, who

ving no just title to the Crown, the contention rested betwixt the posterity of the two Iest Daughters: For *Alan* Lord of *Galloway* leaving no sons by his wife *Margaret* his eldest daughter *Dornagilla* of *Galloway* maried *John Baliol*, a man of great power and lands, both in *Scotland*, *England*, and *France*, and bore to him *John Baliol* afterward King, *Robert Bruce* by his wife *Isabell* of *Huntington* had *Robert Bruce* Earle of *Carrike* (by mariage of *Martha* heretrix thereof) who contended with *John Baliol*, and died in the time of *Wallace* wars. His eldest son *Robert Bruce* succeeded King of *Scotland*.

Dornagilla of *Galloway* claimed the Crown as heir to *Margaret* eldest Daughter to Prince *David*. *Robert Bruce* Earle of *Carrike*, albeit son to *Isabell* the second daughter, yet contended that in feudall succession, the first male ought to succeed before a woman standing in the same degree, as a son excludeth his sister from succession, although she be elder: And therefore he and *Dornagilla* of *Galloway*, standing in the second degree fro Prince *David*, he ought to be preferred before her: As for her son *John Baliell*, he could claim no right but by her; And likewise was a degree further off from Prince *David*. The like practike had fallen forth some ten yeares before in *Hugh* the fourth Duke of *Burgundy*, whose eldest son *Hugh* (dying before his father) left a daughter *Ioland* Countesse of Nevers, who claimed to succeed to her grand-father *Hugh* the fourth; notwithstanding *Robert* second son to the same *Hugh* the fourth, was preferred to her, and succeeded Duke of *Burgundy*: for then the second son in feudall inheritance succeed before the eldest sons daughter; far more ought the Nevoy to succeed before the Niece. The right of succession being thus made doubtfull, the competitours were so powerfull, that they drew the greatest part of the Kingdome in two equall factions, so that it seemed impossible to setle the controversie as soone, without running into a most pernicious civile war.

The States of *Scotland* to prevent this mischiefe thought it fittest, to submit the arbitrement of the cause to *Edward* the first surnamed *Longshanks* King of *England*: upon that upon diverse weighty reasons: For he and his father King *Henrie* the third being joyned by many allyances of bands and friendship to the

two laſt Kings of *Scotland*, had lived in great amitie and concord with them, receiving and interchanging many favours and kind duedies. The two competitours alſo *Bruce* and *Baliol* had as great lands in *England* as in *Scotland*: ſo that he (and he only) was able to make them to ſtand to reaſon. Finally the ſtates of *Scotland* not being able to determine the plea, there was no Prince beſide more powerfull, and (in appearance) more like to compoſe the controverſie without great blood ſhed. This motion was (in ſecret) very greedily embraced by King *Edward*, hopeing in ſo troubleſome water to finde a gainfull fiſhing, either by drawing the Kingdome of *Scotland* under his direct ſubjection, or at leaſt under his homage as Lord Paramont and Superiour, conſidering the difficulty to determine the queſtion at home, and the intereſt hee had in both the parties being (for a great part of their Eſtates) his Vaſſals and ſubjects: His great power alſo, having (beſide *Ireland* (a great part of *France* under his dominion, and the Law-Countries his aſſured confederats, gave him great encouragement. Neither wanted he great friendſhip in *Scotland*, having at that time many of the greateſt Noble men in *Scotland* Vaſſals and Feodaries to himſelfe for many lands which they held in *England*, partly for great ſervices done to himſelfe and his father, partly lying within *Northumberland*, and the border Shyres then holden by the *Scots*, as fee of *England*: partly alſo by interchange of mariages and ſucceſſions betwixt the two Nations, which for a long time had lived in perfect amitie as if it had beene one Kingdome. And to make the controverſie more fearefull, he ſtirred up eight other competitours beſide *Bruce* and *Baliol*: *Florence* Earl of *Holland* (deſended of *Ada* ſiſter to *William* the *Lyon*) *Patrick Dunbar* Earle of *March*, ſir *Walter Roſſe*, ſir *Nicolas Soules*, ſir *Roger Mandeville*, ſir *John Cumine* of *Badenach* (theſe five were deſcended of younger daughters of *Alan* Lord of *Galloway*) ſir *William Veſcie*, begotten upon King *Alexander* the ſecond his baſtarſt daughter, but pretended to be reabled, and *John Haſtings* Lord *Abergevenny* deſcended of *Ada* youngeſt daughter to Prince *David* of *Huntington*.

Having thus prepared matters, he came to *Berwicke*, and met with the ſtates of *Scotland*, to whom he promiſed to decide

the controverſie according to equity, Which that it might ſtop more likely, he had brought from *France* ſundrie of the moſt famous Lawyers of that age; He chooſed alſo out of the States of *Scotland* aſſembled, twelve of the wiſeſt and moſt honourable, to whom he joyned the like number of *Engliſh*, as Aſſeſſors to him in this arbitrement. At this meeting by the doubtfull anſwere of the Lawyers, and number of new pretendents he made the matter more difficult, and appointed a new convention at *Norham* in the borders the year following.

Difficulties thus increaſing, and the Earle of *Holland* having on foot a great army to take the Crown of *Scotland* by force (which their own ſtories affirme to have landed in *Scotland*, and to have intercepted ſome ſtrengths) At the meeting of *Norham* King *Edward* dealt ſecretly, and by ſic Agents with the States of *Scotland*, for eſchewing of imminent miſchiefs, to become his ſubjects: he being deſcended of King *David*'s ſiſter, and ſo but two degrees further from the Crown of *Scotland* than *Bruce* and *Baliol* were: This being flatly refuſed by all, he betook himſelfe to his other deſigne: And firſt dealt ſecretly with *Robert Bruce* promiſing to decerne in his favours, if hee would take the Crown of *Scotland* holden of him, and doe him homage for it, But he ſtoutly refuſed to ſubject a free Nation to any overlord, whereupon King *Edward* called for *John Baliol*: who knowing that he was not ſo much favoured of the ſtates of *Scotland*, eaſily condeſcended to King *Edwards* deſire: and being by him declared King of *Scotland*, the States deſirous of peace, conveyed him to Scone, where he was crowned *Anno* 1291. and all, except *Bruce*, ſwore to him obedience, ſhortly thereafter *Duncan Macduff* Earle of *Fife* was killed by the Lord *Abernethie* (a man of great power in theſe times, allyed both with the Cumbers and *Baliol*) The Earles brother finding the King partiall in adminiſtration of juſtice, ſummoned him to compeare before the King of *England* in Parliament: Where hee being preſent, and ſitting beſide King *Edward* (after he had done him homage) when he was called upon, thought to anſwere by a Procutor: But he was forced to riſe, and ſtand at the bar. This indignity grieving him greatly, he reſolved to free himſelfe of this bondage. At the ſame time warre breaking out be-

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twixt *England* and *France*. King *Edward* sent Embassadors to the Parliament of *Scotland*, to send aide to him, as now being their overlord: There came also other Embassadours from *France*, desiring the ancient league to be renewed. The King and States of *Scotland* renewed the league with *France*, which had remained unviolably kept for the space of five hundreth years before. The King of *England*'s sute was rejected, because the pretended surrender and homage was made by *John Baliol* privatly without the consent of the Parliament. A mariage also was concluded betwixt Prince *Edward Baliol*, & a daughter of *Charles* Earl of *Valoys* brother to the *French* King *Philip*. *Edward* having foreseen all these things, had drawne *Robert Bruce* Earle of *Carrike*, with his friends (enemies to *Baliol*) and diverse noblemen of *Scotland*, who held lands of him in *England*, to bring such forces as they could make, to assist him in the *French* war: But with all taking truce with the *French* for some moneths, hee suddenly turned his Forces, destinate against *France*, toward *Scotland*. His Navie was vanquished at *Berwick*, and eighteen of his ships taken. Yet his land boast by means of the *Bruisian* Faction, & the *Englished Scots* noble men, took the towne of *Berwick*, with great slaughter, and shortly thereafter, *Dunbar*, *Edinburgh*, and *Striviling*. In and about these Castles, he had killed or taken captives the greatest part of the *Scots* noble men: so that crossing Forth, the blow being so sudden, he found no preparation for resistance. *Baliol* rendred himselfe to King *Edward* at *Montrose*, and was sent by sea into *England*, where he remained captive, till such time as by intercession of the Pope his wife set at libertie, swearing and giving hostages never to returne into *Scotland*. King *Edward* came to Scone and took upon him the Crowne of *Scotland*, as forfeited by the rebellion of his homager *Baliol*. He sent for the nobles of *Scotland*, who remained, that they with such as were his captives might sweare homage to him as to their Leige Lord, and King. Those who refused were detained prisoners.

King *Edward* thinking that now all was sure for him in *Scotland*, left *John Plantagenet* (some call him *Warren*) Earl of *Surrie*, and sir *Hugh Cressingham* Thesaurer, and returned to prosecute the *French* war, taking such of the Nobility of *Scotland* as

hated, a long in his army, with their followers. The great men of *Scotland* being in this maniner, either imprisoned by King *Edward*, or sworne to his obedience, and tyed thereto by reason of their lands holden of the Crown of *England*, the rest either fled into the Ylas and High lands, or thought it sufficient to defend their own while better times.

But while men of power neglected the publike cause of the libertie of *Scotland*, *William Wallace*, a youth of honourable birth (being sonne to *Malcome Wallace* of *Elerslie*) but of meane power, having first in private killed many *Englishmen* of the Garisons as he could overtake them, by these exploits became so encouraged (being a man of invincible hardinesse incredible strength of body, and withall very wise and circumspect) that hee gathered his friends and neighbours, and by stratagemes, diverse times cut off great numbers of the enemies. The report thereof drew to him such as affected the liberty and weale-publike of their Countrey, and had courage to hazard themselves for vindicating thereof. As namely, the Earle *Malcolme Lennox*, the Lord *William Douglas* (who had been taken captive at the winning of *Berwicke*, whereof he was Capitaine, and sent home upon assurance) Sir *John Graham*, sir *Neill Campbell*, sir *Christopher Seton*, sir *John Ramsay*, sir *Fergus Barclay*, *Andrew Murray*, *William Oliphant*, *Hugh Hay*, *Robert Boyd*, *John Johnston*, *Adam Gordon*, *Robert Keith*, *Reinald Crawford* younger, *Adam Wallace*, *Roger Kilpatrik*, *Simon* and *Alexander Fraser*, *James Crawford*, *Robert Lauder*. *Scrimgeor*, *Alexander Auchinleck*. *Ruthven*, *Richard Lundie*, *William Crawford*, *Arthure Bisset*, *James* and *Robert Lindesay*, *John Gleland*, *William Ker*, *Edward Little*, *Robert Rutherfoord*, *Thomas Haliday*, *John Tinto*, *Walter Newbigging*, *Iardan Barde*. *Guthrie*, *Adam Currie*, *Hugh Dun*, *dasse*, *John Sese*, *Steven Ireland*, Master *John Blaire*, Master *Thomas Gray*, and other gentlemen with their friends and servants; who) after some valiant exploits happily atchieved and an armie of ten thousand men led by *Thomas* Earle of *Lancaster* to assist the Earle of *Warren* defeat by *Wallace* at *Bigger*) holding an assembly at the *Forrest Kirke*, chooſed *Wallace* to be Warden of *Scotland* & Vicerroy in *Baliols* absence. In which office

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he so valiantly behaved himselfe, that in a short space he recovered all the strengths on the borders, and brought the South parts of Scotland to good quiet.

The *English* fearing the losse of all, subtilly took truce with *Wallace* for one year, beginning in *February*. In *June* following they proclaimed a Iustice Air to be holden at *Glasgow* and *Air* the eighteenth of that moneth; thinking to entrap *Wallace*, and all his friends, and under collour of law to cut them off at the day appointed. All landed men, according to the custom assembling to this Court, the *Englishmen* condemned them of felonie, and hanged them presently: among the rest sir *Reinald Crawfurd* Shyreffe of *Air*, Uncle to *Wallace*, sir *Brice Blair*, sir *Neil Montgomery*, and many of the Barrons of *Kyle*, *Cunyghame*, *Carrick*, and *Eliddisdale*. Those that escaped by flight advertised *Wallace*, who chanced to come later not the rest. Hee assembling such of the Countrey, as detesting so horrible a fact, extreemly hated the authors thereof, in the beeginning of the night secretly entred into *Air*, set fire into the place, where the *Englishmen* after that fact were securely sleeping, and suffered none to escape. The Garison of the Castle rising foorth to quench the fire, in ambush laid for the purpose, entred the house and made it sure. The next morning *Wallace* came to *Glasgow* where the Lord *Henry Percie* had rested from *Air* the day before: whom he expulsed thence with great slaughter. This victory he so hotly pursued, that immediately thereafter hee tooke the Castle of *Striviling*, recovered *Argyle* and *Lorn*: with the towne of Saint *Johnstoun*, and the Countrey about; thence he travailed through *Angus* and *Mernes*, taking in all the strengths untill he came to *Aberdene*, which he found forsaken of the *English*, who had fled by sea, with the Lord *Henry Bewmont*, an *English* Lord, who had maried one of the Heretrix of the Earledome of *Buchan*, named *Cumine*. Thus all the North Countrey was reduced to the obedience of *Wallace*, except the Castle of *Dundie*. While *Wallace* lay at the siege hereof, newes came of the approach of the *English* armie, led by *Iohn* Earle of *Warren* and *Surry*, & sir *Hugh Cressingham*, with a great number of *Northumberland* men, and such of the *Scots* as held with *England* to the number of thirty thousand. *Wallace* (having with him

ten thousand men hardned in armes) met them beside *Striviling* on the North side of *Forth*, which having no foords, at that place, was passable onely by a wooden bridge. This *Wallace* of purpose had caused to be weakened, so that the one halfe of the hoast being past (led by *Cressingham*) the bridge broke with the great weight of their baggage. These who were come over *Wallace* charged suddenly before they were put in order, and cut the most part of them in pieces with their Leader *Cressingham*; the rest seeking to escape, drowned in the water. The Earle of *Warren* with these who escaped, was assailed by Earle *Malcome Lennox* Captain of *Striviling* Castle, and being hotely persued by *Wallace*, hardly escaped himselfe, flying into *Dumbar*, a Castle then belonging to *Patricke* Earl of *March*. In this battell foughten the thirteenth of *September* 1297. there perished no Scots men of remarke, but *Andrew Murray* of *Bothwell*. The *English* Garisons hearing of this discomfiture, fled from all places, so that before the last of Sep. all the strengths of *Scotland* was recovered except *Berwick* and *Roxburgh*.

After these victories, *Wallace* held a Parliament in Saincte *Johnstoun*, as Wardan of *Scotland*, and seised the whole country, causing the Nobility to sweare to be faithfull to the State, till such time as they might condescend who should bee King. Earle *Patricke Dumbar* refusing to acknowledge the authority of this Parliament, was chased out of *Scotland*: and because the yeares by past the ground had not been manured, and great famine threatned the land, *Wallace* assembled a great hoast and entred in *England*, where hee remained all the Winter, and spring following, living upon the enemies, and enriching his souldiers by their spoile. During which time the *English* durst never encounter him in open field, onely at his first entry King *Edward* with a great armie of raw Souldiers came against him in the plain of *Stan-more*. But perceiving the discipline and hardie resolution of *Wallace* hoast, before they came neerer than halfe a myle, drew back his armie, and retired. *Wallace* for feare of ambush keeped his souldiers in order and pursued them not. Thus King *Edward* left his countrey to the mercy of a provoked enemy, and (notwithstanding that he promised battell, yet) keeped himselfe close, till a peace

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was concluded for five yeares: *Berwick* and *Roxburgh* being rendered to the *Scots*.

Scotland thus enjoying perfite libertie, *Wallace* being earnestly requested by the *French* king, to the end that his speciall Captaines might be kept in militarie exercise during the peace, sailed over into *France* with fifte valiant men in his company. He was encountered on the way by *Thomas* of *Charters* (commonly called *Thomas* of *Longovile*) who with sixteene saile infested the seas: But boording *Wallace* ship, he was taken by him, and thereafter fought most valiantly under him and King *Robert Bruce* for the liberty of *Scotland*. *Wallace* after his landing in *France*, was imployed in war against the *English*, who at that time possessed the Dutchie of *Guian* and *Burdeaux*: there he defeat in sundrie skirmishes. But in few dayes he was called home by his friends in *Scotland*: for King *Edward* understanding *Wallace* absence and pretending that he had broken the peace in *Guian*, dealt with *Robert Bruce* Earle of *Carrike* and his friends, and with such noble men of *Scotland* as held lands in *England*, or envyed *Wallace* glorie, shewing that it was a shame for them to suffer *Wallace*, a meane gentle man, to rule *Scotland*, while any of the blood Royall did remaine, so promising his assistance to *Robert Bruce*, he sent a great armie into *Scotland*, and by the help of the *Brussian* faction and *Englized* noblemen, he easily obtained the greatest strengths of *Scotland*. *Wallace* returned the next Summer, secretly amassing a number of his speciall followers (who had lurked till his backe comming) on a suddent surprized S. *Johnstoun* by a stratageme, and pursuing his victorie hotely, chased the *English* out of *Fyfe*. Upon the report hereof, all the rest of his followers, came from their lurking holes, by whose assistance he recovered diverse strengths. The Lord *William Douglas* took the Castle of *Sanquhar* by a stratageme, and finding the *English* Captaines of then earnest Garisons to come to besidge him, hee sent secredy to *Wallace*, who comming with his power, not only raised the sedge, but chased also the whole *English* Garisons, out of their quarters. From thence he came to the North parts, which he recovered with small difficultie, except the strong Castle of *Dundie*, to which he laid a siege.

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The K. of *England* grieved at this fortunate successe of *Wallace* in I understanding that he was highly envyed, by the Earle of *Marche*, the *Cumines* (the greatest surname then in *Scotland*) and divers ancient noble men (to whose honour *Wallace* renowne seemed to derogate) he stirred up *Robert Bruce* elder, and his faction, perswading them that *Wallace* was *Bruces* onely Competitour for the Crowne. Having so made a strong party for himselfe in *Scotland*, the next spring he came with an armie of fourty thousand men *Scots* and *English* to the *Fawkirke*, sixe myles beneath *Strivilling*. The *Scots* armie was very great (being thirty thousand strong) if they had been all of one minde For *Iohn Cumine* Lord of *Cumbernald* (who had an eye to the Crowne) had perswarded the Lord *Iohn Stewart* of *Boote* (being Tutour and grandfather by the Mother to the Children, of the Lord *Iames Stewart* of *Ranfrew* lately deceased) to contend with *Wallace* for the leading of the vanguard, alleadging the same belonged to the Lord *Stewarts* house by ancient privilege. *Wallace* refusing this, they parted on from another in an high chaffe, there remaining with *Wallace* no more but ten thousand of his old souldiers. *Cumine* with ten thousand of his followers, after a small show of resistance, fled treasonably leaving the valiant *Stewart* inclosed by two battels of the *English*, by whom (after he had foughten valiantly for a long time) he was cut off with all his followers. *Wallace* with his battell defended themselves valiantly, untill they were safely retired beyond the reaver of *Carron*, losing (beside some others) the noble sir *Iohn Grahame* the most valiant Worthy of *Scotland* next unto *Wallace*: *Bruce* (whom the King of *England* had brought with all his friends to the field, pretending to assist him for recoverie of his right, from the usurper *Wallace*) perceiving *Wallace* on the other side of *Carron*, desired to speak with him, to whom hee upbraided so foolish an usurpation of the Kingdome of *Scotland*, against so powerfull a faction at home, assisted by so mighty a King abroad. I (answered *Wallace*) intended never to reigne in *Scotland*: But finding my native Countrey abandoned by you and *Baliol*, who have the right to the Crown, have set my self to defend my friends, & neighbours frō the unjust tyranny and usurpation of the King of *England*: who setteth you forth

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moſt unnaturally to teare the bowels of your mother with your owne hands. After diverſe ſpeeches to this purpoſe, the *Bruce* perceiving the fraudful and tyrannous dealing of King *Edward*, returned to the hoaſt. The next morning *Wallace* underſtanding that the *Engliſh* armie was weakly entrenched, and in great ſecuritie, amiſſing with his owne armie ſuch as had eſcaped, ſet upon them in the dawning before they could be arrayed, and killed many. So that the *Engliſh* King returned at that time without any further exploit. *Bruce* (remembring what hee heard of *Wallace*) deſired King *Edward* according to his former promiſes to put him in poſſeſſion of ſo much of the Kingdom of *Scotland* as then was under his power, to whom he anſwered in the French tongue, Have we no more adoe, but conquere Kingdomes for you? By this ſpeech the Lord *Bruce* conceived ſo great griefe and anger, that within few dayes hee departed this life without ſeeing his eldeſt ſon *Robert Bruce* (afterward King) beeing kept (for aſſurance of his fathers obedience) in *Calice* Caſtle in *France*.

After this unhappie battell, *Wallace* ſtriving to recover ſuch Caſtles and ſtrengths, as King *Edward* had intercepted, found ſuch oppoſition and backwardneſſe, by his envious emulatoures that he returned to Saint *Johnſtoun*, and in an aſſembly of the States reſigned his charge of Wardan, and with eighteen men Paſſed again into *France*, according to a promiſe at his laſt returne therefrom: This fell out in the end of the yeare 1300. The oppoſite faction having gained their deſire, chooſed *John Cumine* Governour: the rather becauſe King *Edward* had promiſed to aſſiſt him to the Crown of *Scotland*. But he found him as great an enemy as he had been to *Wallace*. For after ſeven moneths truce (obtained by meanes of the French King) *Edward* ſent ſir *Raiph Gonfrey* with a great armie to ſubdue the *Scots*, and to put an end to the war: which they expected ſhould be eaſie, *Wallace* being now out of the way *John Cumine* joyning with the Lord *Simon Fraſer*, making ſome eight or nine thouſand men, came to reſiſt the *Engliſh*, who having waſted the Countrey as far as *Roſling*, (about five myles from *Edinburgh*) expecting no reſiſtance, divided themſelves into three battels, that they might ſpoile farther in the Countrey. The

Scots embracing the occasion, set upon the first battell, and easily discomfite them: the second also (albeit stronger by the joyning of these who had fled) was after a long conflict put to rout. By this the third battell comming to the revenge, put the *Scots* to a great strait, as being sore wounded, wearied, and weakened in the two former battels, and having to withstand a fresh enemie of far greater number: hereupon they were forced to kill all the captives (lest they should assist the enemie) and with their weapons to arme their Baggage men: and setting forward both with courage and necessity (seeing no escape) after a long and hard fight, they put the enemies to flight. This was the 24 of March 1302.

King *Edward* sore incensed by this evil successe, sent for *Robert Bruce* younger out of *Calice*: whom hee perswaded, that he had for a long time against *Wallace*, defended his fathers right to the Crowne of *Scotland*: that, having put *Wallace* out of the way, he found the *Cumines* as great enemies: notwithstanding hee intended yet once more to put that enemie out of the way, and so to settle him in his Kingdome. The young Prince believing him, caused all his friends and favourers of *Scotland* to joyn with him, and entring the borders, spoiled the Countrey, and took divers Castles as far as *Douglasse*. Some report that the Ladie *Douglasse* (named *Ferrars* an *English* woman) betrayed that Castle to the *Bruce*, who tooke the Lord *William Douglasse* captive with all his children and goods. The Lord himself was kept prisoner in *Barwicke*, and thereafter in *Yorke*, while he died. Meane time King *Edward* had prepared a mighty armie both by land and sea: with which he entred *Scotland*, and subdued all before him, while he came to *Strivilling*, keeped then by sir *William Oliphant*: who after a long siege, knowing of no reliefe, yeelded the Castle upon condition, that himselfe and all that were with him should passe with their lives safe: notwithstanding K. *Edward* keeped still all the noble men, together with the Captain sir *William Oliphant*: and such as would not sweare homage to him (pretending to be protectour of *Robert Bruces* right) he sent prisoners to *London*. Having in this Castle intercepted diverse of *John Cumines* friends, he procured them to draw him to a parlie with him, in which hee so blinded him with

hopes

hopes of the Kingdome, and with fear of utter undoing, that he joyned himself and his friends to the *English*, who by this accession eafily paſſed forward with the courſe of victorie, as far as the outmoſt bounds of *Roſſe*: And in his back-coming carried away with him into *England* all Books, Regiſters, Hiſtories, Lawes and Monuments of the Kingdome: and amongſt other, the fatall Marble Chaire, whereupon the former *Scots* Kings uſed to be crowned at *Scoone*: on which was ingraven a prophetie: bearing that, *Where ever this Chaire ſhould be tranſported, the Scots ſhould command there.* Hee caried alſo with him all the learned men and Profeſſors of *Scotland* (among other the famous ſubtile Doctor *Iohn Duns*, ſurnamed *Scotus*) thinking hereby ſo to diſcourage and effeminate the mindes of the *Scots*, that they ſhould caſt off all care of recovering their libertie; the memorie thereof being drowned in oblivion. At his returne into *England* he left his Couſing ſir *Aymer de Valence*, Earle of *Pembroke* Viceroy, having fortified all Caſtles with ſtrong Garriſons.

The *Scots* who ſtood for the liberty of the Countrey, being forſaken by *Iohn Cumine*, ſent earneſt letters to *France* to move *Wallace* to returne: He was then making warre upon the *Engliſh* in *Guyan*. But hearing the miſchiefes of his Countrey, obtained leave of the *French* King to returne: and ſecretly amaſſing ſome of the remainder of his old friends, recovered divers Caſtles and Townes in the North, and having greatly increaſed his Armie, beſiedged S. *Johnſtoun*, till it was rendered. But as hee proceeded in the courſe of his victories, hee was betrayed by his familiar friend ſir *Iohn Menteith*, to the Lord *Aymer Valence*, who ſent him into *England*, where by king *Edwards* command he was put to death, and his body quartered and ſent into the principall Cities of *Scotland*, to be ſet up for a terrour to others.

Notwithſtanding this cruelty prevailed little for the ſtirring of king *Edwards* conqueſt. New enemies ariſing where hee leaſt expected: For as hee returned from his laſt journey into *Scotland*, *Iohn Cumine* and *Robert Bruce* meeting together, after long conference of the ſtate of their Countrey, perceived that notwithſtanding hee had promiſed to each of them a part of his help to attaine the Crowne of *Scotland*, yet his intention was onely to uſe their aſſiſtance to conquere and aſſure it to himſelfe;

as he well declared by spoiling the Countrey of all Monuments publike and private. Hereupon they agreed that *Cumine* should quite all his right to the Crowne in favour of *Bruce*, and that *Bruce* should give him all his lands for his assistance. This Contract written and sealed by both parties, *Bruce* returned into *England* with the hoast, waiting for a fite time to escape from King *Edward*, in the mean time *Wallace* returning, and recovering many places in *Scotland*, sent privily for *Bruce*, to come home and take the Crowne, and to his brother *Edward Bruce*, a most valiant youth, who comming out of *Ireland*, took sundry strengths in *Annandale* and *Galloway*. *Cumine* who had kept old enmity with *Wallace*, not enduring that *Bruce* by his meanes should come to the Crowne, revealed the Contract betwixt him and *Bruce* to King *Edward*; who at first delayed to cut off *Robert Bruce*, till such time as he might get the rest of his brethren in his hands. *Bruce* advertised of his old anger by the Earle of *Glocester* (some call him the Earle of *Montgomerie*) his old friend, who had sent him a paire of shares spurres and some crownes of Gold, as if he had borrowed the same, guessing the meaning of this propine, caused by night shoe three horse backward, and posted away from the Court with two in his company, and on the fifth day (the way being deep in winter) arived at his own Castle of *Lochmabane*, where he found his brother *Edward* with *Robert Fleming*, *James Lyndesey*, *Roger Kirkpatrike*, and *Thomas* of *Charteris*, who told him how *Wallace* was betrayed by sir *John Menteith* & the *Cumines* faction, a few dayes before. Immediatly thereafter they intercepted a messenger with letters from *Cumine* to King *Edward*, desiring that *Bruce* should be dispatched in haste, lest (being a noble man much favoured by the commons) hee should raise greater stirres. The treacherie of *John Cumine* before onely suspected, was hereby made manifest; which so incensed the Lord *Bruce*, that ryding to *Drumfries*, and finding *Cumine* at the Masse in the Grayfriers, after he had shewne him his letters, in impatience he stabbed him with his Dagger: the other who were about him doing the like, and not onely dispatching him, but also his Cousing sir *Edward Cumine* and others who assisted him. This slaughter fell out the ninth of *February*

in the beginning of the yeare 1306 as we now account.

The *Bruce* thus rid of one enemie, found a great number as it were arising out of his ashes, even the whole puissant name of *Cumine*, with their allyes, the Earle of *March*, the Lord of *Lorne*, the Lord *Abernethy*, the Lord of *Brechin*, the Lord *Soules*: The most part of the North, and all *Galloway* followed the *Cumines*, the Lord of *Lorne* was of great power in the Highlands, The Earle of *March* and Lord *William Soules* commanded the *Mers*, with *Berwick* and the Borders: All which they yeelded to King *Edward*, and maintained against *Robert Bruce*. At the same time his two brethren *Thomas* and *Alexander Bruce* with *Reinald Crawfurd* younger, secretly landing in *Galloway*, were taken by *Duncan Macdugall* a great man in *Galloway*, and sent to King *Edward*, who caused them all three to be hanged. On the other side assembled to him (besides these above-named) the young Lord *Iames Douglas* (who hearing of his fathers death, had returned from *France*, where he was at Schooles, & stayed a time with his kinsman *William Lambert* Bishop of S. *Andrews*) Earle *Malcolme Lennox*, Earle *Iohn* of *Athole* (although of the *Cumines* bloud, yet being father in Law to *Edward Bruce*) sir *Neile Cambell*, sir *Gilbert Hay*, sir *Christopher Seaton*, sir *Thomas Randall*, sir *Hugh Hay*, *Iohn Somervale*, *David Barclay*, *Alexander*, and *Simon Fraser*, sir *Robert Boyd*, sir *William Haliburton*, with sundry who had stood with *Wallace* before. With this company he past to *Scone*, and tooke upon him the crowne of *Scotland* in Aprile 1306. After this he gathered an armie, minding to besiedge S. *Iohnstoun*: but finding his power too weak, hee retired to *Methven*, where he was unexpectedlie assaulted, and discomfited by sir *Aymer de Valence*: but with small losse of men, except some who were taken as *Randal*, *Barclay*, *Fraser*, *Inchmartine*, *Somervale*, and sir *Hugh Hay*, who were constrained to sweare homage to King *Edward*. The commons discouraged with this hard successe, fearing the *English*, forsooke the new King, who had a few company of gentlemen about him: with whom he travelled towards *Argyle*, meaning to lurke for a time with his brother in law sir *Neile Cambell*. But he was encountred by the way by *Iohn* of *Lorne* cousine to *Iohn Cumine*, and constrained to flee, albeit with small slaughter of his owne folke. After

this

this second discomfiture, hee sent his Queene (being daughter to *Gratney* Earle of *Mar*) with his brother sir *Neil Bruse*, and *John* Earl of *Athole* to the castle of *Kildrimmie* in *Mar*. The king of *England* sent his son Prince *Edward* with a mightie Hoast to besiege this castle. The Queene hearing this, fled to the Girth of *Tane* in *Rosse*: But the Earle of *Rosse* took her and her daughter, and sent them captives into *England*. The Castle of *Kildrimmie* was traiterously burnt by one of the Garison, all that were within it taken and hanged at command of the *English* King.

King *Robert* seeing Winter approach, and finding no retreat in the maine land, retired (with his most entire friends) to his old friend *Angus* Lord of the Yles, with whom he stayed a short time in *Kintyre*, and thereafter sailed over into the Yle of *Rauchrine*, where he lurked all the Winter, every man esteeming him to be dead. The next spring, her landed quietly in *Carrike*, and on a sudden intercepted his own Castle of *Turnberry*, the Lord *Pearse* flying home out of it into his owne Countrey. sir *James Douglasse* departing thence secretly, came into *Douglasse-dale*, and by meanes of *Thomas Dickeson* an old servant of his Father, he recovered his owne Castle of *Douglasse*, and cast it downe, once and againe: Thereafter he returned to King *Robert* to *Cumnock*, shewing him that *Aymer de Valence* and *John* of *Lorne* with an armie were coming against him. The King with five hundreth valiant men keeped themselves in a strong place, awaiting while sir *Aymer* should invade: but took no heed to *John* of *Lorne*, who fetching a compasse set upon his backe with eight hundreth Highland men: and had well nigh enclosed him about. The King perceiving the danger, divided his men in three, and appointing where they should meete at night, fled three sundry wayes. *John* of *Lorne* having a *Sleuth hound* pursued still after the King, who putting away all that were in his company, save one man, fled into the next wood, and with great difficultie escaped the *Slothhound*. Sir *Aymer* disappointed of this enterprise, shortly thereafter with fifteen hundreth chosen men, very nigh surprized the King in *Glentrie* wood, but the King with his men taking courage to resolutelie defended the place (being very strong), and killed divers of the first who assaulted them, that the rest fled backe. Thereaf-

let with more courage he went into the fields, and reduced *Kile* and *Cuninghame* to his obedience. Sir *James Dowglasse* also with three-score men lying in an ambush at a strait place in *Cuninghame* called the *Netherford*, where sir *Philip Moubary* was passing with one thousand men against the King (being then in *Kyle*) killed many of them, and put the rest to flight. On the tenth of May following, sir *Aymer* with three thousand men came against the King, then lying at *Gaston* in *Kile*. King *Robert* hearing of his comming (albeit he exceeded not six hundreth men) came forth against him at a place under *Loudon* hill; which he so fortified on either hand with dykes and fosses, that the enemies could not enclose him on the sides: and so by the stout and resolute valour of so few, sir *Aymer* was put to flight; which hee took so sore to heart, that he retired into *England*, and gave over his office of Wardan or Vicetroy, *John* of *Britaine* Earle of *Richmond* being sent into *Scotland* in his place.

King *Robert* after this past into the North, leaving sir *James Dowglasse* on the borders; who taking his own Castle of *Dowglasse* by a stratagem, raced it to the ground, and in few dayes chased all the *English* out of *Dowglasse-dale*, *Annik* forest, and *Jedburgh* forrest, and took sir *Thomas Randall* the kings sisters son (who had followed the *English* ever since his captivity) and sir *Alexander Stewart* of *Bonkle*. Sir *Alexander* and *Simon Fraser* meeting King *Robert* in the North, shewed him how *John Cumine* Earle of *Buchan*, *David* Lord *Brechin*, sir *John Mowbray* & the rest of the *Cuminian* faction, were gathering an armie against him. Meane while by the assistance of his friends in those quarters, on a sudden hee surprised the castle of *Innerasse*, the fame of which victorie caused many other strengths to yeeld (all which he overthrew) and greatly increased the number of his friends. In his returning taking sickenesse at *Innerury*, *Cumine* set upon him: The King after his friends had for a time defended him, convalescing somewhat, went out to the fields, and so hardly assaulted his enemie at old *Meldrum* that (albeit their number was far greater) yet they took the flight; with the like successe he set upon the King in *Glenesk* in *Angus*, where being shamefully put to flight, hee fled into *England* with sir *John Mowbary*, and died there shortly. Lord *David*

Berwick fortified his own Castle: But *David* Earle of *Athole* forced him to yeeld it and himselfe to the King. Meane time *Philip Fraser* tooke the Castle of *Forfare*: And the King pursuing this victorie, reduced all the North to his obedience: and joyning with Lord *Iames Douglas* returnig from the South with his two captives, he tooke S. *Iohnstoun* by surprisall: from thence he past into *Lorn*: the Lord whereof had embushed two thousand men on the side of an high steep hill, where the King behoved to enter thorow a narrow passage: But Sir *Iames Douglasse* with Sir *Alexander Fraser* and Sir *Andrew Gray* climbing the hill, came suddenly on their backes, and put them to flight. *Iohn* of *Lorne* fled into *England* by sea, His father Lord *Alexander Macdugall* yeelded himselfe, and the Castle of *Dunstaffage* to the King.

By this means all on the North side of Forth was reduced to obedience. Sir *Edward* his brother in the mean time with long and hard fighting had conquered *Galloway*: *Iames Douglasse* by a stratageme surprised the strong Castle of *Roxburgh* on the Fastings even, while all the Garison (after the custome of the time) were feasting and playing the ryot. The report whereof so whetted the courage of the valliant *Thomas Randall* (newly restored to his Unices favour, and made Earle of *Murray*) that haveing besidged the Castle of *Edinburgh* for some moneths, he set himselfe by all means to carrie the same: which he obtained by a narrow passage up through the Rock discovered to him: by which he and sundrie stout gentle men secretly passed up, and scaling the wall, after long and dangerous fighting, made themselves masters of the place. The Garrisons of *Rugline*, *Lanerick*, *Dunfreis*, *Aire* *Dundie*; and *Boot*, hearing this, yeelded up these Castles, which were all razed. The Yle of Man also returned to the obedience of the Crown of *Scotland*, Sir *Edward Bruce* having besidged *Striveiling* Castle, three moneths, agreed with the Captaine Sir *Philip Mubray*, that if the King of *England* did not rescue him within twelve moneths thereafter, the Castle should be yeelded to K. *Robert*. Albeit this seemed a rash provocation of so mighty a King *Edward* the second (who some seven yeares before had succeeded his father *Edward longshanks* but far degenerat from his vallour) having not only *England* and

Ireland

Ireland, and many *English* and *Scots*, with the Dutchie of *Guien* *Bourdeaux*, and other parts of *France* subject vnto him, but also the Low-countreys strictly confederate with him: Yet King *Robert* prepared himselfe to encounter him in the fields, and gathered some five and thirty thousand men, few, but valiant. The King of *England* had above an hundreth thousand foot, and ten thousand horse: with which multitudes intending to destroy the whole inhabitants of *Scotland*, & to d evide the land to his followers, he came to *Bannokburn* (some two myls beneath *Strivilling*) where on the twenty one of *Iunie* 1314. He was encountered by the *Scots*, and after long and hard fighting, his great armie put to rout: himselfe with a small company fleeing into *Dunbar* was sent by the Earle into *England* in a fisher boat, leaving two hundreth Noble men and gentle men killed by the *scots*, and as many taken: the number of the commons slain and taken, was incredible: of *Scots* was slain two gentle men of note. Sir *William Wepont*, and Sir *Walter Rosse*, with four thousand common Souldiers.

After this victorie, *Strivilling* being yeelded, and *Dumbarton* gotten by composition, the Earle of *March*, the Lord *Soules*, and *Aberuthie*, and others of the *Cumins* allyes were reconciled to the King: who past into the Yles, and brought them to obedience taking *Iohn* of *Lorn* captive, who died in prison in *Lochleven*. Thus *Scotland* was freed of the bondage of *England*, except *Berwick* which was recovered four yeares thereafter 1318. and the *Scots* making diverse incursions into *England* under the leading of Earle *Thomas Randall*, and *Iames* Lord *Dowglasse* requited the harmes received from them before, and enriched themselves with spoile.

As for the Authority of these two Historie s although they possibly erre in some circumstances of time, place, and number or names of men, yet generally they write the truth of the storie of these times both at greater length, and upon more certaine information then these who have written our Cronicles. So committing them to thy diligent perusall (gentle and courteous Reader) I wish you profit thereby, and all happinesse from GOD, Farewell.

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The

The Acts and Deedes of the most famous and valiant Champion, Sir WILLIAM WALLACE, Knight of ELLERSLIE.

The first Book.

CHAP. I.

Ur Antecessours whom we should of read,
And hold in minde their fame and worthis deede;
We let over-slide, through very slothfulnesse,
And cast us ever to other business;
On vaine gaming is set our whole intent,
Which hath been seene into these times by went:
Our next neighbours that came of Brutus blood,
They often-times to Scots hath little good;
Though now of late God turn'd their minde and will
That great unkindnesse they have shewen us until.
The hearts of people the law hath in his hand,
He may them rule, and guide at his command;
And though all lords would have this land in thrall,

Dppon his power, God can againſt them all.
As we haue ſeene in our forebeares before,
But of theſe parables as now I ſpeak no more.
We read of one right famous of renowne,
Drw aythy blod, that reigned in this Region.
And hence forth now, I will my purpoſe hold,
Of William wallace, as ye habe heard it told.
His fore-fathers who likes to underſtand,
Of old linage, and trwe blod of Scotland.
Sir Rannald Crawfurd, right Shyreffe of Aire,
So in his time, he had a daughter faire.
To young Sir Rannald, Shyreffe of that Towne,
Was Dilver faire, of good fame and renowne:
Malcome Wallace her got in marriage,
That Ellerſlie then had in heritage.
Auchenbothie, and many other place,
The ſecond Dye he was to god Wallace.
The which Wallace full hardily had wrought,
When Walter, heir of Wallace to him ſought.
Who likes to heare more knowledge in that part,
Doe read the line of the firſt Stewart.
Now Malcome Wallace got with his Lady bright,
Malcome Wallace, a god and gentle knight:
And William tw; as Chronicles beares on hand,
Who after was reſener of Scotland.
When it was loſt with treaſon and falſenefſe,
Dver-ſet with foes, it fred through Gods grace.
Alexander our worthie king forlorne.
Bvebenture his life loſt at Kinghorne.
Three yeares ſtill the Realme ſtod deſolate,
All here through they role a full grievous debate.
Our Prince David Earle of Huntingtowne;
Three Daughters had of great fame and renowne.
Of the which three came Bruce, Ballioll, and Haſtin
Two of theſe three deſired to be king.
The Ballioll claimed of the firſt grce lineally,

And Bruce the first male of the gree by gree.
To Edward sone into England they send,
Of this great strif, they thought he should make end
Follie it was (indeed it happened so)
Succour to seek of their old mortall foe.
Edward Lang-shankes had now begun his warre,
Upon Gascoigne, into an awfull feare.
The lands which he claimed stood in such case,
He thought full sone, to make a whole conquese,
To Norhame Birke he came withoutten maire,
The Councell then of Scotland met him there.
Full subtilly he charged them in bandoune,
As there over-Lord, to hold of him the Crowne.
Bithop Robert in his time right worthy,
Of Glasgow Lord; said, That we do deny:
Any over-Lord, but the great God above.
The King was wroth, and home he did remove,
Yet John Ballioll followed on him so fast,
To hold of him he granted at the last:
And contrare right, a King he made him there,
Where through Scotland repented it full saire,
To the Ballioll our Lords would not consent,
Edward forth-with set downe a Parliament:
He called Ballioll to answere for Scotland,
The wise Lords sone caused him breake that band:
An Abbot, and gave over his alleadgeance,
King Edward then took it in great grevance.
His Hoast he raised and came to warke on Tweed,
But for to fight, as then he had great dreed.
To Corspatricke of Dumbar sone he send,
His Counsel askt; for he the Countrey kend:
There he was brought in presence of the King,
By subtill band they pocked up this thing.

CHAP. II.
The Battell of Barwicke.

EArle Patricke then to Barwicke can persue,
Receiued hee was: and trusted very true:
The King followed with his men of renowne,
After mid-night at rest was all the Towne.
Corspatrick rose, the keyes well he knew.
Let Briges down, and peaculzies they dzew.
Edward entred, and cau'd slay hastily,
Of men and women, eight thousand and fifty.
And chidzen tow, by this false eventure,
Of true Scots escaped no creature.
A Captaine there this false king hath made,
Towards Dumbar, without resting tpey red.

CHAP. III.
The Battell of Dumbar.

WHere gathered was great power of Scotlan
Against Edward, in Battell saz to stand:
The thzee Earles was entred in that place,
Of Mar, Menteith, and Atholl upon ease.
In the Castle the Earle gart hold them in,
That to their men without, they could not win:
Nan yet to them suppiying saz no noz,
The Battels then together fast they goe.
And many slaine there was, without mercy,
Of true Scots, ouer-set with subtilitie.
Earle Patricke then, when the fighting was stille
To our sor turned, and harming did us mistk.
Is none in warld that straithes may do mairc,
Then well trusted a borne familiarc.
Our men are slaine without reyemption,
Through these pends whole, tint was this Region.

CHAP. IIII.

How King *Edward* and *Corspatricke* came to *Scone*, and deposed *John Balliol*, and had with them the Heires of SCOTLAND.

KIng Edward past, and Corspatricke to Scone,
And there he got the homage of Scotland sone;
For none was left the Realme for to defend,
For John Balliol then to Montrose they send:
And him depriued for ape of his Kingrike,
Then Edward himself was called a ropall like.
The crowne he toke vpon the self same stane,
That Gathelus sent with his son from Spaine:
When Iber Scot first into Scotland came,
That Kenneth king, the Second of that name,
Brought it to Scone, and gart it stable thair,
Where kings were crowned eight hunder years and
Before the time, that King Edward it fand (more
Thete jewels he gart turse into England;
In London set in wit nesse of that thing,
By conquest then of Scotland made him King.
Where that stone stands, Scotland should maister be,
God chose the time, for Margarets heirs to se.
Eight score they led of greatest that they fand,
All heires with them, and Bruce out Scotland:
That office then he keeped but short time,
I may not now put all the deides in Ryme:
On Chronicles, why should I tarry lang?
To Wallace againe now briefly will I gang.
Scotland was lost, when he was but a childe,
All ouerset with our enemies wilde.
His father Malcome in the Lennox fled,
His eldest son thither with him he led.
His mother fled with him from Ellerslie,
To Gowrie past, and dwelt in Kilspindie.
The knight his father thither hath him sent,

Unto his Uncle with a great intent,
In Gowrie dwelt, and had their leaving thair,
An aged man, which received them faire:
Then to Dundie Wallace to Schole they send,
While he of wit full worthily was kend:
Thus he continued in his tender age,
In armes then did many vassalage.
When Saxon blud in this Region could reigne,
Marking the will of that unrighteous King.
Many great wrongs they wrought in this Region,
Destroy'd our Lords, and brake our buildings downe,
Both wives and widows they tok at their own will,
Nunnes and Maidens whom they liked to spill:
King Herods part they play'd here in Scotland
Of young children that they before them fand.
The Bishoprickes that was greatest of vaill,
They tok in hand of their Archbishops haill:
Not for the Pope, they would na Kirke forbeare,
But gripped all through violence of weare.
Glasgow they gave, as at their bale was kend,
To Diocie of Durhame to a commend:
Small benefices they would not perfue.
But for this thing full many other they slew.
Hanged Barrons, and wrought full meikle care,
It was well knowne within the Warnes of Aire:
There eightéene score was put to fellow dead,
But God above hath sent us some remead.
It is remembred farther in the tale.
I will follow upon my purpole haile:
William Wallace ere he was man of armes,
Great pity thought Scotland, that tok such harms.
Meikell dolour it did him in his minde:
For he wns wise, right worthy wight and kinde,
In Gowrie dwelt still with this worthie man,
As he increast and with a bondan than:
Into his heart he had full meikell care.

He laid the Sutheron multiply maire and maire,
And to himselfe oft would he make his moane,
Of his good kin they had slaine many one,
Yet he was then seemly, strong and bold,
Of he of age was seventéene winters olde.
Weapons he bare, either good sword or knife,
For he with them happed full oft to strive.
Where he found on out of others presence,
After to Scots they did no more offence.
To cut his throat, or sticke him suddenly,
He cared not, found he them anerly:
Sundrie wanted, but none knew by what way,
For as to him there could no man ought say.
Little of speech, was courteous and benigne,
Had of countenance. he was both bold and ying.

CHAP. V.

How *Wallace* slew young *Selbie*, the Constables son of Dundie.

Upon a day to Dundie he was send,
Of cruelnesse full little he was kend:
The Constable was a fellon man of weare,
And unto Scots he did full meikell deare,
Selbie he hecht, dispiteous in outrage,
A son he had neare twenty yeares of age:
Into the Towne he used every day,
Thrée men or foure thereto with him to play,
An hielp shrew, wanton in his intent.
Wallace he saw, and toward him he went:
Seemly he was, right big, and well beseene,
Into atweéne of goodly gaining grœne.
He called on him, and said, Thou Scot abide,
What devil (said he) thée graithed in so good wed?
An horse mantle it was thy minde to weare,
A Scots whittle unner thy belt to beare,
Rough rullions upon thine harlots feet,

Gyue me thy knife, what doth thy geare so méete?
To him he went his knife to take him fra,
Fell by the collar Wallace can him ta:
Under his hand his knife he braided out,
For all his men that semibled him about:
But helpe himself he knew of no remeid.
Without reskue he stiched him to dead.
The Squyre fell, of him there was no moze,
His men followed on Wallace wonder sore.
The preasse was thick, and cummered them full fast,
Wallace was speedy, and greatly als agast:
The bloody knife was drawne in his hand,
He spared none that he before him fand.
The house he knew his Eme had lodged in.
Thither he fled farther he might not win.
The Wod wife there within the closse saw he,
And help (he cryed) for Him that died on tree:
The young Captaine hath fallen with me at strife,
In at the doze he went with this Wod wife.
A Kellet gowne of her owne she him gaue,
Above his hed which covered all the lave.
A kowled Couch ouer head and necke let fall,
A wonne white Hat she breaded on withall.
For they should not long tarry at that Inne,
Gaue him a Rocke, and then fast downe to spinne.
The Sutheron sought where Wallace was but dreid,
They knew not well at what gate he in yed.
In that same house they sought him bustly,
But he sat still, and spane right cunningly.
As of his time he had not learned lang,
They left him so, and forth their gates can gang:
With heavie cheare, and sorrowfull in thought,
No wit of him, as then get could they nought.
The Englishmen all then in hurrest howne,
Gaue fire all Scots that were into the Towne.
Yet this good wife held Wallace until night.

Wake him god chear, and put him out of sight.
Through a darke gate, she guided him full fast,
In covert went, syn by the water past.
Forbure the gate, for watches that wons there,
His mother was into a great dispare.
When she him saw, she thanked heavens King,
And said, Deare son so long where hast thou been?
He told his mother of that sudden case,
Then wepped she, and said full oft, alace:
O? that thou cease, thou wilt be slaine with all,
Mother, he said, God ruler is of all:
Unnumberable are the people of England,
Part of their yre me thinkes we should gainstand,
His Syre he knew that he the Squyer slew,
For dread thereof in great langour he drew.
This passed over, while divers dayes were gone.
The gud-man dread that Wallace should be tane.
The Sutheron are full subtile every man,
A great ditty for Scots ordain'd they than.
By the Law dayes in Dundie set an aire,
Then Wallace would no longer sojourne there.
His mother graithed her in a Pilgrimes weed,
Himselfe disguised, syne gladly with her yed.
A short sword under his weed have he,
In all the land still many foes had he.
Both on their fut with them maye tak they nought,
Who speird, she said, To S. Margaret they sought:
Who served her, full great friendship they fand,
With Sutheron folkes, for she was of England.
Beside Landores the Ferrie over they past,
Then through the Ochell sped they warmer fast:
Into Dumferling they lodged all that night,
Upon the morne when that the day was light,
With gentle-women passand them to pass,
Of England borne, in Linlithgow winning was.
The Captaines wife in Pilgrimage has been,

When the them met, and had good Wallace serie:
Good cheare they made, for he was wonder faire,
Not large of tongue, well taught and debonare.
Fourth talking thus of matters that was wrought,
While south over Forth with her son she him broght
Into Linlithgow they would not tarry lang,
Their leave they take, to Dunipace they gang:
There dwelt his Eme, a man of great riches:
A mighty Parson, height to name, Wallace.
Made them good cheare, and was a full good man,
Welcomed them faire. and to them told he than.
Did him to wit, the land was all on stere.
Treated them well, and said, My son so deare,
Thy mother and thou right here with me shall bide,
While better be by chance what may betide.
Wallace answered, Westermore we will.
Our kin is slaine, and that me liketh ill,
And other many worthy in that art,
Like I, will God, we shall us wreake on part.
The Parson sighed, and said, My son so free,
I can not know how that redresse may be.
What should I speake of frustrat at this tide,
For gift of good he would not with him bide.
His mother and he to Ellerslie they went,
Upon the morne she for her brother sent.
In Corsbie dwelt, and was Shyreffe of Aire,
His father was dead, that lived long time there.
Her eldest son that meikell was of maine,
Her husband als at Lochmabane was slaine.
Sir Malcome Wallace his name was but lies,
His hoch sinews were cutted in that prese.
On knees he fought, still Englishmen he slew.
To him then fought more fighters than anew.
On either syde with speares they bare him downe,
There sticked they that good knight of renowne.
Into my tale I left at Ellerslie,

Sir

Sir Rannald came unto his Sister fast:
Welcommed them, and asked of their intent:
She pray'd that he to Lord Persie would went:
She irked of war, she would no farther flee,
To purchase peace: in rest that she might be.
Sir Rannald had the Persies protection,
As for all part to take remission:
Then he caus'd write to his Sister that tyde,
In that respite Wallace would not abyde.
His mother he left, she wæped with heart full sare,
His leave he took, then from his Eme can fare.
Young he was, and to Sutheron right savage,
Great rowne they had, despite and ek out-rage.
Sir Rannald durst not then hold Wallace there,
For great perill he knew appearing were:
For they had whole the strengths of this land,
What they would do, durst none against them stand.
Shyrreffe he was, and used them among,
Full sore he dread that Wallace should take wrong.
For he and they could never well accord,
He gote a blow, though he was lade or Lord;
That proffered him any lightlinesse,
But they repared ever meikell to that place.
Als English Clerkes in prophesie it fand,
How on Wallace should put them from Scotland.
Sir Rannald knew well a more quiet sted,
Where William might be better from their sted:
With his Uncle Wallace of Richartoun,
Sir Richart beght that good knight of renowne.
These lands whole then was his heritage,
But blinde he was, so happened through courage;
By Englishmen, that did him meikell deare.
In his rising he worthy was in weare.
Through hurt of veines, and minishing of blood,
Yet he was wise, and of his counsel good.
In Februare Wallace was to him send,

Into Aprill he bolwne from him to wend.
But gud service he did him with pleasance,
As in that space was worthy to advance.

CHAP. VI.

How *Wallace* past to the water of *Irwis*, to take fish.

SO on a time he desired to play,
Into Aprill the three and twenty day:
To Irwin water fish to take he went,
Such fantasie fell into his intent:
To lead his net, a Child with him there yede,
But he ere none was in a fellon dread:
His sword he left, so did he never againe,
It did him gud, although he suffered paine,
Of that labour as then he was not fle,
Happie he was, took fish aboundantly.
Ere of the day ten houres could over passe,
Riding there came neare by where Wallace was.
The Lord Persie, that was Captaine of Aire,
From hyne he turned, and could to Glasgow faire.
Part of the Court had Wallace labour sene,
To him they rode five clade in garment greene.
Saint Martines fish, said, Scot, now we would have
Wallace againe, then mickly answere gave,
It were reason, me thinke ye should have part,
Watth should be dealt in all place with free heart.
He bade his Boy give them of his weaphing,
The Sutheron said, As now of thy dealing
We will not take, thou wouldst give us over small,
He lighted now ne, and from his Boy take all.
Wallace said then, Gentlemen, if ye be,
Leave us some part, we pray for charitie:
An aged Knight serves our Lady this day,
Gud friend leave part, and take not all away.
Thou shalt have leave to fish, and take the matre,

All

All theſe ſurely ſhall in our ſitting ſare.
We ſerve a Lord, theſe fifty ſhall to him gange,
Wallace anſwering, ſaid, Thou art in the wrang:
Whom thouſt thou Scot: in faith thou ſerv'ſt a blaine,
To him he ran, and out a ſword can draw:
Wallace was woe, he had no weapons there,
But a pault-ſtaffe which in his hand he bare.
Wallace with it faſt on the cheeke him take,
With ſo good will, while off his feet him ſtoke,
The ſword flew from him a fote braod on the land,
Wallace was glad, and caught it ſone in hand.
And with the ſword an actward ſtroke him gade,
Under the head, his craige in ſunder braide.
By that the reſt lighted about Wallace,
He had no help, but onely Gods grace:
On either ſide full faſt on him they dang,
Great perill was, if they had laſted lang.
Upon the head in great yre he ſtrooke ane,
The thearing ſword cut to the collour bone:
Another he hit on the arme haſtily,
While hand and ſword both on the land can lye.
The other two fled to their Poſſe againe,
He ſticked him that laſt was on the plaine.
Three ſlew he there, two fled with all their might,
After their Lord, but he was out of ſight.
Taking the Pure, ere he and they could twin,
To him they rode anone, ere they could blin:
And cry'd abide, your men are martyred downe,
Right cruelly into this falſe Region:
Five of your men here at the water bade,
Fith you to bring, though it no profit made.
We are eſcaped, but in field ſtaine are them,
The Lord aſked, How many may there be,
We ſaw but one that hath overcome us all,
Then leugh the Lord, and ſaid, Shame mot you fall:
Since one you all hath put to confuſion,

Who mones it most, the devil of hell him drowne.
This day for me, in faith hee's not be sought,
When Wallace thus the worthy work had wrought.
Their Horse he toke, and geare that was [illegible] there,
Gave over the craft, and went to fish na mair.
Went to his Eme, and told him of the deed,
And he for woe neare swelt out of his weed.
And said, Son, these tydings fits me sore;
If they be knowne, thou may get skaith therefore.
Uncle he said, No longer will I bide,
These Sutherons Horse let see if I can ride:
Then but a childe in service for to make,
His Emes son with him he would not take:
This good Knight said, Deare Cousing I pray thee,
When thou wants good, come fetch enough from me
Silver and Gold, he causde one to him give,
Wallace then kneelled, and lowly toke his leave.

The end of the first Booke.

THE SECOND BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* slew the Churle, with his owne staife in Aire.

YOung Wallace then fulfilled of hie courage
In prise off armes desirous of vassallage:
Thy vassallage may never be forlorne,
Thy deed is knowne, though all the world had sworne:
For thy whole minde, labour, and busines,
Was set in war, and verey righteousnesse.

And

And full great losse of thy dear worthy kine,
The rancour more remaines thy minde within.
It was his life, and most part of his food,
To see them shed the birning Sutheronblood.
To Ochterhouse withoutten more he rode,
And but short time in peace there he bode:
There was on VVallace that welcommed him well,
Though Englishmen thereof had little feele.
Both meat and drinke at his will had he there,
In Laglan wood, when that he made repare.
The Gentleman, full oft was his reset,
With stuffe of house full oft he can him bet
So he desir'd the Towne of Aire to see,
His Childe with him, and then no more tok he.
Aye next the wood VVallace caus'd lea ve his horse,
Then on his fot went to the market Crosse.
The Persie was in the Castle of Aire.
With Englishmen, great number and repaire,
And all the Towne rueling on their own wille,
To many Scots they did full great suppresse.
All but abasing VVallace among them pede,
The rage of youth made him to have no dreade
A Churle they had, that great burdens did beare,
Exceedingly he would lift meikle maire:
Than any three that they among them fand,
And als by this one sport he tok in hand.
He bare a sting into a burreous pole,
On his braid backe, of any would it thole:
But for a groat as fast as he might draw,
When VVallace heard speak of that merry saw:
Then he desired at that market to be,
For one straike he had him groats three.
The Churle granted, of that proffer was faine,
To pay that silver VVallace was full bane.
VVallace that sting tok up into his hand,
Full fiercely before him could he stand.

VVallace

Wallace with that upon the backe him gane,
While his rig-bone all into sunder brake.
The Churle was dead, of him I speak na maire,
The English men assembled on Wallace there.
Fell on the field of folkes fighting fast:
He unabased, and not greatly agast:
Upon the head one with the sting hit he,
While bone and braine he made in pieces flie,
Another he stroake on the vaisnet of steill,
The tree then rave, and frushed every deale:
The tree was lost, the English man was dead,
For his craig-bone was broken in that stead.
He drew a sword that helped him in need,
Throughout the thickest of the preasse he prede:
And at his Horse full faine he would have borne,
Two grieved him most that crewell were and keene.
Wallace returned as man of meikell maine,
And at on stroake the foremost hath he slaine:
A full sore stroake the other got that tide,
With his good sword, he made him there abide.
In at the Casket hardily he him bare,
The grounden sword out through his body share:
Five slew he there, ere he past from the Towne,
He got his Horse, to Langlane made him bowne.
And keeped the childe, and let him not abide,
Escaped thus, he can to Langlane ride,
Some followed him on Horse, some upon fut,
To take Wallace, as then it was no bute.
The trees were thicke, that keeped him full well,
But there to byde, he could never a deale.
God ordinance that effeired for his estate,
His custome was at all times ere and late:
The Steuine Wallace in Ochcerhouse that twas,
Both bed and meat, for him they made to passe.
As for that time that he remained there,
But sore he longed to see the Towne of Aire.

Thither he past upon a market day,
Untould God as then, that he had beden alway.
His Emes servant for to buy ane he lent,
Sir Reynald Crawfurd the Shyrriff then was kent.

CHAP. II.

How *Wallace* slew Lord *Phylpe* Stewart, and was prisoned in Aire.

When he had tane such good as he had bought,
The Perfis Stewart right baldly to him socht,
And said, Thou Scot, to whom ways thou this thing?
To the Shyrriff he said: By heavens King,
My Lord shall have it syne go fetch the mair.
Wallace by chance was near by going there.
He went to him, and said, Friend I pray thee,
The Shyrriffis servant that thou would let him be.
A lordly man the Stewart was of blood,
And thought Wallace him charged in termes rude.
Goe hence, thou Scot, the meikle devil thee lord,
At thy Shyrriffe nie thou seems us for to lead.
An hunting staff into his hand he bare,
Therewith he smote on William Wallace there.
But with his true little knyfe he made,
Fast by the collar him caught unpurtenit blade.
A full great knyfe to pit beast made he,
Then from him head that day right manerly.
Cater sendyne I trow be was na mair.
The Englishmen assembled Wallace there.
Fourteene were set in armour wonderfull bolnes,
On market day to Scots to keep the bounds.
Wallace boldly he drew a sword of brent,
Into the throng the turmell crush he bent.
But through the throp fra them syne to the head,
And twenty mae, ere he past from that stead.
An ayward stroke another took he there,
Upon his knee the bone in sunder share.

The fyrst he straike on a peasant of mailzie,
His craige in two, no wieds might availzie,
Thus Wallace fured as wood as a lyon,
The Englishmen that were on bargane bowne:
They kept the gate with speares rude and lang,
For dint of sword might no man to him gang:
Wallace was harnest on his body well,
At him they lought with sharpe swords of stele:
And from his strength envoisoned him about,
Out throngh the preasse on a syde he brake out:
Unto a wall that stud by the sea side,
For well or woe there must he need abide:
Part of their speares in pieces there he share,
Then from the Castle other help came maire,
Out over the dyke they glaid on every syde,
Brake betwne the wall, no succour was that tyde:
Then Wallace knew of no weern, but to die,
To win his death amongst them thus went he.
Other part in great yre hewing fast,
His burnest brand it burled at the last.
Brake in the hilts, away the blade is flew,
He wist no weene, but with his knife he drew.
The first he slew which him in hand hath hint.
And other two he wicked with his dint.
The remnant to him with Speares hath sought,
Bare him to ground, no further might he nought.
The Lords bade that they should not him sla,
To pine him more, they charged him to ta.
Into their Armes, although that he had swarme,
Out of the gate by force they have him borne.
Thus gan Wallace with Englishmen was tane,
In fault of help, for he was his alone.
He could not cease, his courage to him bare,
Frivole Fortune hath brought him in the snare.
These false gods full of unright cruelte,
And false Juno, full of peruersnesse,

Thes-

These feigned gods Wallace never yet knew;
Great righteousnesse him ay to mercy drew.
His kin might not get him for no kinde of thing,
Might they have payed the ransome of a King.
The more they bade, the more it was in vaine,
Of their best men that day seven hath he slaine:
They causde set him into a prison fell,
Of his torments great pity was to tell.
Evil meat and drink they causde unto him give,
Great marvell was it he might long there live.
And eke thereto he was in prison laid,
While they thought time on him to hold the laid.
Leave I him thus into this painfull stead,
While God above do send him some remead.
The plaine complaint, and pitefull lamenting,
The woefull weeping that was for his taking.
The tormenting of every creature;
Alace, they said: How shall our life endure?
The flowr of youth into his tender age,
Fortune of Armes hath left him in thirlage.
Living this day a Chieftaine have we none
Durst take in hand, but young Wallace alone:
The land is lost, he is caught in the snare,
The A-per-se of Scotland is in great care.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* was imprisoned in Aire, and escaped.

BArreld hearing new tydings they him gave,
Where he was set into that ugly cave,
Much woe for him was seeble to commend.
Then said he thus, God God me now relieve;
My pitteous spite, and saule over all the lave,
My carefull life, I may but now defend.
Over few Sutheron until the death I drew,
And that I true wyrds, and very true.

For fame I will out of this warld wend,
If I should now in prison make an end.
Eternall God, why should I thus wise die,
Since my belief all whole remaines on thee?
And thine owne hand full worthily have wrought.
Wet thou remead, no life they avaine me,
Mine onely Saviour that died on the tre;
From hels prison with thy bloud hath me bought,
Why wilt thou give thine handy work for nought
And many other in great pain that I see,
For of my life, nothing else I rought.

O varied sword, of temper never true,
Thy frushing blame in prison fame me threw:
And Englishmen ofter little harmes hath tane,
Of us they have undone moe than anew:
My faithfull Father despitefully they slew.
My brother als, and gud men many one,
This is the date shall us overcome each one:
Of this Kingrick, dear God, when shalt thou rue
Since my power thus suddenly is gone.

All worthie Scots, Almighty God you lead,
Since I no more in worship may you spead:
In prison here me worthes to miscarve:
Now stille Scotland, that of help hath great need,
Thy Nation stands into a fellon dread.
Of worldlinesse right thus I take my leave,
Of other paines God let you never preave,
Though I for wit out of wits should wend,
None other gift I may now to you give.

Adue Wallace, sometime was strong and sture,
Thou must of them in prison long endure,
Thy worthie kin may not thee save for gold,
Ladies weep, that were both milde and mure:
In furious paines thy mother that thee bure:
For thou to her was dearer than the gold:
Her most desire was to thee under mould.

In worldlinelle why should any assure?
For thou wert formed frely on the fold.
Complaine ye pare, this as your scedell tells,
Complaine to heaben with words that never failed,
Complaine your voice to the great God above,
Complaine for him that lits in syrfull Cells,
Complaine his paine that thus in dolour dwels;
In langour lyes, for loving of their love,
His furious paine was fellon for to prove.
Complaine also ye birds as blyth as Bells,
Some happie chance may fall for your behove.
Complaine ye Lords, complaine ye Ladies bright,
Complaine for him that worthy was and wight:
Of Saxons sons that suffered meikle dear,
Complaine for him that is in prison dight,
And for no cause (Scotland) but for thy right,
Complaine also ye worthie men of weare,
Complaine for him who was your Alper spear,
Few Englishmen yet to the death he dight,
Complaine for him your triumph had to bear.
Cellinus his maiter Japelour was nolo,
In Englishmen, alas, why should we trolo
Our worthy Kin are prued on this wise,
Such rule but right is little till allolo.
Ye thinks we should in barret make them boio,
At our power, and so wee do fell syle,
From their danger God make us for to rise,
That well hath wrought before these times nolo,
For they marke ay to wait us with suppryse.
What would I more of Wallace torments tell,
The Flur he tak into that prison fell.
Near to the death likely he was to drawo:
They charged the Jayelour there he should not dwel,
But bring him forth from of that ugly Cell:
In judgement where that he should thole the Law,
This man went down and suddenly he saw:

As to his sight, Death had him snapped wel snell.
Then said to them, He hath payed that he aw.
When thy presumed he should be very dead,
They cauldе servants withoutten longer plead,
With short advise unto the wall him bare,
They cast him over out of that hall full stead:
Of him they trowed there should be no remead:
In a gaate-midding, where he remained there.
His first Nurse of the new towne of Aire,
To him she came, which was full full of read,
And purchast leave, away with him to fare:
Into great pre they granted her to go,
Shee tuik him up withoutten words moe:
And on a Cart unseemly they him cast,
Out over the water they led him with great woe,
To her ayune house withoutten any hoe:
Shee warmed water, and als her servants fast,
His body washt, while filth off him was past:
His heart was wight, and sighttered to and fro,
And his two eyes at last cast up also.
His Fostermother him loved aboue the lave,
Got milke to warme, his life if shee might save.
With all her cure great kindnesse could him kyth,
Her daughter had of twelve weeks a knave,
Her childes pape in VVallace mouth it gave,
The womans milk comforted him full swyth:
Then in a bed they brought him for to lyth.
And covertly they kept him in that cave,
Him for to save, well secretly they might.
In their chamber they kæped him that tyde,
She cauldе greath up a buird in the house syde.
With tapestrie cloathes honoured with great slight.
And that the voyce on every land should light:
That he were dead, throughout the Land so wide,
In presence aye shee kæped under sight.
But goodly meats she graithed either night.

And so befell into that selfe same tyde,
While farthermore that VVallace woothed wight.

Thomas Rymer withouten fail was than,
With the Minister, which was a worthy man:
Hee used oft to that religious place,
The people deemed of meikle wit he can,
And so he did, although they bleme or ban:
Which happened sadly in many diverie place,
I cannot say, by wrong, or righteousnesse,
In rule of war, whether he tint or wan,
It may be deemde by vision of grace.

This man that day at the market had been,
Of VVallace knew this carefull case so kæn.
His Master asked, What tydings that he saw?
His man answered, Of little heard I mæne:
The Minister said, That hath been seldome sæn:
Where Scots and English assembled on a rowe,
Was never yet so far as I could knowe,
But either a Scot would do a Sutheron tæne,
Or be to him, as aventure might fain.

VVallace ye know, was tane into that stead,
Out over the wall I saw them cast unto dead:
Out of their prison famished for want of food,
The Minister said, with heart heavy as lead,
Such deed to them, me thinks should never stead:
For he was wight, and come of gentle blood,
Thomas answered, These tydings are not good:
If that bee soth, my self shall never eat bread,
For all my wit here shortly I conclude.

A woman then of the new tavone of Ayre
To him she went when hee was lying there:
And on her knees right lowly them besought,
To purchase leave, shee might hence with him fare:
In lightlinesse they granted to her there,
And over the water into her house him brought:
To bury him as goodly as shee mought.

Then

Then Thomas said, Yet shall I like na maire,
If that be true, by God that all hath wrought.

The Minister heard what Thomas said in plaine,
He charged his man to spend him fast againe:
To see the house, and warily to stop,
What words he heard amongst them bustly,
The man went out, at bidding was all baine,
To the new tolvere to passe, he did his paine:
To that like house, and went in modestly:
About he blinked unto the band him by.
The woman rose, in heart she was not faine,
Who lyes here, he did demand in plaine?
Wallace she said, full worthy that hath been,
Then weeped she, that pity was to seene.
The man there to great credence gave he nought,
Toward the band he boldned as he best thought.
On knees he fell, and prayed for Jesus sweete,
Let slander be, and from your thoughts it fleeme.
The man answered, By him that all hath wrought,
I would his well-fare, and cast into his thought:
Might I on life once see him with mine eene,
He should be safe through England would him beene.
She led him up to Wallace by the grees,
He spake with him then fast against was preasse,
With glad heartness their matters to amend,
And came againe, and told them whole to end.
He told to them, the first wrongs was lies,
Then Thomas said, Forsooth ere he decease,
Many thousand on field shall take an end,
From this Region he shall the Sutheron send,
And Scotland thrise he shall bring to a peace,
Into this Region great God shall send him grace.
All worthie men that have good wit to weild,
Beware that ye do not misdeeme my tale.
Perchance ye say, to Bruce was none such like,
He was as good where hands were to assaile,

As of his hanta, and holder of Wattell,
But Bruce was knowen right heir of his kingrich:
For he had right, we call no man him like,
But Wallace thrise this kingrich conquest hadd,
In England far fought battell on that tyde.

CHAP. IV.
The Battell of *Lowdon*-hill.

I Will returne to my purpose againe,
When Wallace was relieved of his paine.
The Countrey deemde all whole that he was dead,
His dearest kin knew not of his remead:
While whole he was, likely to go and ryde,
Into that place he would no longer byde.
His true keiper he sent to Ellerslly,
After him there he durst not let her be,
Her daughter alss, her servants and her childe,
He made them passe unto his mother milde.
When they were gone, no weapons there he saw,
To help him with, what ebenture might fall:
A rousty sword in a neuke he saw stand,
Without ten hilt, hase, brackled, or yet brand.
Long time before it had been in that stead,
An aged man it left, when he was dead:
He drew the blade, and found it would well byte,
Though it was stoile, he take it with him tyte.
God helpe his man, so thou shalt go with me,
While better come, will God some may that be.
To sir Rannald as then he would not fare,
Into that passage, for Sutheron made repare.
At Richarton still sure he would have bein,
To get him horse, and part of armour plain,
Then afterward as he bowned to fare,
Three Englishmen he met ryding to Aire.
At their voyage in Glasgow forth had been,
One Long-cattle, that erneli was and keen:

A hors

A bold Squyer, with him gaw yeomen two.
VVallace hiew by, and would have let them go,
To him they ryde, and said besyrefully,
Thou Scot abide, I trow thou be a spy:
Or elfe a theefe, from presence would that ryde.
Then VVallace said with sober wordis that tyde:
Sir, I am sick, for Gods love let me go,
Long-castle said, Forsoth it dois not so:
A fellon freik thou seemeit in thy fare,
While men thee know, thou shalt with me to Aire.
Out his sword that was of noble hew,
VVallace with that at his lighting him slew.
Upon the craige with his sword hath him tane,
Through braine and lyre, in sunder brake the bane:
By he was fallen the two were lighted down,
To benge his death, on VVallace made them bown.
The one of them upon the head he gave,
The rousty blad unto the craige him clave:
The other fled, and durst no longer byd,
With a rude step VVallace could after gryd,
Out through the ribs a sicker stroke gave he,
While liver and lungs men might at once se.
The horse he took, both weapons and armour,
Then thanked God with glad heart in that hour:
Silver they had, all with them hath he tane,
Him to support, for spending had he nane.
Into great haste he rode to Richartoun,
A glad semply was at his lighting down:
When VVallace met with Sir Richard that knight,
For him had mourned, while feeble was his sight.
His two sons of VVallace was full faine,
They had him lost, yet God him saved again.
His Eme Sir Rannald to Richartoun came full:
The woman told, by Corsby as she past.
How VVallace escaped, then on their way yeid,
Sir Rannald yet was in a fellon dread.

While

While he him saw, in heart he thought full long,
Then suddenly in armes he him throng,
He might not speak, but kissed him tenderly,
His troubled spritе was in an extasie:
The glad teares brast from his eyes two,
Ere that he spake a long time held him so:
And at the last, right friendly said he,
Welcome Nephew, welcome dear son to me:
Thanked be he that all the world hath wrought,
That fairly thee out of prison hath brought.
His mother came, and other friends anew,
With full glad will to see these tydings true,
God Robert Boyd, that worthie was and wight,
Would not them trow, while he them saw with sight
From sundry parts they came to Richartoun,
Fele worthie folks, that were of great renowne:
Thus leave I them in mirth, gladnesse, & pleasance,
Thanking great God of this so happie chance.

The end of the second Book.

THE THIRD BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* revenged the slaughter of his Father, and of his brother, on Lowdoun hill.

IN joyous July when the flowers are sweet,
Digestable, engendring with the heat,
Both flowrie and fruite, bushes and boughes braid,
Aboundantly in everie florish and stad.

All beatfull their right course to endure,
Well helped are by working of Nature.
On sat ascending to the heavens hight,
Conserved well by the Maker of might:
Fish in the flod restoreth really,
Towns sod, the world to occupy,
But Scotland so was wasted many a day,
Through war, such skaith, that labour was away:
Victaile grew skant, ere August could appeare,
Through all the land the sod happened, full dear.
But Englishmen that riches wanted nane,
By carriage brought their victaile in good wane,
Stuffed houses with wine and good vernage,
Enjoy'd this land as their own heritage:
This Kingrick whole they ruled at their will,
Messengers them such tydings told them till.
And told the Persie that Wallace living was,
And from their prison in Aire escaped bes,
They trowd it well, that Wallace past that stead,
For Long-castle and his two men were dead:
They buried the chance that Wallace was so past,
In every part they were full greatly agast.
Through prophecie that they had heard before,
Lord Persie said, What need words more:
Wot he be fast, he shall do great marbell:
It were the best for King Edwards availe:
Might he him get to be his stedfast man,
For gold or land, his conquest might stand then.
We think by force he may not gotten be,
While men for fear by his escape may fle.
Thus deeme they him in many diverse case,
We leave them thus, and speak of good Wallace.
In Richartoun he would no longer bide,
For friend counsel, or ought that might betide,
And when they saw that it availed nought,
His purpose was to venge him if he mought.

On

On Sutheron bloud, that had his elders slaine,
They let him work his own will into plaine.
Sir Richart had three sons, as I you told,
Adam, Richart, and Simon that were bold.
Adam eldest, was grown into courage,
Forward, right faire, and eighteene years of age.
Large of person, right hardy, wise and wight,
Owd King Robert in his time made him knight.
Long time after in *Bruces* warres abade,
On Englishmen many good journey made.
This good Squyer with Wallace bowned to ryde,
And Robert Boyd, which would no longer byde,
Under thirlage of steeges of England,
To the false king he never had made band.
Cleland was there, neare cousing to Wallace,
Then bode with him in many perilous place.
And Edward Little his sister son so dear,
Full well graithed into their armour clear:
With their servants to Richartoun they rode,
To Pachline Powe, and short time there abode.
For friends them told was bounden in thirlage,
That Fenwick sent was for the carriage:
Within short time he will bring it to Aire,
Out of Carleill they had received it there.
That pleased Wallace in heart right greatumly,
Wit ye they were a goodly company.
Toward Lowdoun they bowned them to ride,
And in a shaw, a little there beside.
They lodged them, for it was near the night,
To watch the way as goodly as they might:
A good true Scot which Hattier house held there,
Under Lowdoun, mine author can declare.
Hee saw them come, he went to them on hye,
Both meat and drinke he brought them privilie.
And to them told the carriage men in plaine,
Their foreryder to Aire was past agraine.

Left them to come with power of great availl,
They trowed by then they were in Anandaill.
VVallace then said, We will not sojourne here,
Nor change no weed, but our each dayes gear.
At Corsintoun the way was shilt that tyde,
For that same way behoved they to ride.
And from the time that he out prison fare,
Good Summer weed, daily on him he bare:
Good light harnesse from that time used he ever,
For sudden strife, from it he would not sever:
An Habergion under his Gotone he bare,
A good steele cap in his Bonnet but maire:
Two gloves of plate, with cloath was covered well,
In his Doublet a close coller of steele.
His face he keeped, for it was ever bare,
With his two hands, the which full worthy were.
Into his weed, if he came in a thrang,
Was no man then on fot might with him gang.
So grothine of strength, of power strong and sture,
His terrible dints were fearfull to endure.
They trusted more of VVallace him alone,
Than an hundreth of England might be tane.
These worthy Scots made there no tarrying,
To Lowdoun hill past in the day dawning.
Debated the place, and put their horse away,
And thought to win, or never home to ga.
Two scourriour sent to visit well the plain,
But they right soon returned in again:
To VVallace said, That they were coming fast.
Then to the ground all kneeling at the last:
With humble hearts praying with all their might,
To God above to help them in their right.
They graithed them in Harnesse hastily,
There fonzied none good of that companie:
Then VVallace said, Here was my Father slain,
And my brother, which doth me meikle paine,

So shall my self, or benged be but dreid.
The traitour is here, the causer of the deid
Then heght they all to byde with heartily will,
By that the power was taking Lowdoun hill.
The knight Finwick conboyed the carriage,
He had on Scots made many shrewd voyage.
The Sun was risen leiming aber lands light,
The Englishmen saw, that they came to the bight:
Near him they rod, and sain the Scots saim
He told his men, and said to them on rain,
Ponder is Wallace that escaped our prison,
He shall againe be praimne through the towne.
His head I know might better please the King,
Than gold, or land, or any earthly thing.
He made his servants bide with the carriage still,
Thought to demaine the Scots at their awne will.
Nineteze he led in harnesse birneit bright,
And fifty were with Wallace in the right.
Unrebuted the Sutheron were in weare,
And fast they came full avotul, in effeire.
A manner of dyke of stones they had made,
Narrowed the dyke wherethrough the thickest rade;
The Scots on fot tok the gate them before,
The Sutheron saw their courage was the more:
In pyvotull pze they thought over them to ryde,
But otherwise it happned in that tide.
On either side together fast they glade,
The Scots on fot great rowme about them made,
With pzimsing speares through plates of fine steel;
The Englishmen that thought to benge them well,
On harnest horse about them rudely rade,
That with unease upon their feet they bade.
Wallace the foremost in the birne he bare,
The grounden spear throughout his body share,
The shaft he shoke it off the stubbing tree,
Delyved it soone, since no better might be;

Dyrks knowis them both beavie, sharpe and lang.
On either side full cruelly they dang,
Fighting at once into that fellon bowle,
The Englishmen environed them about.
Throngh force they thought out through them for to
The Scots on fut that wichly could abide: (ryd
Withy knowis share through halse and habrick gud,
Upon the fields thot out the Sutheron blud.
From horse and man, through harnesse birnest bein,
A sore assaultie forsooth there might be seen:
They trusted no life, but to the latter end,
Of so few folk, great noblenesse might be kend:
Together bade defending them so fast,
Durst none bilieve, while that the preasse be past:
The Englishmen, that were right wise in weare,
By force obtained in-under them to beare.
Their chief captaine, as fierce as any Boare,
Through manklent and very proper care.
On a great Horse into his glittering gear,
Out ober casts a fellon Asper spear:
The knight Fenwick, that cruell was and keene,
Of Wallace father he at the death had been.
And of his brother that doughty was and beare,
When Wallace saw that false knight was so neare
His courage grew in tre as a Lyon,
To him he ran, and fricks field bare belowe.
As he rode by, an achware stroke him tu,
Both thigh and arlon in sunder made he gu,
From the Courser he fell on the far syde:
With a sharpe sword he stroke him in that tyde:
Ere he was dead, a great preasse came to fast.
Ober him to ground they bare Boyd at the last.
Wallace was neare, and turned in againe,
Him to reskue, while he rose off the plaine,
Mightily did him weare, while he a knowe have tane
Throughout the flowye theile two in fear are gane.

The remnant upon them followes fast,
And their passage feill Scotteron maide agast,
Adam VVallace, the hoir of Richardtoun
Stroake an Bew mounty a Squyer of Trentbone,
On the pesant, with his speir birnisht bare,
The birnisht blade his halls in sunder thare.
The Englishmen saw there Chiftane was slane,
Boldly abode, as men of mettell maine.
Rich Heale ramping rushes fruthes under feet,
The Scots on fast maid many lois the sweet:
Mighty men lighten, themselves for to defend,
Where VVallace came their resse was little kend.
The Southeron part loze fruthes there that tyde,
That in that stoure they might no longer byde.
VVallace indeede in wondrous rage worthy,
The Squyer Boyd, and all their Chevelry.
The Englishmen tuik plaine part for to flee:
Little and Cleland maide of them enemies die.
On horse some part to strengthis can them hand,
To succour them with many wounding wound.
An hundreth dead in field that leaved there,
And three skoore of VVallace dead but maire.
Two kins of hyde, and one of Cunninghame,
With Robert Boyd to VVallace came from hame.
Fourscore escaped from field on Southeron vse,
The Scots in place that boldly could abide.
Spoiling the field of gold and other geare,
Barnelle and Horse, which they neidet in weare.
The English knaves they maide the carriage leade,
To Clyde Forrest, while they were out of dreade.
And hame their fell wily wobbies lad and faire,
On hotwig trees, then hanged they them there.
Be spared none that sicht was for waire,
But mercyfull Wallace he maide them aye forbeare.
When this was done, to Dinner some they went,
Of sundrie sort bring that God hes to them sent.

Ten score of horse they won that carriage have,
With victual & wines as meikel as they might carr
And other stuffe, that they of Carleill led.
The Sutheron part out of the field they fled:
Which scarcely fought to the Castle of Aire,
Before the Lord, and told him of that care:
What good they left, and who in field were slaine,
Through wight Wallace, that was of meikell mai
And how he had made all his servants hang.
The Perse said, If that Scugger last lang,
Out of this land he shall eryle us cleane.
So dangerfull in battell was never seen.
In our prison here last when that he was,
Ofter slauchtfully our keeper let him passe.
Then quha our hold I finde swell may not be,
We maist make living our victuall by the Sea.
But losse our men it helpeth us right nought.
Our kin may ban that ever we hither sought.
Leave I them noto blaming their forte chance,
And mare to speak of Scots-mens governance.

When Wallace had well banquiht into plane,
That false tyrant, that had his father slaine:
His brother als, which was a haughty knight,
Other good men before to death had dight:
He caused prayche, and parted their victuall,
With stuffe and horse that was of great availe:
To friends about right politly they send,
The remnant still gladly there they spend.
In Clyds wood they sojourned there three dayes,
To Sutheron was that durst perswe those wayes.
But he tholed death that came in their danger.
The wood of Wallace walked far and neare:
Wallace was known on life living againe,
Though Englishmen thereof had meikell paine.
The Lord Perse to Glasgow could he fare,
With twise 3 lords, and held a councel there.

when they were met, moe than ten thousand,
he Chiftaine was that time wont take in hand:
o lead a Range on Wallace to affaile,
fked about, What was their beft counfell:
Sir Aimer Wallange, that falfe traitor and ftrong,
n Bothwell dwelt, and then was them among:
he faid, my Lords, my counfell will I give,
but do ye not, from fkaith ye may not live,
e muft take peace withoutten farrying,
s for a time, we muft fend to the King:
he Perfie faid, Of our treives he will none,
n afwfull Chiftaine truely he is one.
e will do moe in faith ere that he blin,
utheron to flay, he thinkes it is no fin:
Sir Aimer faid, treine it behoves you take,
thts afterward for him provifion make:
knaw he will do meikell for his kin,
outtrite and truly aye refts him within.

CHAP. II.

How the *Engliſhmen* tooke peace with *Wallace*.

IF Uncle Sir Rannald may make the band,
If he will not, recognoiſe all his land,
nto the time that he the worke have wrought,
Sir Rannald was fone to their counfell brought:
hey charged him to make Wallace at peace,
e he fhould paſſe to London ere he ceaſe.
o King Edward, and byde in his prifon,
hile they aſke to have peace for his ranſome.
Sir Rannald faid, Lords, ye knaw right well,
my counfell he will not doe a deale:
is worthy kin defpitefully ye fleith,
n prifon them near to the death him dreiv:
e is at large, and will not doe for me,
ough ye therefore, fhould wolv make me to die.
Sir Aimer faid, Thefe Lords counfel to fend,

Pe to the King to make a finall end
Of his conquest, for loth he will it have,
Wallace nor thou may not this country save.
Pight Edward king, get him for, gold or fawn,
Lose his mayn, then might he ley Scotland.
The Lord had reade, thou faussest to that knight,
Farre more in truth, then it is any right.
The wrong conquest our King deterry aye,
Of him and us, it shall be seene one day.
Wallace hath right, both force, and faire fortune,
Pe heard how he escaped our prison.
Thus said the Lord, and prayed Sir Rannald faire
To make this peace, thou Doyenne art of Aire,
As for a time we may anvile be,
Under my seale I shall be bound to thee.
The Englishmen, that they shall do him nought.
Nor to no Scots, but if be on them sought.
Sir Rannald knew he might not them gain-stand
Of Lord Persie he had receaved that band:
Persie was true, and ape of great availe,
Sober in peace, and cruell in battell.
Sir Rannald him bowned on the mayne but bade.
Wallace to seek in Clyde Forrest he rade:
So he him fand bowning to his Dinner,
When they habe seen this good knight coming in
Well he him knew, and told them what he was.
Marbell he had, what made him hither passe.
Made him good cheare, of meates good and fine.
King Edward self could not get better wine:
Then they had there bernage and bennison,
Of best all into great fusion.
Then after meat he shewed them of this deed,
How he had been into so methell dread:
Pe pray he said, your part of my counsell.
Take peace a while, and for the more availe:
But thou do so, I loath thou pass great sin.

For they are fet to unoſe all the hit.
Then Wallace ſaid to good men hint aboutt,
I will no peace for all this fellon doubt.
But if it pleaſe better to you than me,
The Squyer Boyd hint anſwered ſoberly,
I gibe my counſel, ere this good knight be ſtaint,
Take peace a while, although it do us paine,
To ſaid Adam, the heir of Richartoun,
And Cleland als to their opinion.
With their conſent Wallace this peace hath tane,
As his time wrought, while ten moneths were gane
Their leave they took with fair countenance in plaine,
Said God to bring they ſhould meet whole againe.
Boyd and Cleland put to their places haine,
Adam Wallace to Richartoun by name:
Forth with Sir Ranald can William Wallace ride
In his houſhold in Corsbie for to bide.
This peace was treedin Auguſt moneth mylde,
Thele gods of battell furious and lovde.
Mars and Juno ever both their buſineſſe,
Laulers of warre, ave worker of wickedneſſe,
And Venus als which goddeſſe is of love,
And old Saturne his courſe for to approve.
Thele four ſhowes of diverſe completion
Battell, Debate, Envie, and Deſtruction.
I cannot deeme of their melancholy,
But Wallace could not well in Corsbie lye.
Him had rather in travell for to be,
Night haze he lunged the towne of Aire to ſee.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* ſlew the Buckler player in the Towne of Aire.

SIR Ranald paſt from home upon a day,
Fifteene or two, and to the towne went they:
Covered his face, that no man might him know.

No thing he carep how few enemies him saw,
In sober weed, disaguised well were they.
An Englishman on the gate saw hee play:
At the Dertmmage, a Buckler on his hand,
Wallace neare by in fellowship could stand.
Lightly he said, Scot, darest thou not priche?
Wallace said, yea, so thou dare give me liebe.
Smite on he said, I defie thy Nation,
Wallace therewith hath tane him on the crowne:
Through buckler, hand, and through the harns a
Unto the shoulder the sharpe sword made her go.
Lightly returned to his own men againe,
The woman cryed, Our Buckler-player is slaine.
The man is dead, what needes words maire?
Feill men of armes about him sembled there,
Eight scare at once upon sixteene they set.
But Wallace swne with the foremost hath met:
With yre and will on the head hath him tane,
Through the bright helme in sunder burst the bane.
Another breathly on the breast him bare,
His birnisht blad throughout his body share.
Great rowne he made, his men was fighting fast:
And many a grome they made full sore agast,
For they were wight, and well used in weare.
Of Englishmen right boldly down they beare:
On their enemies great martyrdome they made.
Their hardie Chiftane, so well among them gade.
What Englishmen that bade into his gate,
Contrare to Scotland made never more debate.
Feill sticks on fold were felled under fet,
Of Sutheron blod lay sticked on the street:
Newe power came from the Castle that tyde,
Then Wallace fled, and drew toward a syde.
With right good will he would eschew suppryse,
For he in war was worthy, wight, and wise,
Harns and heads in sunder beside he sall.

By force out through the thickeſt preaſe he paſt.
Wallace returned behinde his men againe,
At the reſcew feill Sutheron hath he ſlaine,
His men all then hee out of perill brought,
From their enemies, with all the power he mought,
Unto their houſe they went but more abode,
For danger then to Laglane wood they rode,
Twentie and nine they left into that ſtead,
Of Sutheron men, that wittined were to dead,
The remanent again turned that tide,
For in this wood they durſt not him abide:
Toward the toune they drew withall their main,
Curſling the peace they tok before in plaine.
The Lord Perſie in heart was greatly grieved,
His men ſuppreſſed againe to him relieved,
And feill were dead into their armour cleare,
Chafe of his kin that were to him full deare.
When he heard tell of this their great grievance,
There ſelf was cauſe of this miſchievous chance,
Mourning he made, though few Scots it kend,
In Herauld then to Sir Rannald he ſend,
And to him told of their ſtill ſudden caſe,
And charged him to take ſoverance of Wallace:
He ſhould him hold from Sparket, toun and Faire
Where he might beſt be, out of their repaire.
The Sutheron knew that it was wight Wallace,
That them overſet into that ſudden caſe:
Their treuwes for this they wouldy not breake a deale,
When Wallace had this chance eſcheved well:
Upon a night from Laglane home he rade,
In chamber lowe there reſidence they made,
Upon the morne when that the day was light,
With Wallace forth went Sir Reynald the knight,
Shew him the writ that Lord Perſie has ſent,
Peace ſon, ſaid he, this is my whole intent,
That thou would grant while that this treuwe were

Forfaith to do to any in England harme.
But where I paſſe vnto thou bide with me,
Wallace anſwered, God Sir, that may not be,
Right loath I were, beare Vncle, you to griefe.
I ſhall do wrong it, while time I take my leaue,
And warne you als oft, that I from you paſſe.
This Eme and he on this accorded was.
Wallace with him made this continuance,
Like wight was, blyth for to do him pleaſance.
In Corsbie he called them among,
There ſeuenteene lapes, ſuppoſe he thought it long,
Though they him plead as a Priuate of King.
Into his minde remained another thing:
He ſaw his enemies maiſters in this Region,
Might not him pleaſe, though he were king with crowne.
Thus leaue I him with his deare friends full,
Of Engliſhmen now ſpeak ſome part I will.

The end of the third Book.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How Wallace wan the Peele of Gargunnok.

IN September, that pleaſant Moneth meete,
When ye nak nuts of the Summer the heate,
Wherein with ſtore are raiſed in abundance,
As God ordained to mans ſuſtenance,
Sagittarius with his fyry Dogges bold,
Ye each degree the heate to kendle,
The changing leaues, wherby ſnakes ſpeet,
And leaues lay with their colours of pleaſance,

All worldly thing hath nought but a season,
Both herb and fruit muſt from the highe rome behow.
In this like time a great counsel was set,
In Glasgow towne, where many Wallers met;
Of English Lords, to ſtature this Country,
And charged they all Shyreffes there to be.
Sir Rannald Crawfurd behoved that time be there,
For he through right was borne Shyreffe of Aire,
His beare Bedoy with him that time he tuke,
William Wallace, as wunnelle beares the Wodbe,
For he no time thould far be from his ſight,
He loved him with heart, and all his might.
They graithen them without longer abode,
Wallace borne part before the Court out rode.
Overtak the Thilde, Sir Rannalds ſunn ſhould bee,
With him two men, that worthie were inbede.
Softly they rode, while they the Court ſhould kaike,
So ſuddenly that time himſelf he ſaw
The Perſies ſunnne in touch great riches was,
The Horſe was tyred, and might no further paſſe,
Five men were charged to keep it well that tyde,
Two were on fot with thame on horſe can ryde.
The Waller-man at their ſervant ran ſpeare,
Who gave this tiding? the truth to me you leare:
The man anſwered without en words mare,
My Lord, he ſaid, It is the Shyreffes of Aire,
Since hes it is, this Horſe ſhall with me gang,
To ſerve our Lord, or elſe I think great wrang.
Though a ſtryfe indeed, would paſſe his Lord,
It is not leſſome by no righteous record.
They cutted the beare, and let the harneſſe fall,
Wallace knew weare when he lacy robbery ſaw,
He ſpake to them with manly countenance,
In faire ſtrive, he ſaid, but warrance.
See do us wrong, and it is time of peace,
Of ſuch robberie it were good time to ceaſe.

The Sutheron threw in yre answerde him to,
It shall be wrought as thou mayst see us doe.
Thou gets no mendis, what needs words mare,
Sadly avysed, Wallace remembred there.
Of the mounse he made his Eme before,
Reason him ruled, as then he bid no more.
Past past away to met his Eme again,
Seeing this reaste, was moved with great paine:
The horse yet took they, for aventure might fall,
Bound on the sum, then forth the way can call.
Their tyned summer they left there on the plaine,
Wallace returned toward the Court againe.
On the Bure side same with his Eme he met,
And told how they the way had for him set:
And were not I was bound in my leadgeance,
Ane parted not thus for all the gold in France.
The horse they reft, which should your harneste bear:
Sir Rannald said, that is but little beare:
We may get horse, and other things in plaine,
If men be lost, we get them never again.
Wallace then said, as wisely, God me save,
Of this great misse amends shall I have.
And neither let for peace nor yet plesance,
With witnesse here I gibe up my leadgeance:
For cowardly you are like to losse the right,
Some after them your own death will be dight.
In wrath therewith suddenly from him he went,
Sir Rannald was wise, and cast in his intent:
And said, I will bide at the Meirnes all night,
So Englishmen of us shall borne no unright:
If any be dead before us upon cale,
Then we in lais may byde the right counsell:
His lodging seeke, at the Meirnes still he bade,
Full great mourning for his Nevoy he made,
But all for nought, what might it him availe,
As into wyn he wrought that his counsell.

Wallace rode forth with his two Yeomen paſt,
The ſummer morn he followed wonder faſt:
By Catheart he over-hyed them againe,
Then knew they well that it was he in plaine,
By horſe and weed had argued them before,
And then to them returned withoutten moore,
Wallace to ground from his Courſer can glyde,
A birnikt brand he braided out that tyde:
The maſter-man with ſo good will ſtroake he,
Both hat and head in ſunder made he flie,
Another faſt [illegible] face he gave,
To [illegible] ſone him drabe:
[illegible] in that ſtead;
[illegible] dead;
[illegible] wight,
[illegible]
[illegible] they wend,
[illegible] ſpend,
[illegible] there,
[illegible] may can face,
[illegible] ſtrength ſhould I be,
[illegible] boughs of tree,
[illegible] my might,
[illegible] was the night,
[illegible] by Glaſgow byde,
In the [illegible] pole to rode.
And ſo he did, them lodged there that night,
As they beſt might, while that the day was light:
To an Diſtillarie he went, and ſojourn'd there,
With true Scots that his neare friends were:
The tenant met right gladly on the morne,
But ſtill tydings were brought to Perſie beforne,
His men were ſlaine, his treaſure all was reft,
With ſtill Scots, and them no Jewels left:
They mourned about of that verie vnnethfull tale,
The Sutheron ſaid, forſooth it is Wallace.

The Sutheron sheto in yre answerde him to:
It shall be wrought as thou mayst see us doe.
Thou gets no mends, what needs words mare,
Sadly avised, VVallace remembred there.
Of the promise he made his Eme before,
Reason him ruled, as then he bid no more.
But past away to met his Eme again,
Seeing this reasse, was moved with great paine:
The horse yet took they, for adventure might fall,
Bound on the lave, then forth the way can call.
Their tyred Summer they left there on the plaine,
VVallace returned toward the Court againe.
On the Brae side Lame with his Eme he met,
And told how they the way had for him set:
And were not I was bound in my leadgreance,
The partyd not thus for all the gold in France.
The horse they reft, which should your harneste bear.
Sir Rannald said, that is but little deare:
We may get horse, and other things in plaine,
If men be lost, we get them never again.
VVallace then said, as wisely, God me save,
Of this great mills amends shall I have.
And neither let for peace nor yet pleasance,
With witnesse here I gibe in my leadgreance:
For cowardly you are like to losse the right,
Some after them your own death will be dight.
In wrath therewith suddenly from him he went,
Sir Rannald was wise, and cast in his intent:
And said, I will bide at the Meirnes all night,
Do Englishmen of us shall harme no wright:
If any be dead before us upon case,
Then we in land may byde the right counsell.
His lodging tooke, at the Meirnes still he bade,
Full great mourning for his Nevoy he made.
But all for nought, what might it him availe,
As into woe he wrought for his counsell.

Wallace rode forth with his two Yeomen paſt,
The Summer man he followed wonder faſt:
By Cathcart he ober-hyed them againe,
Then knew they well that it was he in plaine,
By horſe and weed had argued them before,
And then to them returned without more.
Wallace to ground from his Courſer can glyde,
A burniſht brand he braided out that tyde:
The maſter man with ſo grod will ſtroake he,
Both hat and head in ſunder made he flie,
Another faſt upon the face he gave,
To dead on ground but merrie ſome him drave:
The third he hit with great yre in that ſtead;
Fey on the field, he hath him left for dead:
Wallace ſlew thoe, by that his Yeomen wight,
The other two derflo to death had dight:
Then ſpulyied they the Varneſſe or they wend,
Of ſilver and gold they got enough to ſpend,
Jewels they tok the beſt were eaſen there,
Good horſe and geare, then on their way can fare,
Then Wallace ſaid, At ſome ſtrength would I be,
Over Clyde that time was a good Bridge of tree,
Thither they paſt in all their goodly might,
The day was gone, and cumming was the night,
They durſt not well neare ſtill by Glaſgow byde,
In the Lennox he tok purpoſe to rode.
And ſo he did, then lodged there that nights,
As they beſt might, while that the day was light:
To an Diſtillarie he went, and ſojourn'd there,
With true Scots that his neare friends were:
The councel met right gladly on the morne,
But feill tydings were brought to Perſie before,
His men were ſlaine, his treaſure all was reft,
With feill Scots, and them no Jewels left:
They demed about of that derfe doutefull deid,
The Sutherone ſaid, forſooth it is Wallace.

Lyt

The Iustice Court was comming to the towne,
And he was one for Scot of most renowne,
They gart sethe Sir Rannald in that rage,
But he was still then at his Harbarage.
Some wise men said, thereof nothing be kend,
The men were slaine here at the townes end.
Sir Rannald came by nine houres of the day,
Before the Perse, and his men brought were they.
They followed him of fellonie that was wrought,
The allyse to him of this could say right nought.
They deemed about thereof that fellon sate,
Before the Iudge there he demed Wallace.
And so he might, he wist not where he was,
From this councell my purpose is to passe.

OF Wallace to speak in wildernesse to wone,
The Lord God be his gouernour and gyde,
Still at that place foure howes he so sojurn'd haile,
When tydings came to him from that councell.
Then traitors they in each stead of the Wedd,
Intyse to warne Wallace thould have no rest.
His heare Uncle a great oath made him sweare,
That he last leade, no friendship should him beare.
And many other till him was that day,
And Robert Boyd stute of the towne away.
And Cleland als, before with him had borne,
They had for rather se him with them gone,
Liuing on life, as they true to him be fore,
Than of pure gold, a million and more.
Boyd weened sore, and said our Lord is gone,
Amongst his foes in fer all him alone.
Then Cleland said, Sathe, sortune changes sath,
Great God since he here born had ever gode,
Edward Litle to Auandale is went,
And sathe unto many of true new judgement.
Adam Wallace have gar in Richartoun,

So fell it thus with Wallace of renowne:
He with his power parted marbellously,
By fortune of chance ouer turnes doubly,
Their petious moute as then could not be bet,
They wist no whit where that they should him get.
He left the place where he in lodging lay,
To Earle Malcome he went upon aday:
The Lennox whole he held into his pouu,
To king Edward then had he not made bauu:
The land was strait, and masterfull to win,
Quo men of armes that time was it within,
The Lord was traist, the men licker and true,
With weak power they durst him not persue.
Right glad he was of Wallace campanie,
Welcommed him faire with worship reuerently:
At his owne will desired if he would,
To byde there still, master of his houshold.
Of all his men he should whole Chiftane be,
Wallace answered, it were enough for me.
I can not byde, my minde is set on plaine,
Wrokken to be, or else to die in paine.
Our west Countrey, their statute is so strang,
Into the North my purpose is to gang:
Steven of Ireland into the Lennox was,
And knight Wallace he ordained him to passe:
And others als, that borne was of Argyle,
Wallace still there made residence a while.
While men it wist, and sembled some him till,
He charged none, but at their owne good will.
Thogh they were strangers he could not them dreed
But receiued them all in his words to lead.
Some part of them was then in Ireland borne,
That Makladzean had eryed out before:
King Edwards man he was sworne of Ireland,
Of right low birth, suppole he was in hand.
To Wallace there came one that hight Fawdoun.

Of melancholy, and evil of complexion.
Heavie of stature, and sour countenance,
Sorrowfull was aye, in dread without plentance.
VVallace receiued what men would come him till,
The bodily oath they made him with good will.
Before the Earle all in one conceyd,
And him receiued as their Captain and Lord.
His speciall men that came with him from hame,
The one hight Gray, the other Keirly by name:
In his service came first in all their maine,
To Lowdoun Hill, where that Fenwick was slaine,
He them commanded aye next him to persue,
For he them kend right hardy, wise and true.
His leave he tuik right on a fair manner,
The good Earle then he bade him gifts leir:
Wallace would none, but gaue of his frill hyle,
To paye and rich on a goodly wise.
Humble he was, hardy, wise and free,
And of riches he held no property.
Of honour and worthip he was a mirrour kend,
As he of gold had aboundantly to spend:
Upon his foes he wan it worthily,
Thus VVallace past, and his good Chevalry,
Sixty he had of likely men at wage,
Through the Lennox he led them with courage.
About Lekkie he lodged them in a baile,
A strength there was, which they thought to assaile.
On Gargunnoke there bigged was a Peill,
That stuffed was with men and victuall weill.
Within a dyke close chamber, and an hall,
Captaine thereof to name hecht Thirlwall.
They led VVallace where that this bigged was,
Thought to essay, further ere he would passe.
Two spyes he sent to wite all the land,
Right loath he was the thing to take in hand.
The which by force that should goe him againe,

Rather

Whether he had through adventure bin slaine:
Their men went forth, when it was large midnight,
About the house they spyed all at right.
The watch-men heavie were, and fallen on sleep,
The bridge was drawn, that the entry should keep,
The labourers late reklesly went in.
These men returned withoutten more to him,
To their Maister and told what they had seen,
Then graithed he soon these men of armes keen,
Sadly on fot unto the house they sought,
And entred in, for letting had they nought.
Wight men ellaped with all their hole cure,
A locked bar was drawn a thort the doze.
But they might not it breake out of the inn,
Wallace was grieved, when he such tarry saw:
Doms part annoyed wrathly to it he went
By force of hand it rased out of the stent.
Thae ells of breadth als of the wall pulled out,
Then marvelled all his men that were about.
How he did more than twenty of them might,
Then with his fot the gate he strake up right.
Whyle brace and hands he bustled all at anes,
Frapedly they rose that were within those wanes.
A watch-man had a fellon staffe of steel,
At Wallace stroake, but he kept him right well,
Rudely from him he reft it in the throng,
Dang out his braine, then in the Dyke him slang.
The remnant by that were on their fet.
Thus Wallace soon can with the Captaine mete.
The staffe he had heavie, and forged new,
With that Wallace upon the head him drew:
Whyle bone and braine all in sunder yeed.
His men entred that worthy were indeed:
In hands hint, and sticked all the lave,
Wallace commanded, they should no wearmen save
Twenty and two they sticked in that stead,

Women

Monent and Bairns, when that the men were dy
Be cauld be kane, and kept in close full well,
That they thereout might have thereof no feill:
The dead bodies then put some out of sight,
Tooke up the bridges ere that the day was light,
In that place bode foure dayes ere he would passe,
Wist none thereout how that the manner was:
Spoyled that stead, and tooke them gaining geare,
Jewels and gold, away with them they beare.
When he thought time, they fled in the night,
To the next toun they went with all their might,
The Captanes wife, women, and Children thee,
Past where they would; for Wallace left them fre
In that forrest he liked not to bide,
They hounet them ower Forth for to ride:
The Powle was strong, to ride it was no bute,
Wallace was wight, and lighted on his fot.
Few horse they had, little thereof they rought,
To save their lives, feill strengths oft they fought.
Steven of Ireland was their guide that night,
Toward Kinkardin syne rested thereat right,
In that Forrest which was both long and wide,
Which from the Powle grew to the water side:
After the Sun Wallace walked about,
Upon Teith side where he saw many a rout.
Of wild beasts wavering in wood and plaine,
Some at a shot a great Hart hath he slaine,
Drew fire of Flint, and graithed thereat right,
Suddenly their fresh Vennison they dight.
Victuall they had, both bread and wine to cleare,
With other stuffe enough at their bennetre.
The taste of steele he gave Keirlie to keep,
Then past they ower the water of Teith to deepe.
Into Stathernc they entred suddenly,
In covert past, or Sutheron should them spy:
Without that they found of Scotlands adversars,

Without reſpect was come their fatall houres,
Whom ever they met, was at the Engliſh ſup,
They flew all downe, withouten more delay,
They ſpared none that was of Engliſh bloud,
To death he yed, though he were never ſo good.
This was the grace that Wallace to them gave,
They ſaved none, knight, Squyer, nor yet knave.
But watred all by wourhunette of weir,
Of that party that might bear bate or ſpear,
Some part by flight, ſome part by force they fled,
But Wallace thought they wanted never aneu.
Silver they tuke, and als gold as they fand,
Other good gear full lightly red from hand.
Cutted thoats, ſyne in Pett pots them cast,
Put out of ſight, for that they thought was beſt.
At the Black-ford as they would them paſſe over,
A Squyer came, and with him betymes ſoone;
To Downe ſhould ride, and weend that they had been
All Engliſhmen, that he before had ſeen:
Tydings to beire; he hoped them among,
VVallace therewith a good ſword out he ſwoong;
Upon his head he ſtraik with ſo great yre,
Through bone and braine in ſunder ſtraik the lyre:
The other toure in hands fell were him,
Derfly to death ſticked as they would ſtint.
The horſe they tuke, and what they liked beſt,
Spoyled them bare, ſyne in a Bog them keſt.
Of this matter no more tarry they made,
But forth their way paſſed without abade.
Their warlicke Scots all with one conſent:
So North over Erne out through the land they went.
In Methwen wood their lodging tok that night,
Upon the morne when that the day was light,
Wallace roſe up, and went to the Forreſt ſide,
Where that he ſaw full twelve beaſts abide.
Of wylde and tame walking abouttwardly,

Then VVallace said, this countrey liketh me,
Wlear men may do with sod that they should have.
But want they meat, they rek not for the lave.
Of dainty faire VVallace could neber keep,
But as it came, welcome was meat and sleep.
Sometime he had great sufficience within,
Now want, now have, now lolle, now sometime in
Now light, now sad, now blyth, and now in baile:
In hatte, now hart, now sorrow, and now haile.
Now waile and weill, now cold we ather, now het
Now moist, now drouth, a wavering wind, now weit
So fares with him for Scotlands right full even,
In sell debate, seven yeares and moneths seven,
Then he wan peace, and left Scotland in plaine.
Then Englishmen made new conquest againe,
In frustrate termes I will not tarry lang,
VVallace again unto his men can gang,
And said, Here is a land of great abundance,
Thanked be God of his hie purveyance.
Deven of you feirs, graith sone, and goe with me,
Right sore I lang Saint Johnstoun for to se.

CHAP. II.

How *Wallace* past to Saint *Johnstoun*, and slew the Captaines and wan *Kinclevin*.

STeven of Ireland, as God of Heaven thee save,
Maister and leader, I make thee of the leave:
Keep well my men, let none out of thy sight,
While I gang hither, and come with all my might.
Byde me seven dayes into this Fouresl strong,
Ye may get sod suppose I dwell so long.
Some part ye have, and God will send you maire,
Thus turned he and to the towne can fare:
The Paire keeped the Port of the village,
VVallace knew well, and sent him his message.
The Paire was brought, saw him a godly man,

Right

ight reverently he hath received them thair,
t him he asked, All Scots if that ye be.
Vallace said, Yea, and it is peace betwix me.
grant he said, that likes us wonder well,
rue men of peace must ape some friendship tell.
hat is your name, may you tell me it,
Villiam Malcome, he said, since ye would wit,
n Ettricke Forrest hath my wonning heir,
here was I borne among the thatwes their.
ow I desire this Northland for to se,
here I might finde better dwelling for me:
he Squire said, Sir, I alike it for none till,
ut tetill tydings oft times is brought us till.
f one Wallace, that borne was in the West,
ur kings men he holds at great unrest,
artyres them doiwne, great pity is to se,
ut of the treuis forsooth I trow he be:
allace saide then, we hear speak of that man,
ydings to you of him tell noought I can:
o him he gart an Annes well graithed be,
here none should come, but his owin men and he,
he Steinart Keirlie brought them in fellon,
wo thing enough the best was in the toune.
s Englishmen to bruising would him enli,
o commonly he dealt not therewith all,
n their pretence he spended reasonably,
et for himselfe he payed aboundantly,
n Scots men he spended meikell gear,
one with his will upon the Sutheron bleid:
ut he conceived in his wit privily,
nto that Towne who was of most party,
r James Butler an aged cruell knight,
eped Kinclevin, a Castle wonder wight.
is son Sir John that dwelt into that toune,
nder Captaine to Sir Gerrard Heroun,
e women als he wipt at the last,

And so on one his eyes began to cast:
In the Southgate a tellon tertie faire,
VVallace to her made priuately repaire:
So fell it thus, from the towne ere he past,
At an accord they happened at the last.
VVallaces lodely her in secret made him glad,
Sutheron wist not that he such pleasance had:
Oft on the night he would fro to himself,
This is far worse than any paine of hell.
That thus with wrong thefe be vis broke our law
And I with force may not against them stand:
To take this towne my power is to small,
Great peril als of my life may befall.
Set it on fire, it will undoe my fell:
Or losse my men, there is no more to tell.
The gates are broken, the bowes are bent with all
Though I would flie, for flight they cannot all.
This matter here therefore I will let stide,
For at this time I may no longer bide.
All men him told the Caurant was to pass
Home to Kincleuin, whereof right glad he was.
He tooke he took at leaue of the town,
To Methwin wood right ready made them bown.
His horse he bare, and all his bowmen to draw.
His men with hearts, and there soon can they draw
Right blyth he was, for they were hail and feire,
Many at hint to perchance would not there.
Hee them commanded no to make ready fast,
In good aray out of the wood they past.
Towards Kincleuin they bowned them that tyde.
Then in the waie that neare was them besyde.
Fast upon Tay his tentment can he draw,
In a verne wood he stelled them on raw.
Set Scurriours out, the Countrey to espy,
But some or none there came fore-riders by.
The watch turned in se what was his will.

Be them commanded in covert hold them still,
And we shall hold, the house will knowledge have,
And that why shu be warning to the leave,
All force in war doth nought but grievance,
Wallace was keid, but happy was his chance;
Bade him still syke his adversars to win,
By that the court of Englishmen came in.
Fourscore and ten well graithed in their geare,
Barnelie on horse, as likely men of weare;
Wallace saw well that number was na ma,
He thanked God, and then the field can fa.
The English marvell greatly what they should be,
But fra they saw, they made them for mellie;
In rest they cast their speares in that tide,
In over they thought, but over the Scots to ride.
Wallace and his spent ober them againe,
At the first rush fell Sutheron were slaine;
Wallace stroake on with his good speare of keele,
Throughout the coat that sharp rushed like steele,
Ybirnithe wand in bothe thein bore he out,
Thrise upon hat he dyzing throughout all the rout;
Sterne horse they stricken, thould men of armes beare
They under fat was tolved men of weare,
Butler lighted, swindelie to fe to beleeve,
With men of armes, which were full worthie keid.
On either side great deeds were daring fast,
The Captaine bare, though he was sore agast;
Part of the Scots through worthynesse they fleed,
Wallace was wroe, and towards him he preed;
His men then bred, the Border bold and keen,
On him he sought, both yre and anger seene;
Upon the head he stroake in maladeen,
The birnithe blad throughout his basnet went,
Both bone and brayne he parted through the teeth.
Thus Wallace hand delivered them of that death,
Yet fell on fold was fighting feirdome,

Steven of Ireland, and all the Chevalrie,
Into that stour did worthily and well,
And Keirly als with his good staffe of steele.
The Englishmen fra their Chiftaine was slaine,
They left the field, and fled in all their maine,
Twescore were slaine, ere they would leave the field
The fleand folk they wilt of no remead.
But take the house, they fled in all their might,
The Scots followed, that worthy were and wight.
Few men of Fence was left that place to keep.
Women and Priests upon the wall can weepe,
For well the weined the bears was their Lord,
To take them in, they made them ready bord:
Let down the Bridge, cast up the gates wide,
The frayed folk entred, that durst not byde,
Good Wallace ever followed them so fast,
While in the house he entred at the last.
The gate he wart, while comming was the rout.
Of English and Scots he held no man thereout.
The Englishmen that winned in that stead,
Withouten grace they hittined them to dead.
The Captains wife, women and Priests two,
And young Children, wafoth they lafed no moe.
Held them in close, after this sudden case,
Of Sutheron men should liedge them in that place.
Luk up the Bridge, and gates closed fast,
The dead bodies out of sight they cast.
Within the house and outwith that were dead,
Fifte of his owne to burie he cast to lead.
In that Castle seven dayes still bode he,
In every night they hooyled hastily.
To Short-wood shaws led wines and victual fine
And houshold geare, both gold and silver bright.
Women and they whom to be granted grace.
When he thought time, they wat out of the place.
When they had spoile, what likyd them to have.

Strake doton the gate, and set on fire the lade;
Out of the windowis the Stanchearis all they threw
Full great ynn-wark into the water threw.
Burdin deris and lockes in their ire,
All work of tree they burnt into the fire.
Syne what they might, make bug e bulwark doun
To Short-wood shaws, in haste they made them boun
Chaled a strength, where they their lodging made,
In god effeir a while still there he bade.
Yetin the towne of this no wit had they,
The countrey folk, when it was light of day:
Great smoak saw rise, and to Kinclevin they sought
But wals, e stone, moze god there found they nought
The Captaines wife S. Johnstoun towne she pas,
And to Sir Gerrard told this fellon deid,
His to her son what hapned was by eale,
Then diemed they all that it was wight Wallace.
Before time there he speed had the towne,
Then charged they all should be readie bowne,
Harnett on horse into their armour clear.
To seeke Wallace, they went all forth in feare;
A thousand men well garnisht for the weire,
Toward the wood, right awfull in effeire.

CHAP. III.

Short-wood Shawes.

TO Short-wood shaw, and set it all about,
With fire trailes, that stellwart were and stout
The first they made, a fellon range to lead,
Where Wallace, was full worthie aye indeed.
The strength they took, and bade them hold it still,
On every side assailyie who so will.
Sir John Butler into that Fortrett went,
With two hundred fore moved in his intent,
His fathers death to venge him, if he mought,
The Wallace son with men of armes he sought.

A Cleugh there was, whereof a strength they made,
With thornest trees, and boldly there abade:
From the on side they might ish to the plaine,
Then through the wood to the strength passe again.
Twentie he had that noble Archers were,
Against seven score of English bow-men faire:
Threescore of yeares near hand them bode full right,
If Scots intred to help them at their might:
But Wallace set a sicker bold and keene,
A bow he bare, was big, and weell he seene:
And arrowes als, both long and sharpe with aw,
No man there was that Wallace bow could draw.
Auge strong he was, and in full sober wear,
Boldly he shot among those men of weare.
An angle head into the hooks he drew,
Then at an shote the foremost home he slew,
English archers, that narby were and night,
Against the Scots pickered with all their might.
Their awfull shot was sellon for to bide:
Of Wallace men they wounded feill that tyde:
Few of them was sicker of archery,
Better they were, and they got eben parys:
In field to byde, either with sword or spear,
Wallace perceived his men tuk meikell dear:
He gart them change, and stand not in that stead,
He cast alwayes to save them from the dead:
Full great travell upon himself tuk he,
Of Sutheron archers feill men gart he die.
Of Long-castle Shyre, bow-men were in that plat
A sore archer ay wanted on Wallace:
At an open where he used to repaire,
At him he drew a siker shot and faire,
Under the chin through a Coller of Steele,
On the left side, and part his halse some deale:
Astonied he was, but not greatly agast,
Wallace him saw, and followed him full fast.

And in the turning with good will hath him tane,
Upon the craige, in sunder brake the bane.
Then feill of them no friendship with him fand,
Fifténe that day he slot dead with his hand:
By that his Arrowes wasted were and gone,
The English Archers forsooth they wanted none;
Outwith they were their power to renew,
On every side they could to them persew.
William Lorane came with his boustreous staill,
Out of Gowrie on Wallace to assaile.
Nevoy he was as it was known plaine,
To the Bucler before that they had slaine:
To venge his Eme, he came with all his might,
Three hundreth led of men in armes bright.
To lead the range, on fut he made him boun.
Wallace to God his confidence could remeid,
Then comfort them with manly countenance.
Yee see, he said, good sirs, their ordinance:
Here is no choise, but either do or die.
We have the right, the happier may it be.
That we shall scape by grace out of this Land.
Lorane by that was ready at his hand;
By this it was after noone of the day,
Feill men of wit, to counsell soon yaed they.
The Sutheron rais sharply on every side,
He saw the wood was neither long nor wide,
Lightly they said, he should it hold so lang.
Five hundreth made on fut through it to gang.
Sad men of armes, that eager were of will,
About the Scots with many shout full shill.
With Bolv and spear, and mickle stute of steele,
On either side no friendship could they feele.
Wallace in ire a bourly brand can draw,
Where feill Sutheron were fewbled on a raw:
To send his men with his deare worthy hand.
The folk were fey that he before them fand:

Through the thickeſt of the great preaſſe he paſt,
Upon his enemies he went wonder faſt:
Againſt his dint no weeds might availe,
Whom to he hit, was dead withoutten faile.
Of the fierceſt full braithly dang he downe,
Before the Scots that were of great renowne.
To hold the ſtrength, they preaſt with all their might,
Then Engliſhmen that worthie were and wight:
Sir John Butler releived in againe,
Sundered the Scots, and did them meikle pain.
The Lorane als that cruel was and keen,
A ſore eſſay forſooth there might be ſeene,
Then at the ſtrength they might no longer byde,
The range ſo ſtrong came upon either ſide.
In the thickeſt wood they made their fell defence,
Againſt their foes ſo full of violence:
Right feill Sutheron there left their life in wed,
To a new ſtrength VVallace and his men fled:
On his adverſares they made full fell debate,
To help themſelves, none other ſuccour they wate,
The Sutheron als were ſundred then in twin,
But they again together ſoon can win.
Full ſubtilly their ordinance they made,
The range againe they bowned but more abade,
The Scots were hurt, and part of them were ſlaine,
Then VVallace ſaid, We labour all in vaine:
To ſlay commons it helps us right nought,
But their Chiftains that have them hither brought:
Might we work ſo, that one of them were ſlaine,
So ſore eſſay they could not get againe:
By this the hoaſt approaching was full near,
Thus they them held full manly upon ſtear,
Then VVallace ſaw the Sutheron were at hand,
Him thought no time longer for to ſtand.
Right manfully he graithed hath his gear,
Sadly he went againſt theſe men of wear:

Throughout

Throughout the stoure full fast fighting he sought,
With Gods grace to venge him if he mought:
Upon the Butler awfully stroke he,
Safeguard he gote under a bowing tre,
The branch in two he stroke above his head,
Als to the ground he felled him in that stead.
The whole power upon him came so fast,
That they by force rescued him at the last,
Lorane was wo, and thither fast can draw,
Wallace returned, so suddenly her him saw:
Out at a side full fast to him he yed,
He got no girth for all his burnisht weed:
With yre him stroke on his gorget of steel,
The trenching blade it pierred every deale:
Through plate and stuff might not against it stand
Deerly to death he left him on the land:
Him have they lost though Sutheron had it sworne:
For his crage bone was all in sunder shorne.
The worthy Scots did nobly that day,
About Wallace while he was won away,
He took the strength against their foes will,
Aboundantly in bargan bade them still.
The fery son rose the bold Lorane was dead,
Sir Gerrard Heroun tranoynted to that stead,
And all the hoast assembled him about,
At the north side then Wallace issued out,
With his good men, and bowned them to go,
Thanking great God that they were parted so:
Seven of his men that day to death were dight,
To Gargill wood they went that self same night.
In the field left of the Sutheron six score,
And Lorane als that mourning was the more.
The range in haste they raised soon again,
But when they saw their travel was in vaine,
When it was past, full meikle moane was made,
To tyde the wood both vale, slonke, and slaid,

For

For Butlers gold Wallace took care beliue,
But they found nought would they seek evermore,
His horse they got, but nought else of his geare,
With dolefull mone return'd these men of weare.
To Saint-Johnstoun, with sorrow and great care,
Of Wallace forth, we likes to speak no mare,
The second night the Scots spoild them maist,
Right privately again to Short-wood-shaw,
Took up their good which was put out of sight,
Cloathing and stuffe, both gold and silver bright.
Upon their feet, for horse was tane them fra,
Ere the Sun rose to Methven-wood can go.
The two dayes ever their lodging still they made,
On the third night they moved but more abade.

CHAP. IIII.

How *Wallace* was sold to the *Englishmen* by his Leman.

TO Elchok Parke full suddenly they went,
Therein that strength to bide was his intent:
Then Wallace said, He would go to the town,
Arrayed him well into a Priests gowne:
Into Saint Johnstoun disguised can he fare,
To this woman, the which he spake of aire:
Of his presence she right rejoyced was,
And ay in dread how he away should passe.
Hee sojourn'd there from morne was of the day,
While near the night ere that he went his way,
He trysted her when he should come againe,
On the third day, then was she wonder faine:
Yet he was seen with enemies as he yed,
To Sir Gerrard they told of all his deed:
And to Butler that would have stolen beene,
Then they cauldo take that woman fair and sheen.
Accused her faze of reset into that place,
Full oft she swore, that shee knew not Wallace.
Then Butler said, We trust well it was he,

And

And but thou tell, in haill fire then shalt ride:
If thou wilt help to hing yong Kebals boime.
Wee shall thee make a Lady of renowne.
They gave to her both gold and silver bright,
And said, She should be wedded to a knight:
Whom she desired, that was but marriage,
Thus tempted they her through counsel a great wange
That she them told, what night he should be there,
Then they were glad, for they desir'd na mair,
Of all Scotland but Wallace at their will,
Thus ordained they that paintment to fulfill:
Feill men of Armes they graithed hastily,
To keep the gates lought Wallace to espy,
At the set tryst, he entred in the toun,
Witting no thing of all this falle treasoun.
To her chamber he he went but mare abaid,
Shee welcomed him, and full great pleasance made,
What that they wrought, I cannot graithly say,
Right unperfect I am of Venus play:
But hastily he bounned him to gang,
Then she him took, and asked, If he thought lang:
She asked him, that night lastly her to bide,
Sone he said, Nay, for chance that may betide:
My men are left at mistrust all for me,
I may not sleep this night, lastly I them se,
Then wexed she, and said full oft, Alace:
That I was made, for wroth the cursed case,
Now have I lost the best man living is,
O feeble wimde, to do so foule a misse.
O married lust, wicked, and barianes,
That me hath brought in this mischievous chance,
Alace, she said, in world that I was wrought,
If all this blame on my self might be brought:
I have for-wod to be burnt in a glead,
Whom Wallace saw the near from hir could weid,
In his armes he caught her soberly.

Who hath done ought, he said, dear heart: have I?
No, I, quoth she, have falsly wrought this train,
I have you sold, right now ye shall be slaine:
She told to him her treason to an end,
As I have said, what needs more legend.
At her he askt, if she sore thought it sore:
Yea, Sir, she said, and shall do evermore.
My wayried wretch in world I must fulfill,
To mend this misse, I would burn on an hill:
He comfort her, and bade her have no dread,
I will be said, have some part of thy weed:
Her Coiwne on him he took, and couriches als,
Will God I shall escape this treason falst,
I thee forgive without teen wons maire,
He kissed her; then took his leave to fare:
His buirly brand helped him off in need,
Right patiently hid it under his weed.
To the South gate the gainest way he drew,
Where that he found of Armed men anew,
To them he told dissimulate in countenance,
To the chamber, where he was in perchance:
Speed fast he said, VVallace is locked in,
For him they sought without noise or din,
To that same house about they can him cast,
Out of the gate then VVallace got full fast.
Right glad in heart, when that he was without,
Right fast he yed, a sture pace and stout,
Two men he held, and said, We will go see,
A stalwart Queen, forsooth, yond seems to be.
They followed him through the south inch they two.
When VVallace saw with them there came no more:
Again he turned, and hath the formost slaine:
The other fled: then Wallace with great maine,
Upon the head with his sword hath him tane,
Left them both dead: then to the strenght is gane.
His men he got, right glad when they him saw,

To

To their defence in haste he raisd them traine:
Devorded him soon out of the womans sweed,
Thus scaped he out of this fellon dread.

The end of the fourth Book.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* escaped out of Saint-*Johnstoun*, and past to *Elcho* Parke; and how he slew *Fawdoun*.

The dark Region appeared wonder fair,
In November, when October was past:
The dayes fell through right course to wares short,
To banisht men, that is no great comfort,
With their power to seir place that wouths gang,
Heavy they think when that the night is lang:
This Wallace saw the nights messenger.
Phœbus had lost his fierie brands clear:
Out of the wood they durst not turne that tyde,
For adversaries that in their way would byde:
Wallace then told anew were on his hand,
The Englishmen were of the totone command:
The daze they make where they trowd Wallace was
When they him missed, they pursued hence to passe,
In this great noyse the woman got away,
But to what stead I cannot readily say:
The Sutheron sought right sadly for that stead,
Through the south inch, e found their two men dead,
They knew by that Wallace was in their strength,
About the Parke they set on breadth and length.
With fir humbreth well graithed in their armes,

All likely men to wreak them of their harmes:
An hundreth men charged in armes strong,
To keep an Hound, that they had them among:
In Gelderland there was that hatchet bred,
Dicker of lent, to follow them that fled:
She was so used in Eske and Liddisdaile,
While she had blood, no fleing might availe:
Then said they all, Wallace might not away,
He should be theirs, for aught that he do may.
The holt they left in diverse parts that tide,
Sir Gerrard Hereoun in the staill can byde:
Sir John Butler the range he tok him till,
With three hundred which were of hardy will:
Into the wood upon Wallace they yed,
The worthy Scots that were in meikle dread.
Dought he to a place, for to have issued out,
And saw the staill environed them about.
Againe they went with hideous stroakes and stour,
Great noise and din was raised them among:
Their cruell death right marvellous to ken,
Where fourty maist against three hundred men:
Wallace so well upon him tok that tyde,
Through the great preasse a way he made full wide.
Helping the Scots with his bear worthy hand,
Feill foe men he left fey upon the Land,
Yet Wallace lost fifteen into that stead,
And fourty men of Sutheron there were dead:
The Butlers folke so frushed were indeed,
The hardie Scots to the strengths through they yed
Upon Tay side they halted them full fain,
In will they were the water to have pain.
Better han thought perill for to be.
Upon the land than wilfully to fle
His men to drowne, where rescue might be none,
Againe in yre to the field are they gone,
Butler by then had put his men in arme,

On them he set with hardy dreidfull effay,
On either syde with weapons stiffe of steele,
VVallace against no friendship let them feele.
But doe or die they wist no more succour,
Thus fiend they long into that stalward stour.
The Scots Chiftane was young and in a rage,
Red in war, and fights with high courage:
He saw his men of Sutheron take such wrong,
Them to revenge all dreadlesse he did gang:
For many of them were bleeding wonder sare,
He could not see none help appearing there,
But if their Chiftaine were put out of their gate,
The hym Butler so boldly mave debate;
Throughe the great preasse right fast to him he soughte
His dreidfull deed avenge it if he moughte.
Under an Oke with men about them set,
VVallace might not a gratly stroak on him get,
Yet shed he them: a full rude step he mave,
The Scots went out, no longer there they bave,
Steven of Ireland that worthy wight and knight,
To help VVallace he did full preasse and might:
With true Keirlie, doughey in many deed,
Upon the ground feill Sutheron they gart bleed,
Sixty were slaine, of Englishmen in that place,
And nine of Scots were sint into that case:
Butlers men were so destroyed that tyde,
Into the stour they would no longer bide,
To get supply, he went into the traill,
Thus lost he there an hundred of great availl,
As they were best arraying Butlers rout,
Betwixt parties then VVallace issued out.
Sixteene with him they granthed them to goe,
Of all his men he had leaved no moe.
The Englishmen have missed him, in hy
The hound they tok and followed hastily,
At the Gaskwood full faine they would have ben,

But this Slouth-hound that cruel was and kæn,
On VVallace fast he followed wonder fast,
While in their sight approached at the last,
Their horse was wight, and sojourned right lang.
To the next wood they had two miles to gang.
Of upward ground they yed with all their might.
God hope they had, for it was near the night.
Fawdoun he fyred, and said, He might not gang.
Wallace was wo to leave him in the thrang:
He bade him go, and said, The strength was near.
But he therefore would not the faster steare:
Wallace in yre on the craige can him ta,
With his good sword, and stroke his head in twa:
Dreadelie to ground he dushed to the dead.
From him he lap, and left him in that stead;
Some deemes it to evil, and some to good,
But I lay here into these termes rude:
Better it was he did, as thinks me,
First, to the Hound it may great stopping be.
Als Fawdoun was holden of great suspition,
For he was holden of hauckle complexion.
Right strong he was, and had but little gone,
Thus Wallace wist, had he been left alone:
And he were false, to enemies he would ga,
If he were true, the Sutheron would him sla.
Right he do nought, but lose him as it was:
From this question noio shortly will I passe.
Deeme as ye list, ye that can best, and may,
But I rehearse, as mine Authour doth say,
The stars as then began for to appeare,
The Englishmen were coming wonder neare,
Five hundreth whole were in their Chivalrie,
To the next strength then Wallace can him hye:
Steven of Ireland unwitting of Wallace,
And good Keirly bode still near hand that place,
At the Mure syde into a scroggie slaid,

By east Duplin, where they this tarry made,
Fawdoun was lett beside them on the land,
The power came, and suddenly him fand:
For their Sleuth-hound the graith way to him yed
Of other treed as then she took none hed.
The Sleuth stopped at Fawdoun still she stood,
No further would, from time she found the blood.
The Englishmen deem'd, for other they could not tell
But that the Scots had fought en among them fell.
Right woe they were, for lossed was their rent,
Wallace five men among the Host in went:
Dissembled well, that no man should them ken,
Right in effeir, as they were Englishmen,
Keirly beheld unto the bold Heroun,
Upon Fawdoun as he was looking down:
A little stroak upward him took that tyde,
Under the cloak the grounded sword can glyde:
By the gud Walzie, both crage and halse bane,
At ounder stroak, thus ended that Chiftaine,
To ground he fell, still folk about him throng,
Treason they cryed, a traytour us among.
Keirly with that fled out at the Host five,
His fellow Steven thought it no time to byde:
The fray was great, and fast away they yed,
Both toward Erne: thus scaped they that deed.
Butler was woe, of weeping might not stint,
Thus rekkelie this gud knight have they tint,
They deemed all that it was Wallace men,
Or else himself, though they should not him ken,
He is right near, we shall him have but faile,
The feeble wood may little him availe.
Fourtie there past again to Saint Johnstoun,
With dead corps to burying made them boune.
Parted there men, and diverse wayes yed,
A great power at Dupline still there bade:
To Dalreach the Butler past but let,

At sundrie parts the gate was unbeset:
To keep the wood while it was day they thought,
As VVallace thus in the thick Forrest he sought,
For his two men in minde he had great paine,
He wist not well if they were tane or slaine:
Or scaped whole by any jeopardie:
Thirteene were left, with him no moe had he:
In Gask hall there their lodging have they tane:
Fire they got some, but meat then had they nane,
Two sleep they took beside them in a fold,
Ordained their supper into that seemly hold:
Graithed in haste, some meat to them was dight,
So heard they blow rude hornes upon hight.
Two sent he forth, to see what it might be,
They bode right long, but no tydings got he,
But boustreous noise, so brimly blowing fast,
No other two into the wood forth past:
None came againe, but boustreously can blow,
Into great ire he sent them forth in row:
When that alone VVallace was leaved there,
The awfull blast abombed meikle mare:
Then trowde he well they had his lodging seene,
His sword he drew of noble mettell keene,
Then forth he went, where that he heard the horne
Without the doore Hewdown was him before,
As to his sight, his head into his hand,
A crosse he made, when that he saw him stand:
At VVallace in the head he swakked there,
And he in hast sore hint it by the haire,
Then out again at him could it rast,
Into his heart he was greatly agast,
Right well he trowed it was no spite of man,
It was a devil, that such malice began,
He wist no availe, there longer to abide,
Up through the hall this wight Wallace can glide
To a cloke staire, the lairds caste in twine,

Fiftéene fat long he lay forth of that Inne:
Ne the water then ſuddenly can be ſure,
Againe he blenked what appearance was there,
Him thought he ſaw Fawdown that ugly fyre,
Upon the houſe, and all the reſt on fire.
A great roſt tree he had into his hand,
Wallace as then no longer he would ſtand.
Of his god men full great marveill had he,
How that they were tint through his fantaſie,
Truſting right well all this was ſoth indeed,
Suppoſe that it be no point of the Creed.
Power they had with Lucifer that fell,
That time that he parted from heaven to hell,
By ſuch miſchief if his men might be loſt,
Dotmned or ſtatne amongſt the Engliſh hoſt:
Or what it was in likeneſſe of Fawdown,
Which brought his men to ſuch confuſion,
Or if the man ended in evil intent,
Some wicked ſpirite again for him were ſent,
I can nought ſpeak of ſuch divinity,
To Clerks I will let all ſuch matters be,
But of Wallace on ſoth I will you tell,
When he was ſwent, out of this danger fell,
Yet glad he was that he eſcaped ſa,
But for his men great mourning can he ma.
Flait by himſelfe to the maker above,
Why he ſuffered his ſaul ſuch matters proove,
He wiſt not well if it were Gods will,
Right or wrong his Fortune to fulfill:
Had it pleaſed God he trowed it might not be,
He ſhould be ſet in ſuch perplexitie:
But great courage in his minde ever drave,
On Engliſhmen thinking a mends to have.
As he was thus walking by him alone,
Upon Erne ſide, making a mirous mone:
Sir John Butler to watch the Fords right,

Out from his men of Wallace had a sight,
The mist was went, and to the mountaines gone,
To him he raid where that he made his moane,
On loud he speired, What art thou walks this gate?
A true man, Sir, though my voyage be late:
Erands I passe from Down unto my Lord,
Sir John Pstewart the right luho will record:
In Down is now, neiu comined from the King,
Then Butler said, this is a selcouth thing:
Thou leid he said, thou hast been with Wallace,
I shall the knoiu, ere thou come from this place.
To him he start the Curser wonder wight,
Dreiu out his sword, then made him for to fight.
Abone the knee good Wallace hath him tane,
Throughe thie and braine in sunder straike the bane
Deresly to ground the knight fell on the land.
Wallace the horse lon seased in his hand.
An acward stroak then tok him in that stead,
His craig in two, thus was the Butler dead.
An Englishman saiu their Chiftaine was slaine,
A speare in rest he cast with all his maine.
On Wallace braue from the horse him to beare,
Manly he wrought as worthy man of wear.
The speare he wan withouten more abaid.
On horse he lap, and through a great rout raide,
To Dalreach then he knetu the ford full well.
Before him caste feill stuffed into stele.
He straike the first but bade in the blasoun,
While horse and man all fleit the water boun,
Another lon down from the horse he bare,
Stramped to ground and drown'd withouttren mair.
The third he hit on the harnelle of stele,
Throughout the coist the speare it raist like dele:
The great power after him then can ride,
He saiu no uisdom there langer to abide:
His birnisht brand, braithly in hand he bare,

Whom he hit right, they followed him na mare.
To stuffe the chase fell stocks followed fast,
But Wallace made the gayest aye agast.
The Pure he took, and through their power rade,
The horse was good, but yet he had great dread,
For tailling him, ere he wan to a strength,
The chase was great stailed on breadth and length:
Though strong danger they had him aye in sight,
At the Black-forde there Vallace down can light.
The horse stuffed, the way was deep and lang.
A large long while wightly on fot can gang,
Or he was horsed, ryders about him cast,
He saw full well long time he might not last.
Ten men indeed upon him can renew,
Without recoverie twentie that night he slew.
The fiercest aye rudely rebuted he,
Keped his horse, and right wisely can flee.
While that he came the mirkest Pure amang,
His horse gave over, and would no further gang.
Vallace on fot took him with good intent,
The horse he slew, or that he further went.
That Englishmen of him should have no good,
And left on fot, for well he understood:
For Sutheron men on him should have no sight,
In high hather he past with all his might.
Though y darke mure then from them hath he sought
But suddenly there came into his thought:
Great power did walke at Striveling bridge of tree,
Sighing he said, no passage is for me.
For fault of food, and I have fasted lang.
On war-men now me thinks no time to gang.
At Cumbuskenneth I shall the water till,
Let God above do with me what he will.
Into this land I may no longer bide,
Carry he made some part on Forths side.
Lap off his weed, and graithed him but maire,

His sword he bound, that wonder sharply share:
Among his geare, on his shoulders a lost,
Thus in he went, to great God praying oft,
Of his good grace his cause to take in hand,
Ouer the water he swam to the south land,
Arrayed him well, the season was right cold:
For Pisces was into his dayes old.
Ouerthart he cast, to the Torwood he yede,
A widow dwelt which helped him in nede,
Hither he came or day began to daw,
To a widow and prively can caw:
They spiered his name, but tel them would he nought
While she her self near to his language sought.
From time she knew that it was wight Wallace,
Rejoyced she was, and thanked God of grace:
She spiered soon, If she was his alone,
Mourning she said, As men now have I none:
She speared soon, where that his men should be,
Faire Dame, he said, Go get some meat to me:
I have fasted since yesterday at mone,
I dread full sore my men they be forlorne.
Great part of them I saw to the death brought,
She got him meat in all the hast she mought.
A woman he called, and als with her a childe,
And bade them passe again these wayes wilde.
To the Gaskhall, tydings for to speare,
If part was left of his men into feare,
And she should finde an horse soon in her gate,
He bade them se if that place stod in state.
Thereof to hear he had full great desire,
Because he thought it was all into fire.
They passed out withoutten tarry maire,
Himfor to rest, Wallace remained there.
Refreshed he was with meat and drinke, and heate
Which caused him through naturall course to sleep
Where he should sleep at the woman he speared.

The widow had three sons that were learned:
First two of them he sent to keep Wallace,
He gart the third go some to Dunipace:
And tell his Eme, that he was harmed there:
The Parson came to see of his welfare,
Wallace to sleep was laid in the wood side,
The two young men without him near could bide.
The Parson came near hand, the manner saw,
They beckened to him what stead he should draw.
The Rone was thick that Wallace slepped in,
About he went, and made but little din,
So at the last of him he had a sight,
Full privately where that his bed was dight:
He him beheld, then said unto himself,
Here is a marvell who likes it for to tell:
This is a person of worthiness of hand,
Trowes to stop the power of England.
How false Fortune the mischiefer of all,
By ventures hath given him a fall:
That he is left without supply of me,
A cruell wife with weapons might him slay.
Wallace him heard, with that the sleep over-past,
Fiercely he rose, and said to him als fast:
Thou lyest false Priest, were thou a foe to me,
I would not dread such other ten as thee:
I have had mare since yesterday at mane,
Then such fifty assembled me before:
His Eme him took, and went forth with Wallace,
He told to him all his most grievall case:
This night he said, I was left mine alone,
In fell debate, with enemies many one:
God at his will hath av my life to keep,
Over Forth I swam, that aithfull is and deep:
What I have had in war before this day,
Pyson and paine (to this night) is but play.
So beat I am with strokes sad and sore,

The

The thrill water then burnt me meikell more:
After great blood, throughe heat & cold was wrought,
That of my life almost nothing I rought.
I moante farre more the tynsell of my men,
Nor of my self, might I suffer such ten:
The Parson said, Deare son thou mayest se well,
Longer to streive, it helpeth never a deale,
Thy men are lost, and none will with thee rise,
For God his sake make as I will devise:
Take a Lordship whereon thou mayest live.
King Edward will great lands to thee give:
Uncle, he said, of such words na mare,
This is nothing but asking of my care:
I like better to se the Sutheron die,
Than gold or land, that they can give to me:
Trust thou right well of warre I shall not cease,
Untill the time I bring Scotland to peace:
Or die therefore the plaine to understand,
So came Keirly, and good Steven of Ireland:
The widowis son to Wallace he them brought,
From they him saw, of no sadnesse they rought:
For perfect joy they weeped with their eene,
To ground they fell, and thanked heavens king
Als he was glad for rescue of them two,
Of their feirs living were left no moe.
They told to him that Sir Gerrard was dead,
How they had well escaped of that stead.
Throughe the Ochell they had gone all that night,
To Airth Ferry when that the day was light:
How a true Scot throughe kindnesse of Wallace,
Brought them soon over, then kend them to that place
Als Keirly wist if Wallace living were,
Near Dunipace that he should finde him there:
The Parson gart good purveyance for them bight,
Into Tor-wood they lodged all that night.
While the woman that Wallace nouth had send,

Returned

Returned again, and told him to an end.
What Englishmen in the way she saw dead,
Feill was fallen fey in many sundrie stead.
The house she saw, that Wallace had bereft,
And the Gaskhall standing as it was left:
Withoutten harme, nor touched of a stone,
But of his men, good tydings got she none.
Therefore he grieved greatly in that tyde.
In the Forrest he would no longer byde.
The Wilwyw gave him part of silver bright.
Two of her sons that worthie were and wight:
The third she left, because he lacked age,
In weare as then might not win vantalage.
The Parson then got them good horse and geare,
But woe he was, his minde was so in weare:
Thus took he leave without longer abode.
To Dundaffe Pure the samine night he rode:
Sir John the Grahame, which Lord was of that land,
An aged Knight, had made none other band:
But purchast peace in rest he might byde still,
Tribute he payed still sore against his will.
A son he had, both wise worthie, and wight,
Sung Alexander at Barwicke made him Knight.
Where showing was of batell to have been,
Betwixt the Scots and the bold Persie keen.
This young Sir John right noble was in wear,
On a good morn his father gart him swear:
He should be true to Wallace in all thing,
And he to him while life in them might reigne:
Three nights there Wallace was out of dread,
Rested him well, so had hath meikell need:
On the fourth day he would no longer byde,
Sir John the Grahame bowned with him to tyde,
And he said nay, as then it should be,
A plain part yet I will not take on me.
I have slain men through mine own rekleslie deed,

A burnt childe als more fare the fire should dread,
Friends some part I have in Cliddisdaile,
I will go se what they may me availe.
Sir John answered, I will your counsell do,
When ye think time send privately me to:
Then I shall come with my power in haste,
He him betaught unto the holy Ghaiste,
S. John to bough they should meet whole and soure:
Out of Dundaffe he and his foure couth found:
In Bothwell Bure that night remained he,
With one Crawfurd that lodged him privily.
Upon the morne to the Gilbanke he went,
Received he was of many with glad intent:
For his deare One young Auchenlek dwelt there,
Brother he was to the Sheriff of Aire.
When old Sir Rannald to his dead was dight,
Then Auchenlek wedded that Lady bright:
And children got, as stories bear record,
Of Lesmahago, for he held of that Lord,
But he was slaine, that pity was the maire,
With Perfies men into the bowne of Aire.
His son dwelt still, then nineteen years of age,
And tooked whole his fathe es heritage:
Tribute he payed for all his lands braid,
To the Lord Perfie, as his brother had made.
I leave Wallace with his dear Uncle still,
Of Englishmen yet some thing speak I will.
A messenger sent through the Countrey yede,
To Lord Perfie, and told his fellon deed.
Kinclevin was burnt, broken, and casten downe,
The Captaine dead of it, and Saint Johnstoun.
The Lorane als in Short-wood shawes shone,
Into the land great sourdis doth been seen.
Through might Wallace that all this deed hath wrought
The towne he spoyld, and that fourthwithe ras sone.
Butler is come with noughty men and meare,

In after speech the Persie then gan speare,
What word of him, I pray thee graithly tell,
My Lord, he said, Right thus the case befell:
We know for truth he was left him alone,
And as he fled he slew full many one.
The haste we found, that him that gate could bear,
But of himselfe no other word we hear.
At Striveling bridge we must be passed nought,
To death in Forth he may for us be brought.
Lord Persie said, Now truely that is sin,
So good of hand he is this world within.
Had he tane peace, and been our Kings man,
This whole Empyre he might have conquest than.
Great harme it is, our Knights that are dead,
We must gare see for others in their stead:
I trow not yet that Wallace losed be,
Our Clerkes sayes, He shall gar many die.
The Messenger sayes, All that forseith hath been,
Many hundreth that cruell time and keen,
Since he began, are losed without remead,
The Persie said, Forseith he is not dead.
The Crowes of Forth he knowes wonder wel:
He is on live that shall our Nation sell.
When he is streaked, then can he swim at will,
Great strength he hath, both wit and grace theretill.
A messenger the Lord charged to wend,
And his command in writ he with him send.
Sir John Pfewart great Baneret then he made
Of Saint Johnstoun, and all the lands bade:
Into Kinclevin there dwelt none there against,
There was nought else, but broken wals in plaine
Leave I them thus ruling the lands there,
And speake I will of Wallace good wall fare:
He send Keirly unto Kannald that night,
To Boyd and Blair, that worthie were and wight:
And Adam als, his Cousen good Wallace,

To them declared he of this painfull caſe.
Of his eſcape out of that companie.
Right wonder glad was that good Chevalrie.
From time they knew that Wallace living was,
Good diligence they made to him to paſſe.
Maiſter John Blaire was one of that meſſage,
A worthie Clerke, both wiſe and als right ſage:
Learned he was before in Pariſe towne,
Amongſt Maiſters in Science of good renowne.
Wallace and he at home in Schole had been;
Syne afterwards as verity was ſeen:
He was the man that chiefly undertook,
That firſt compyld to byde the Latine Book.
Of Wallace life, right famous of renowne,
And Thomas Gray Parſon of Libbertoun.
With him they were, and put in hiſtoriall,
Oft one or both meikell of his travell.
And therefore here of them I make mention,
Maiſter John Blaire to Wallace made him boune.
To ſe his health, his comfort was the moſt,
As they full oft together were before.
Silver and gold they gave him for to ſpend;
So did he them freely when God it ſend.
Of good wel-fare as them he wanted none,
Engliſhmen men with he was left him alone:
Where he ſhould be, was none of them could ſay,
Drowned or ſlaine, or elſe eſcaped away.
Therefore of him they took but little hed,
They knew him not, the leſſe he was in dread.
All true Scots great favour to him gave,
What good they had, he needed not to crave.
The peace laſted that Sir Rannald had tane,
Thole three moneths it ſhould not be out-gane,
Whole Chriſtmas then Wallace remained there,
In Lanerke of to ſpoyt he made repare:
When that he went to Gilbanke from the towne.

If he found men was of that Nation:
To Scotland they did never grieuance more,
Some stricked they, some throats in sunder shore.
Feill were found dead, but none wist who it was,
Whom he handled, he let no further passe,
There Hesilrig dwelt, that cursed knight to waile,
Shyreffe he was of all these lands haile:
Of fellon outrage dehitefull in his deed,
Many of him therfore had meikell dread,
Sarbell he thoug ht who durst his people sla,
Without the toune he caus'd great numbers ga,
When Wallace saw that they were moe then he,
Then otd he nought, but salust courteously.
As his four men bure them so quyetly.
So Sutheron could deeme them unhonestly:
In Lanerke, a gentle woman there,
A maiden mylde, as my Buik will declare.
Eighteene years old, and little moze of age,
As borne she was to part of heritage.
Her father was of worship and renowne,
And Hew Braidfute he heght of Lammingrowne
As still were then into the Countrey calde.
Before time they Gentle-men were of alde:
But this gud man and als his wife was dead,
The Maiden wist them of none other remead,
But still she dwelt in tribute in the toune,
And purchast had King Edwards protection:
Servants withy her, of friends at her will.
Thus lived she without desire of ill.
A quyet house, as she might hold in weare,
For Hesilrig had done her meikell deare.
Slaine her brother, which eldest was and heire,
All suffered she, and right lowly her bare.
Amiable, so benigne, ware, and wise,
Courteous and sweet, fulfilled of all gentrice:
Well ruled of tongue, right haile of countenance,

Of vertue she was worthy to advance,
Humbly her held, and purchast a good name,
Of every wight she keeped her from blame.
True religious folk a great favour her lent.
Upon a day to the Kirk as she went;
Wallace her saw as he his eyes can cast,
The print of love him prunzied at the last.
So alperly throngh beautie of that bright,
Allwith great vneale in presence bide he might.
He knew full well the kindred of her blond.
And how she was in honest vse and good:
Whiles would he think to love her ober the lave
And otherwhile he thought on his viage:
How that his men were brought to confusion,
Though his last love, he had in Saint Johnstoun.
Then would he think to live and let overslide.
But that thought long in minde could not abide:
He told Keirly of his new luft and baill,
Then asked he him of his true counsell:
Hastet he said, As farre as I can feel,
Of like vnelle it may be wonder well:
Since so ye love, take her in Marriage,
Goodly she is, and als of heritage:
Suppose that ye in lobing feele amisse,
Great God forbid it should be so with this:
To marry thus I cannot yet attend,
I would of warre first see a finall end:
I will no more alone to my love gang,
Take heed to me, for dread I suffer wrong,
To mokker love thus son I would not wieve,
Might I leave off, in war I think to live.
What is this love? Nothing but foulishnesse,
It may reave me both wit and stedfastnesse.
Then said he thus, this will not graithly be,
Amours and wars at once to reigne in me.
Right sorry is it, quod I in blisse of love,

When

Whete deeds were, I should the better praise,
But well I wot, where great earnest is in thought,
It letteth war, that in wise men is wrought.
Unlesse it be, but onely till on deed,
Then he that thinkes of love for to speed.
He may do well hath he Fortune and grace,
But this stands all into another case:
A great kingdome with feill foes over-set,
Right hard it is any mends for to get.
Against them, and keep the observance,
Which belongs to love, and all her fribole chance,
Example I have, which me forthinketh sore,
I hope in God it shall be sore no more.
The truth I know of this, and her linage,
I know nought her, therefore I lolle a gage:
To Keirly he thus argued in this kinde,
But great desire remained in his minde:
For to behold that freely of fassoun,
A while he left, and came not in the toune.
On other thing did make his wit to baike,
Proving that he might of that labour slaike:
When Keirly saw he suffered paine for thy,
Deare sir; he said, Yee leave in sluggarie:
Gee see your love, and ye shall get comfort.
At his counsell he walked for to sport.
Into the Kirk, where she made residence,
She knew him well, but as for Eloquence:
She durst not well, in presence to him kyth,
Full sore she dread that Sutheron should her myth:
For Hesilrige had a matter new begun,
And her desired in marriage to his son:
With her Maiden this Wallace she besought
To dyne with her: and privatly she him brought:
Though a Garden, she had gart work anew,
So Englishmen nought of their meeting knew:
He kissed this Maide, with gladnesse and pleasance,

Done her beſought right hartly acquaintance:
She anſwered him, with humble wordes and wiſe,
Were mine acquaintance worthy for to prize:
Ye ſhall it have, as God me ſave in ſaule,
But Engliſhmen do gar our power faile:
Through violence of them, and their bairnage,
That hath well neare deſtroyed our Linage.
When Wallace heard her complent pitieuſly,
Grieved in heart he was right greatumly.
Both yre and love him ſet into a rage,
But nought for thy he ſoberred in courage.
Of this matter he told as I ſaid aire,
To that goodly how love conſtraind him ſaire:
She anſwered him reaſonably again,
And ſaid, I ſhall to your ſervice be bane:
With all pleaſance in honeſt cauſes haile,
And I truſt nought ye would ſet to aſſaile.
For your worſhip, to do me diſhonour,
And I a Maide, and ſtand in many ſtour.
From Engliſhmen to ſave my woman-heid,
And coaſt have made to keep me from their feid.
With my good will I will no Lemmen be,
To no man borne: therefore I think ſhould ye:
Deſire me not, but into godlineſſe,
Perchance ye think I were to low perraſe:
For to pretend to be your righteous wife,
Into your ſervice I would uſe all my life.
Here I beſeech for your worſhip in armes,
Ye charge me not with no ungodly harmes.
But me defend for worſhip of your blood,
When Wallace well her true tale underſtood.
As in a part him thought it was reaſon,
Of her deſire therefore to concluſion:
He thanked her, and ſaid, If it might be,
Through Gods will that our kingdome be free,
I would you wed with all heartie pleaſance,

Not at this time I may not take such chance,
And for this cause none other now I crave,
A man in warre may not all pleasance have,
Of their talk then, can I tell you na mare,
To my purpose what hand that they made there.
Conclude they this, and to the dinner went,
The sore grievance remained in his intent,
Alle of his men, and lustie paine of love,
His leave he took, at that time to remove.

CHAP. II.

How Wallace past to *Lochmabane* and how they cutted his horse tailes, and how he shave the blood-letter.

THen to Gilbanke he past ere it was night,
Upon the morne with his foure men him dight,
To the Corhead without resting he rade,
Where his Vncle Thom Haliday him abade,
And Edward Little als, his Cousen deare,
Which was so blith, when he wist him so neare.
Thanking great God he sent him safe againe,
For many dreamed he in Scratherne was slaine.
Good cheare they made, all out those dayes three,
Then Wallace said, that he desired to see
Lochmabane towne, and Englishmen that were there
On the fourth day they boowned them to fare,
Betein he was of goodly Chevalrie,
At the Knockwood he leaved all but three:
Thomas Haliday went with them to the towne,
Edward Little and Keirly made them boune,
To an Ostler Thomas Haliday led them right,
And gave command their dinner should be dight.
To heare a Masse in good intent they yed,
Of Englishmen they thought there was no dread.
The Clifford came, was Emes son to the Lord
And thire with him, the truth for to record:
Was their Annes sonn, after Wallace was past,

Who ought these horse? in great bathing he aske,
The Good-wife said for to have pleased him best.
Three Gentlemen are come out of the west:
Who devill them made so gayly for to ryde?
In faith with me a wed there must abide:
These lewd Scots have learned little good,
Loe, all these horse are shent for fault of blood:
Into great scorne withoutten words more,
The tailes all of these three horse they shore.
The Good-wife cryed, and piteously can greet,
So Wallace came, and could the Captaine meet:
A woman told him, they had his horse shent,
For proper yre he grew in natalent,
He followed fast, and said, God friends abide,
Service to take for thy craft in this tide.
Marchell thou art without command of me,
Reward again me thinkes I should pay thee:
Since I of late new come out of the west,
In this countrey a Barbour of the best:
To cut and shave, and that one wonder good,
Now shalt thou feele how I use to let blood:
With his good sword the Captaine hath he tane,
While horse again he marvelled never ane:
Another soon upon the head strake he.
While chaps and cheeks upon the gate can flie.
By that his men the other three had slaine,
Their horse they tain, and graithed them full bane.
Out of the town for Dinner had they none,
The wife she prayed that made so pitteous moane.
Then Englishmen fra their Chiftaine was dead,
To Wallace sought from many sundrie stead:
From the Castle came cruell men and keene,
When Wallace hath their sudden sembly seen.
Toward some strength he bowned him to ride,
For then him thought it was no time to bide:
His horse bled fast, that gart him dreading have,

of his good men, he would have had the lave.
To the Knockwood withoutten more they rade,
But into it no sojourning he made:
That wood as then was neither thicke nor strange,
His men he got, then lighted he to gang,
Eaward an hight, and led thir horse a while,
The Englishmen were then within a myle;
Unfreth horse riding full hastily,
Seven score as then were in that company,
The Scots lay one, when they that power saw,
Toward the South them thought it best to draw:
Then Wallace said, It was no wit in wear,
With our power to byde them bargan here,
You are men good, therefore I will that we,
Anermore seek, while God send us supply.
Haliday said, We shall do your counsell,
But fore I dread that these hurt horse will faile,
The Englishmen in birnisht armour cleare,
By then to them approached wonder near,
Bowed Archers shot, and would not spare:
Of Wallace men they wounded to full saire.
Anger he grew, when that he saw them bleed,
Himself he turned, and on them soon he yeed:
Sixteene with him that worthy were in wear,
Of the foremost right sharply down they beare;
All that returne fifteene in field was slaine,
The lave they fled unto their power againe.
Wallace followed with his good Thevaltis,
Thomas Haliday in wear was full hardie:
Mailment saw that cruell was and keen,
Two hundred haile of well graithed Englishmen,
Himself he said, our power is to smaw,
From this plaine field I counsell you to draw,
To few we are against you fellon haile.
Wallace returned full soon at his counsell:
At the Cor-head full faine they would have been.

But Englishmen have well their purpose ken,
In plaine battell them followed hardily,
In danger thus they held them awfully:
Hew of More-land on Wallace followed fast,
Hé had before made many Scots agast.
Holden he was of weare the worthiest man,
In North England was with them living than.
In his armour well forged of fine stéele,
A noble Curiour bare him both fast and weell:
VVallace returned beside a burly Oake,
And on him set a fellon sicker stroak.
Both coller bone and shoulder blaid in two,
Through the mid coast, the good sword gart he go:
His spear he want, and als his Courser bright,
Then left his owne, for losed was his might.
For lacke of bloud he might no further gang.
VVallace on horse the Sutheron men amang,
His men relieved that doughty were in deede,
Him to rescue out of that fellon dreed:
Cruel stroakes forth there might be seene,
On either side till bloud ran on the greene.
Right perilously the sembly was to se,
Hardily and hote, continued the maillie,
Shewing rescue of Scots and English als,
Some carved bone in sunder, and some the hals,
Some hurt, some hint, some dung unto the dead,
The hardy Scots so stirred in that stead:
With Haliday on fut that boldly abade,
Among the Sutheron a full great rowme they made.
VVallace on horse, hint him a noble spear,
Out through them rade, as good Chittaine in weer.
Three slew he there ere that his spear was gane,
Thus his good sword in hand then hath he tane:
Dang on derfly with strokes fade and fore,
Whom that he hit, grieved the Scots no more.
Fra Sutheron men by naturall reason knew,

Pow with a ſtroke a man ay he ſlew:
Then marvelled they he was ſo meikle of maine,
For their beſt men in that kinde had he ſlaine.
That his great ſtrength againe helped him nought,
For none other in contrare Wallace ſought.
Then ſaid they all, Live hee the ſtrength untane,
This whole Kingdome he will win him alane:
They left the field, and to their power fled,
And told their Lord, how evil the formoſt ſped.
Which Grayſtock hight, was new come in the land
Therefore he trowed none durſt againſt him ſtand:
Wonder he thought when as he ſaw that fight:
Why his good men for ſo few took the flight.
At that returne twentie in field were tint,
And Moreland als therefore he would not ſtint:
But followed faſt with three hundreth but dread,
And ſware he would be venged on that deed.
The Scots wan horſe, becauſe their owne did faile:
In fleeing then choſed the moſt availe:
Out of the field this wight Wallace is gone,
Of his good men he had not loſted one:
Five wounded were, but lightly forth they rode,
Wallace a ſpace behinde them ay abode.
And Haliday proved well in many place,
A ſiſter ſon he was to good Wallace:
Warlike they rode, and held their horſe on end,
For they trowed well the Sutheron would offend:
With whole power at once upon them ſet,
But Wallace caſt their purpoſe for to let:
To break their ray, he viſite them full faſt.
The Engliſhmen ſo greatly were agaſt:
That none of them durſt ruth out of the ſtraile,
All in a ray together held them haile.
The Sutheron ſaw how that aboumantly,
Wallace above near hand their Chevalry:
By Morelands horſe they knew him wonder well,

Vast to their Lord, and told him everilke deale:
Loe, Sir, they said, forsooth this same is he,
That with his hands caused so many die.
Hath his horse grace upon his feet to byde,
He doubts not through five thousand for to ride.
We reed you cease, and follow him no more,
For dread that we repent it syne full sore:
He blamed them, and said, Men may well see,
Cowards ye are, that for so few would flee:
For their counsell yet leave would he them nought,
Into great yre he sadly on them fought:
Waiting a place where he might bargane make,
Wallace was woe upon him for to take:
And he so few to byde them on a plaine:
At Quinsberie he would have been full faine:
Upon himself he took so great travaill,
To send his men, if that might him availe:
A sword in hand, right manly him to wear,
Ay waiting fast, if he might get a speare:
Now here, now there, before them to and fro,
His horse gave over, and might no further go:
Right at the skirt of Quinsberie befell,
But upon grace, as mine Authour will tell:
Sir John the Grahame that worthy was and wight
To the Corhead came on the other night:
Thirty with him of noble men at wage,
The first daughter he had in marriage,
Of Halliday, was Nevoy to Wallace,
Tydings to speire Sir John passed off that place:
With men to speak, where they a tryst had set,
Right near the stead where Scots and English met:
And Kirkpatricke that cruell was and keen,
In Eskdale wood that halfe a year had been:
With Englishmen he could not well accord,
Of Torthorwald he Barron was and Lord:
Of him he was to Wallace mother deir,

On Crawfurd syde, that meikell had to steir,
Twentie he had of worthie men and wight,
Ey then VVallace approached to their sight:
Sir John the Graham when he the counter saw,
On them he rade, and stod but little aw.
His gud-father he knew right wonder well.
Cast downe his speare, and stinzeit not a deill:
Kirkpatrick als with worthie men of weare,
Fifty in front at once downe they beare.
Through the thickest of thes hundreth they rade,
On Sutheron syde full great slaughter they made:
Them to reskew that was in fellon throng,
Wallace on sute the great power among:
Gud rowme he got through help of Gods grace,
The Sutheron fled, and left them in that place.
Horses they wan, to stuff the chase gud speed,
Wallace and his that doughty were in deed,
Graystock toke flight, on sterne horse and stout,
An hundreth held together in a rout.
Wallace on them full sadly cast persue,
The fleeing well of English-men he knew.
That ay the best would passe with their Chiftaine,
Before him fand he gud Sir John the Graham:
Aye stryking downe whom ever he might hy,
Then VVallace said, This is but waste folly.
Commons to slay where Chiftaines goes away,
Your horse are fresh, therefore do as I say.
Gud men ye have are yet in noble state,
To yon great rout, for Gods love hold your gate:
Sunder them soon, we shall come at your hand:
When Sir John had this tale well understand,
Of none other, from thence forth tok he hed,
To the formost he followed well with speed.
Kirkpatrick als considered this counsell,
They charged their men ay followed on the stalle:
At his command full soone with them they met.

Sa

Dad ſtroakes and ſore ſadly upon them ſet.
His Uncle als he knew right wonder well,
Caſt down his ſpeare, and ſounzied not a deall.
Kirkpatricke als with worthie men of wear,
Thirtie on front at once down they beare:
Through the thickeſt Sir John the Grahame rade,
On Sutheron ſide full great ſlaughter they made,
Quhill rowme he got through help of Gods grace,
The Sutheron fled, and left them in that place,
Horſes they wan to ſtukke the chaſe good ſpeed,
Wallace and his that doughty were indeed.
Grayſtocke fled faſt on ſterne hazle and ſtout,
An hundreth held together in a rout.
VVallace on them ſadly could perſue,
The ſteering well of Engliſhmen he knew.
VVallace on horſe he hint a noble ſpeare,
And fol lowed faſt as good Chiftaine in weare.
Three ſlew he there, ere that his ſpeare was gane
Then his good ſwozd in his hand hath he tane.
Dang on derfly with ſtroakes fad and ſore:
Whom that he hit, grieved the Scots no more.
Upon the lade fighting full wonder faſt,
And many grosme they made full ſore againſt.
The Engliſhmen that buſſe were in weare,
Aſſayled ſore them from the Hoſſe to bear.
Right perillous the ſembly was to ſee,
Harvie and heat continued the mellie,
Showing the reſcue of Scots and Engliſh als,
Some carved bones in ſunder, ſome the hals:
Sir John the Grahame to Grayſtock faſt he ſought,
His penſane then it helped him right nought.
Upon the craige a graith ſtroake gave him right.
The burelie brand was braid, and birniſht bright.
In ſunder carved the mailzies of fine ſteele,
Through brain and bone it rubbed ever ilke deale.
Dead with that dint to the ground down him drave.

By that VVallace assembled on the lave.
Deray to death feill frieches there he dight,
Rose never againe, whom ever he hit right:
Kilpatricke came, Thom Haliday, and their men,
Their boughty bords were noble for to ken:
At the Knockhead the bold Grayftocke was slaine,
And many moe, which were of meikle maine:
To save their lives part in the wood they past,
The Scottishmen they ran together fast.
When Wallace with S. John the Grahame had met
Right gwdly he with humblenesse him greet:
Pardon he asked of the reprove before,
Into the chase, and said he should no more:
Information make to him that was so good,
When that Sir John VVallace well understood:
Doe away, he said, therrof as now no mare,
Ye did full right, it was for our well fare:
Wiser in war ye are all out than I,
Father in armes ye are to me for thy,
Kirkpatricke then that was his Cousen beare,
He thanked him right on a gwd manner.
Eight score were slaine, or they would leave the stead
The fleeing folk they knew of no remead.
Not one was lost of all their Chevalry,
Sir John the Grahame to them came happily.
The day was done, approaching was the night,
At Wallace then they asked counsell right:
He answered thus, I speak but with your live,
Right loath I were any gwdly men to grieve.
But this I say in tearmes short for me,
I would assaile, if ye think it may be:
Lochmabane house which now is left alone,
For well I wot that power in it is none.
Carlaveroke als yet Maxwell hath in his hand,
And we had these, they might be both a wand
Against Sutheron, that now hath our Countrey,

Say what ye will, this is the best thinkes me:
Sir John the Graham gave first his good consent,
Then all the lave right with a whole intent:
To Lochmabane right haltily they ryde:
When they came there not halfe a myle beside:
The night was dark, to councell are they gone,
Of moone, or Star appearance was there none:
Then Wallace said, We think this land at rest,
Tom Haliday, thou knowest the Countrey best.
I heare no noise of feill folks here about,
Therefore I trow we are the lesse in doubt,
Haliday said, I will take one with me,
And ryde before the Countrey for to see:
Watson he called, with me make thee bowne,
With them thou wast ay neighbour in this towne,
I grant I was with them against my will,
And mine intent was ay to do them ill:
Unto the gate peartly they two forth rade,
The Porter came withoutten longer abade:
At John Watson then tythings could he spier,
Open he bade, the Captaine cometh near.
The gate but more unwisely up he drew.
Tom Haliday sone by the craige him threw:
And with a knife he sticked him in that stead,
In a dark hole downe dreadlesse cast him dead,
John Watson hath hint the keyes in his hand,
The power then with VVallace was comand:
They entred in, before them found no mo,
Except women, and simple servants two:
In the kitching long scudlers had they beene,
Sone they were slaine. When the Ladie had seene:
She cryed for grace, for him that died on tree,
Then VVallace said, Madame your noyse let be:
To women yet we do but little ill,
And young children we like not for to spill:
I would have meat, Haliday, what sayes thou:

For fasting folk to dine good time were now,
Great purveyance was ordained them before,
Both bread, and aile, good wine and other store.
To meat they bowned, for they had fasted lang,
Good men of Armes into the Clotse candle gang:
Part fleeing folk on foot they from them glad,
On the Knockhead, where great mellie was made:
Aye as they came, John Watson let them in:
And done to death without en noyse or din.
So man left there that was of England borne.
The Castle well they wared on the morne:
For Johnstoun sent a man of good degree,
Second daughter forsoth wedded had he.
Of Halidayes deare Nevoy to Wallace,
Great Captaine then they made him of that place.
They left him there into a good array,
They ished forth upon the other day:
Women had leave in England for to fare,
Good Wallace, and Sir John the Graham could care.
To the Corhead, and lodged there that night.
Upon the morne the Sun was at the hight:
After dinner they would no longer byde,
Their purpose tooke in Crawford Pure to ryde,
Sir John the Grahame, with Wallace that was wight
Tom Haliday again returned right.
To the Corhall, and remained but dread,
No Sutheron wist principall who did this deed:
Kirkpatrick past to Eskdaile woods wide,
In safety there he thought he should abide.
Good Wallace and Sir John the Grahame in feare,
With them fourtie men of Armes cleare.
Through Crawford Pure as they then took their way
On Englishmen their minde remained ay.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* wan the Castle of *Crawfurd*, and slew the Captaine thereof.

From Crawfurd-John the water downe they ryde,
Neare hand the night, they lodged upon Clyde:
Their purpose took into a quyet Waile,
Then Wallace said, I would we might assaile:
Crawfurd Castle with some good jeopardie,
Sir John the Grahame, how say ye best may bee?
This good Knight said, If the men were without,
To take the house there is but little doubt:
A Squyer then tuled that Lordship haile,
Of Cumberland borne, his name was Mortindale.
Then Wallace said, My selfe will passe in fear,
And one with me, of harberie for to spiere:
Follow on bigh if that we matter ought;
Edward Little with his Master forth sought,
To on Mstellarie, and with a woman met,
She told to them that Sutheron there were set.
If ye be Scots I counsell you passe by,
For if they may, ye will get evil harberie.
At dynk they are, so have they been right long,
Great word there is of Wallace them among;
They trow that he hath found his men againe,
At Lochmabane fell Englishmen are slaine:
The house is lost, that makes them be full wo,
I hope in God, that they shall some tyne moe:
Wallace spiered of Scotland if that she be?
She said, Yea, and thinkes yet to se:
Sorrow on them, through help of Gods grace,
He asked her, Who was into that place?
No man of fence was left that house within,
Twenty are here making great noyse and din;
Alace, she said, If that I might once se,
The worthy Scots in it most master be.

With

With this woman he would no longer ſtand,
Aſkaken he made, Sir John came at his hand.
Wallace went in, and ſaid, Benedicitie;
The Captaine ſpiered, What hellamy may thou bee?
That comes ſo grim, ſome tydings to us tell,
Thou art a Scot, the devil thy Nation quell:
Wallace braid out a ſword, withoutten moze,
Into the breaſt the braine Captaine he boze:
Throughout the Coſſe, ſtickéd him to the dead,
Another he hit acward upon the head:
Whom ever he ſtrake, he burſted bone and lyze,
Feill of them dead fell flatling in the fire.
Haſty payment he made them on the flowze,
And Edward Little kæped well the dwze,
Sir John the Grahame full faine would have been in
Edward him bade at the Caſtle begin:
For of theſe folk we have but little dread,
Sir John the Grahame faſt to the Caſtle yeed:
Wallace rudely ſuch routs on them gave,
That twenty men derfly to death he dzave:
Fifteen he ſtroak, and fifteen hath he ſlaine,
Edward ſlew five which was of meikell maine:
To the Caſtle Wallace had great deſire,
Ey that Sir John had ſet the houſe on fire:
None was there in that great defence could mae,
But women ſoze faſt wæping into wae.
Without the place a bold Bulwarke was made,
Wallace went over withoutten longer bade:
The women ſome hee ſaved from the dead,
Weak folk he put and children from that ſtead:
Of purveyance he found little oz none,
Before that time their victuall was all gone:
Yet in that place lodged they all that night.
From Dtlarie brought ſuch good as they might:
Upon the mozne houſes they ſpoiled faſt,
All things they bought, out of that place they caſt:

Tre-

Tre-wark they burnt, that was within the wanes,
And wals brake downe, that stalwart were of stanes.
Spoyld what they might, then would no longer byde,
Unto Dindaffe the same night they did ryde,
And lodged there with all mirth and pleasance.
Thanking great God, that sent them so gwd chance.

The end of the fifth Book.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Of the Spousage of *Wallace*, and how *Hesilrig* slew *Wallace* wife in the Towne of *Lanerk*, and how *Wallace* slew *Hesilrig* for the same cause, and put the *Englishmen* out of *Lanerk*.

THen passed were the Octaves of Februare,
And part of March by right degestion,
Appeared then the last moneth of Ver:
The signe of Quinner, with his sweet seasn
By that Wallace from Dundaffe made him bowne
His leave he took, and to Kilbank can fare,
The rumour rose through Scotland up and downe.
With Englishmen that Wallace living were.

Into April when clothed is but ween,
The able ground through working of Nature,
And woods have on their worthy weeds greene.
When Nymphis in building of her boure,
With oyle and balme fulfilled of sweet odoure.
Canetttis in trace as they were wont to gang,
Walking their course in every cassall boure,
To glad the Hunters with their merry sang.

In this same time to him approached new,
His wife paine of which I spake of aire:
By lowes case he thought for to perine.
In Lanerke, and hither can he fare:
Residence a while remained there.
In her presence, as I have said before,
Though Englishmen grieved at his repaire,
Yet he delighted the thing that set him fore.

The fire of Love him ruled at such wise,
He liked well with that goodly to be:
Whiles he would think of dangers for to rise,
And other whiles out of her presence flee,
To cease of warre it were the best for me.
Thus twin I nought but sadnesse on like side,
Shall never man this cowardnesse in me se,
To war I will, for chance that may betide.

What is this Love? It is but great mischance,
That me would bring from armes verily:
I will not change my worthy for pleasance,
In war I think my time to occupy,
Yet here to love I will not let for thy,
Here I shall desire my worship to reserve,
From this day forth, then ever more did I,
Fare of warre whither I live or sterve.

What shall I say. Wallace was plainly set,
To love her best in all the world so wide,
Minding he should of his desire to get,
And so betell by concord on a tide:
That she was made at his command to bide:
And this began the stinting of this strife,
The band began with graith wit nesse betide,
Sine Authour sayes, she was his wedded wife.

Now live in peace, now live in good concord:
Now live by play, now live in whole pleasance,

For she by chance hath both her love and Lord:
He thankes love, that did him so advance,
So evenly held by favour the ballance:
Then he at will may lay here in his armes,
She thanked God of her high happy chance,
For in his time he was the flowre of Armes.

Fortune him shew her double figured face,
Still syse or then he had been set above:
In prison now, delivered now through grace,
Now at unease, now at unrest, and rule.
Now well at will, willing is pleasant love,
And thought himselfe out of adversitie,
Desiring aye his man-hood for to prove,
In courage let upon the staiges hie.

The verie truth I cannot gratthly tell,
Into this life how long that they had been:
Through naturall course of generation fell:
A child was cheved these two lovers between,
Which goodly was a Maiden bright and sheen.
So farther forth became time to her age:
A Squyer shaw that then full well hath seen,
This life last man got her in marriage.

The other Maide wedded a Squyer wight,
Which was well knowne come in of Baliols blood
And their heires by lyne succeeded right:
To Lammingtown and other lands good,
Of this matter the right who understood,
Hereof as now I will no more proceed,
Of my sentence shortly to conclude,
Of other thing my purpose is to reed.

Right goodly men came of this Lady ying,
Further of them as now I speak na maire,
But Wallace forth into his war can reigne,
He might not reale great courage to him beare,

theron to slay, for dread he would not spare:
in they oft syle feill causes to him wrought,
rom that time forth which moved him to fair,
hat never in world out of his minde was brought.
ow leave thy mirth, now leave thy whole pleasance
ow leave thy blesse, now leave thy childish age:
ow leave thy youth, now follow thy hard chance,
ow leave thy lust, now leave thy marriage.
ow leave thy Love, or thou shalt tyne a gage,
hich never in earth shall be redeemed againe,
elon Fortune, and all her fierce outrage.
o live in war, go live in cruell paine.

Fye on Fortune, fye on thy fickle wheele,
ye on thy trust, for here it hath no telle,
hat so trantfigured Wallace out of his weele,
hen he trusted for to have lived well.
is pleasance here to him is but a jest,
hough thy fers cours that hath none hap to bot,
om thou overthrew out of his liking rest,
rom great pleasance, in warre, travell and woe.

What is Fortune, who drawes the dait so fair,
ne wot there is both well and wicked chance,
ut this false world with many double cast,
n it is nought but verie variance:
t is nothing to heavenly governance:
hen pray we all to the Paker above,
hich hath in hand of Justice the Ballance,
hat he us grant it of his deare lasting Love.

Hereof as now further I speak na mare,
But to my purpose shortly will I fare.

Twelve hundreth yeir thereto nintie and seven
From Christ was borne the righteous King of (heaven
William Wallace into good liking goes.
In Lanerke towne among his worthy foes,

The Englishmen that ever stout hath beeñ,
With Hesilrig that cruell was and keen:
And Robert Thorne a fellon subtill knight,
Hath found the way by what meanes best he might,
How that they should make contrare to Wallace,
By argument, as he came upon case.
On from the tarbe that was without the towne,
While their power might be in armes bowne;
Sir John the Grahame that worthy was and trew,
To Lanerke towne gud Wallace could persue,
Of his welfare as he full oft hath seen,
Of men he had in companie fiftene:
And Wallace nine, they had no feires moe,
Upon the morne unto the Parke they go:
They and their men graithed in goodly green,
For the season such use full long hath been.
When sadly they had sayd their devotion,
One argued them as they went through the toun:
The strongest man that Hesilrig then knew,
And als he had of lightly words a new.
He salust them as it were but in scorne,
Devegairo, gud day bone Denzour, and gud morne
Whom scorns thou (quoth Wallace) who learnd the
Why Sir (quoth he) came ye not over the sea,
Pardon me then, for I wend you had been,
An Ambassade to bring an uncouth Queene,
Wallace answered, Such pardon as we have,
In us to give, thy part thou shalt not crave,
Since ye are Scots, yet blame shall ye be,
Gud even daucht Lord Ballanch Benochadie;
Lord Sutheron then to them assembled near,
Wallace was loath as then to make a steire:
One made a tit, and scrip at his long sword.
Hold still thine hand (quoth he) and speak thy word
With thy long sword thou makes meikle boast,
Thereof (quoth he) thy Dame made little cost.

hat cause hast thou to wear that goodly greene?
most cause is, but for to make thee teen:
hat should a Scot do with so faire a knife?
said, the Preest that jangled thy wife:
at woman long hath called him so faire,
ile that his childe worthed to be thine heire.
thinke (quoth he) thou drivest me to scorne,
Dam was japed ere ever thou was borne.
e power then assembled on him about,
hundreth men that stalwart were and stout;
e Scottish saw their power was commaund,
Robert Thorne and Hesilrig at hand.
at multitude with weapons burnisht keen,
e worthy Scots that cruell were and keen:
ong the Sutheron such dints gaue that tyde,
ile blod on bried burstes from wounds wide.
lace in stour was cruell fightand,
a Sutheron he smote off the right hand,
when the Carle of fighting might na maire,
th his left hand in me held a Buckler,
from the stumpe the blod sprang out full fast,
Wallace face aboundantly can it cast:
great part it marred him of his sight,
John the Grahame a stroak hath tane him right
his good sword, upon the Sutheron lyte,
thy to death dryve him into that tyde:
e perill was right aboustfull, hard and strong,
stour endured marvellous and long:
Englishmen yet gathered wonder fast,
worthie Scots the gate left at the last.
en they had slaine, and wounded many one,
Wallace Irwes the gainest way are gone.
ey passed lone, defended them right well,
and Sir John with swords of tempyred steele:
ude their men, while they the gate had tane,
woman then which was full full of wane.

The perrill faw with fellon noyfe and din,
Set up the gate, and let them enter in.
Thyongh to a ſtrength, they paſſed off that ſtead.
Fiftie Sutheron upon the gate lay dead.
This faire woman with buſineſſe and might,
The Engliſhmen did tarry with a fight:
While that VVallace into the wood was paſt,
Then Cartlane Craigs they perſued full faſt.
When Sutheron ſaw that chaiped was Wallace,
Again they turned, the woman tok on caſe,
Put her to death, I cannot tell you how,
Of ſuch matters I may not tarry now,
Where great dule is but redeeming again,
Reneuyng of it is but eking of paine.
A true woman had ſerued her full lang,
Out of the towne the gaineſt way can gang,
To VVallace told how all the deed was done,
The painfull woe ſought to his heart full ſon:
Were not for ſhame he had ſhot to the ground:
For bitter baile that in his breaſt was bound:
Sir John the Grahame both wiſe gentle and tre,
Great mourning made, that pity was to ſee:
And als the lave that were aſſembled there,
For pore ſorrow with heart weeped full ſaire:
When VVallace felt their courage was ſo ſmall,
He fenzied him for to comfort them all.
Ceaſe men he ſaid, this is a bottelleſſ bane,
For we cannot the dis her life againe,
Vneaſe a word he might bring out for teen:
The bailfull teares burſt braithly from his ene.
Sighing he ſaid, Shall never man me ſe,
Reſt into eaſe while this dead wroken be.
The ſaieleſſe ſlaughter of her, both blith and bright
That I avow to the Maker of might:
Of all that Nation I ſhall never forbeare,
Young nor old that able is to weare.

gietts no: women I think not for to slay,
n my default, but if they cauling mae:
r John he laid, let all this mourning be,
o for her sake there shall ten thousand die:
here men may weep, their courage is the lesse,
laikes the wo of wrong they should revenge,
f their complaints as now I speak na maire,
f Auchenleck in Kilbanke dwelling there.
hen he heard tell of Wallace vexation,
o Cartland wood with ten men made him boune.
Vallace he fand some part within the night,
o Lanerke towne in the haste they them dight,
he watch as then of them had little dread:
rted their men then diverse wayes yeed.
r John the Grahame and his good companie,
nto Sir Robert Thorne full fast they hye:
Vallace and his to Hesilrig they past,
n an high house, where he was sleeping fast,
rroake at the doore with his foot hardily,
yme bare and bates in the flore gart he lye.
he Spyrtesse cryed, who makes this great deray
Vallace he said, which thou hast sought this day.
he womans death will God thou shalt deare by,
esilrig thought it was no time to lye.
ut of the house full faine he would have been,
he night was mirke, yet Wallace hath him seen;
fiercly him strake as he came in great yre,
pon the head brittit through bone and lyre.
he shearing sword, glaid to the thoulder bone,
ut ower the staire among them he is gone.
od Auchinleck trowed not that he was dead,
yrse with a knife he strake him in that stead:
he scry about rose ruvely in that streete,
eill of the lave were fulziet under feet:
ung Hesilrig and wight Vallace is met,
ickey strake Wallace hath on him set;

Deftly to death ober the flaire bang him doune,
Many that night he slew in Lanerk towne.
Some grieflesse lay, and some sticked within,
Effeired they were with hideous noise and din:
Sir John the Grahame had set the house on fire,
Where Robert Thorne was burnt up bone and lire.
Twelue score they slew that were of England borne,
All women they lived, and priests on the morne.
To passe their way of blithe and goods bare,
And sweare that they again should come no mare:
When Scots heard these fine tydings of new,
Out of all parts to Wallac fast they drew:
Plenisht the towne, which was their heritage,
Thus Wallace strabe against that great barnage.
Syne he began with stife, and stalwart hand,
To chebeis again, some rowmes in Scotland.
The worthie Scots that seubled to him there,
Chosed him for chief their Captaine and leader.
Aymer Wallange a fellon tyrant Knight,
In Bothwell dwelt. King Edwards man full right.
Murray was out, though he was righteous Lord.
Of all that land as true men will record:
Into Arrane he was dwelling that tyde,
And other men in this land durst not bide.
But this false knight in Bothwell winning was,
A man he gart some to king Edward passe:
And told him whole of Wallace ordinance:
How he had put his people to mischance:
And plainly was riding again to reigne,
Grieved thereat right greatly was the king:
Through all England he gart his doers cry,
Power to get, and told he would plainly
In Scotland passe that Realme to statute new,
Feill men of war to him right fast they drew:
The Quene felt well how that his purpose was,
To him she wrote, no leiues then can she passe.

He would resist and not to Scotland gang,
He should have dread to work a fellon wrang:
Quilkes they are, pon ts their heritage,
To reave their Crown, it is a great outrage:
For her counsell at home he would not bide:
His Lords him sent in Scotland for to ryde.
The Scots man that dwelt with King Edward,
When he heard tell that Wallace was forth ward,
He stall from them as privily as he may,
In Scotland then he came upon a day,
Seeking Wallace he made him readie boune,
This Scot was borne in Kyle at Richarroun.
All England coast he knew it wonder well,
From Hull about to Bristow every deale,
From Carlile through Sandwich that coyall town,
From Dover ower unto Saint Bayes head,
In Pickardie and Flanders both had been:
All Normandie and France hath he seen,
A Pursevant to King Edward in weare,
But he could never gar him armes beare:
Of great stature, and some part gray was he.
The Englishmen called him but Grymisbie.
To Wallace came, and into Kyle him fand,
He told him whole the tydings of England:
They turned his name from time they him knew,
And called him Jop, of ingine he was true.
In all his time good service in him fand,
Gave him to hear the armes of Scotland:
Wallace again in Cliddisdale soon he rade,
And his power sembled without en bade.
He gart command who would his peace take,
A free remit he should gar to him make,
For all kin deed that they had done before,
The Perfies peace, and Sir Rannalde was swore.
Fell to him baith that baldly durst abide,
Of Wallace kin of many diverse side.

Sir Rannald then sent him his power haste,
Himselfe durst not be known into battaile,
Against Sutheron: for he had made a band,
Long time before, to hold of them his land:
Adam Wallace past out of Richartowne,
And Robert Boyd, with good men of renowne:
Of Cuninghame and Kyle came men of saile,
To Lanerk fought on horse a thousand haile.
Sir John the Grahame, and his good Chevalrie,
Sir John of Tinto with men that he might hie:
Good Auchenleck, that Wallace Uncle was,
Many true Scots with their Chiftaine could passe:
Three thousand whole of likely men of wear,
And feill on foot which wanted horse and gear,
The time by this was coming upon hand,
The awfull host with Edward of England.

The Battell of Bigger.

TO Bigger came with fifty thousand men,
In warriesons, that cruell was to ken.
They planted there feill tents and pallions,
Where Clarions blew with many mighty sounds,
Plenisht that place with victuall and wine,
In Carts brought their purveyance full fine:
This awfull King gart two Heraulds be brought,
Gave them command in all the haste they mought,
To charge Wallace, that he should come him till,
Without promise, and put him in his will:
Because I wot he is a gentle man,
Come in my grace, and I shall save him than:
As for his life, I will upon me take:
And afrer this, if he will service make,
Shall have wage that may him well suffice,
That Rebald weenes, for he hath done suppryse
To my people, all upon adventure,

Again

Againſt me, that he may long endure.
To this profer gaine-ſtanding if he be,
Here I avow, he ſhall be hanged hie.
The young Squyer was brother to Fehew,
Thought he would go diſguiſed to perſue,
VVallace to ſee that talk ſo high a part.
Borne ſiſter ſon he was to King Edwart.
A coat of Armes he take on him but bade,
With the Herauld full privily forth rade,
To Tinto hill withoutten reſidence,
Where VVallace lay with his folk at defence:
Likely boaſt, as of ſo few they fand,
To him they ſought, and would no longer ſtand:
If ye be he that ruleth all this thing,
Credence we have brought from our worthy King.
Then VVallace cauſ'd three Knights unto him call,
Then read the writ in preſence of them all.
To them he ſaid, Anſwer ye ſhall not crave,
By word or writ, which likes you beſt to have.
In writ, they ſaid, it were the likelieſt.
Then Wallace thus began to dyte in haſte.

¶ Thou river king thou chargeſt me through caſe,
That I ſhould come, and put me in thy grace:
If I gaine-ſtand, thou heghteſt to hang me,
I vow to God, and ever I may take thee,
Thou ſhalt be hanged, an example to give,
To King of reife, as long as I may live.
Thou proffers me, of thy wages to have,
I thee defye, power and all the leave.
That helps thee here of thy ſtout Nation,
Will God thou ſhalt be put from this Region.
Or die therefore, contrare though thou hadſt ſworn
Thou ſhalt us ſee before nine houres to morne,
Battell to give, mauger of all thy kin,
For falſely thou ſeekeſt our Realme within.

This writ he gave to the Herauld but mare,
A good reward he gart deliver him there:
But Jop knew well the Squyre young Fehew,
And told Wallace, for he was hery true.
He them commanded, that they should him take,
Himselfe began sore accusing to make.
Squyer he said, since thou hast feined Armes,
On thee so shall fall some part of these harmes.
Example to give to thy stout Nation,
Upon the hill he gart then set him down.
Stroake off his head, ere he would further goe,
To the Herauld, said then, withoutten woe,
Because to armes thou art false, and manswome,
Through thy cheeke thy tongue shall be out throne:
When that was done, then to the third said he,
Armes to wage thou shalt never gratthly see:
He gart a Smith with a turkesse right there,
Pull out his eyes, then gabe him leave to fare,
To your false king, thy fellow shalt thee lead,
With this answer, turne him his Nevoyes head.
Thus sore I dread, the King, and all his hoast,
His dumb fellow led him into the hoast.
When king Edward his Heraulds thus had seen,
In proper yre he grete wood for teen.
That he wist not in what wise him to wrake,
For sorrow almost, on word he could not speak.
A long while he stood, writhing in a rage,
On lowd he said, This is a fell outrage.
This deed to Scots full sore shall be bought,
So despitefull in world was never wrought.
From this Region I think not for to gang,
Till time that I shall see this Rebell hang,
I let him thus injoye and sorrow dwell.
Of the good Scots shortly I will you tell.

FOrth from his men then Wallace raikèd right,
To him he called Sir John Tinto the knight,
And let him wot, to ville he would goe
The English hoast, and bade him tell no moe:
What ever they spiered, till that he come again.
Wallace disagysed, thus bowned he over plaines
Betwixt Culter, and Bigger as he past,
He was ware where a worth man came fast,
Dryving a Ware, and Pitchers for to sell,
God friend, he said, in truth wilt thou me tell:
With this Chauffray where pasteth thou truely?
To any place, who liketh for to buy.
It is my craft, and I would sell them faine,
I will them buy, so God me help from paine:
What price, let heare, I will have them like me.
But halfe a marke, for such price have I mine:
Twenty shillings, Wallace said, thou shalt have,
I will have Ware, Pitchers and all the lave:
Thy Golon and Hose, in hast put thou off syne,
And make a change, for I shall give thee mine:
And thine old hood, because it is thyed bare,
The man wend well he had scomed him there,
Thou tarry nought, it is soth that I say:
The man emit off his feeble weed of gray,
And Wallace his, then payed silver in hand,
Paste on, he said, thou art a bad Merchand,
The Golone and Hose the clay that clagged was,
The hood hekled, and then made him to passe:
The whip he took, and with the Ware can call,
Attour the Brigg the upmost pot yarr fall:
Brake on the ground: the man lough at his faire,
But thou beware thou tines of thy Chauffaire:
The Sun by that was passed out of sight,
The day was gone, and cumming was the night.
Amongst the Suthesons full daintly he past,

On either side his eyes he can well cast:
How Lords lay, and had their lodging made,
The pavilion where that the Leopards bade:
Spying full fast were his availe might be:
He could well wink, and look up with one eye,
Some scorned him, some glayd carle call'd him there.
Agrieved they were of their Heraulds mistare.
Some asked of him, How he sold of the best,
For foure pennies, he said, while they may lest.
Some brake a part, some pricked at his eye,
Wallace staid out privately, and let them be,
Unto the hoste againe he passed right.
His men by then had tane Tinto the knight:
Sir John the Grahame gart binde him wonder fast,
For he wist well he was with Wallace last.
Some bade burne him, some hang him in a corde,
They swore that he deceived had their Lord:
Wallace by this was entred them among,
To him he yeed, and would not tarry long:
Then he gart lowse him out of these bands so new;
And said, he was both sober, wise, and true.
To Supper son bowned, but more abade,
He told to them what market he had made.
And how that he the Sutheron saw full well,
Sir John the Grahame displeased was some deal,
And said to him, Not Chistaine-like it was,
Through wilfulnesse in such perill to passe.
Wallace answered, ere we win Scotland free,
Both ye and I in perill more must be.
And many other, the which full worthie is,
Now of one thing we do some part in misse:
A little sleep I would faine that we had,
With yon men then look how wee may us glad:
The worthy Scots took good rest while near day,
Then rose they up, t'array some ordained they.
The hill is left, and to a plaine are gane,

Wallace

Wallace himselfe the vanguard first hath tane:
With him was Boyd and Auchinleck but dread.
With a thousand of worthie men in weed.
As many then in the middle ward put he.
Sir John the Grahame he gart their leader be.
With him young Adam the Lord of Richartoun,
Which doughty was, and als of great renowne.
The third thousand in rere-ward he dight:
Lo Walter gave of Newbigging the knight.
Mit him Tinto that doughty was indeed,
And David, sonn to Sir Walter to lead:
Behinde them near the Fote-men gart he be,
And bade them byde, while they their time might se.
Ye want weapons, and harnesse in this tyde,
The first counter ye may not them abyde:
Wallace caus'd some the Chiftaine to him call,
His charge he gave, for chance that may befall:
To take no heed to gear, nor yet pillage,
For they will flee as wood men in a rage:
Win first the men, the goods then ye may have.
And take no tent of covetise to crave:
Through covetise men lose both goods and life,
I you command forbear such in our strife:
Take ye save none, Lord, Captaine or yet knight,
For worship work, and for your Elders right:
God blesse us all, that we in our voyage,
Put this stout folk out of our heritage:
Then they inclined all with a good will,
His plaine command they height it to fulfill:
In the great hoast the parties can forth draw,
Coming to them out of the South they saw,
Three hundreth men into their Armour clear,
The gainest way to them approached near:
Wallace said soon, these are no Englishmen,
For by this hoast the gates full well they ken:

Then

Thom Halliday those men he guided right,
From Annandale he had led them that night.
His two good sons Johnstoun and Rutherfude,
Wallace was blyth when that he heard that wood:
So was the lave of that good Chevalrie.
Jardane came there into their companie,
And Kirk-patrick before in Eskdale was:
A wing they were in Wallace hoast to passe:
The English watch that night had been on steire,
Drew to their hoise, right as the day can peire:
Wallace knew well (for he before had seen)
The Kings pavilion, where it had busked been:
Then with rich hoise the Scots upon them rade,
At the first counter so great abasing made,
That all the hoast astonisht at that sight.
Full many on derfly to death they dight:
Feill of them then were out of their array,
The more awfull, and hailly was the fray:
The noyse was hodge, though stroaks that they tuik
The clamour rose so rudely them among:
That all the hoast was then in point to flee,
The wise Lords, from they the perill see:
The fellon fray als raised was about.
And how their King stod in so meikell doubt.
To his Pavilion full many thousand sought:
Him to rescue by any way they mought.
The Earle of Kent that night waking had been,
With five thousand of men in armour keen.
About the king full suddenly they gang,
And trust him well the allaylie was right strang.
All Wallace folke in use of war was good,
Into the stour sam lighted where they stod:
Whomsoever they hit no harnelle might them stay.
Fra they on sat assembled with swords dint:
Of manhood they in hearts tul cruell was,
They thought to win, or never hence to passe:

Fra

Full Englishmen before the King they slew,
Sir John the Grahame came with his power new,
Among the hoast, with the middle-ward he rade,
Great martyrdome on Sutheron men they made;
The Rere-ward they set on so hardily,
With Newbigging, and all their Chevalrie,
Pavilion ropes they cutted all in sunder,
Some to the ground, and many smowed under.
The foot-men came, the which I spake of aire,
On staved folk with stroaks sad and sare,
Though they before wanted both horse and geare;
Enough they got, what they would weale to weare:
The Scots power then altogether were,
The kings pavilion hiinly down they beare:
The Cearle of Kent with a gud Axe in hand,
Into the stour full stoutly he could stand,
Before the King, making a great debate,
Who best did then, he had the highest state,
The fellon stour so stalwart was and strong,
Thereto continued marvellous and long.
Wallace himselfe full sadly could persue,
And at a stroake the chiefe Captaine he slew,
The Sutheron folke fled, fast and durst not byde,
Quited their King, and off the field can ryde,
Against his will, he was full loath to flee,
Yet in that time he had no will to die.
Of his best men three thousand there were dead,
Ere he could sunde to flee, and leave that stead;
Twenty thousand fled with him in a staile,
The Scots got horse, and followed the battaile:
Enough Culter hope, before they wan the night;
Full Sutheron folke were marred in the night,
Some by the gate, as their King fled away,
But faire and bright, and right clear was the day:
The Sun risen, shining over hill and dale,
Then Wallace cast what was his best availe:

The fleeing folke, that off the field first past,
Unto their King againe assembled fast:
From either side so many assembled there.
Then VVallace would not follow them na mare:
Before he rade, gart his folk turne again,
Of Englishmen seven thousand there were slaine:
Then Wallace Hoast again to Bigger rade,
Where Englishmen great purveance had made:
The Jewalrie as they were hither led,
Pavillions and all they left when as they fled.
The Scots got gold, good geare, and other wage,
Releeved they were that parted that pillage.
To meat they went with great mirth and pleasance
They spared not King Edwards purveyance:
With solace then a little sleep they took,
A private watch he gart among them look.
Two Cokes there fell, their lifes then for to lose
With dead Corses, which lay unput in grave.
When they saw well the Scots-men were at rest.
Out of the field to steale, they thought it best.
Full low they crept, till they were out of sight,
After the Hoast, then ran in all there might:
When that the Scots had sleeped but a while.
Then rose they up, for VVallace dreaded guile.
He said to them, the Sutheron may perfine,
Again to us, for they are folke anew:
Where Englishmen provision make in weare,
It is full hard to do them meikell deare.
On this plain field we will not them abide,
To some good place my purpose is to ryde:
The purveyance that left was in that stead,
To Roppis Bogge he gart servants it lead.
With ordinance that Sutheron brought on there:
He with his Hoast to David Shaw can fare:
Where they remained a great part of the day.
Of Englishmen yet some thing will I say:

As King Edward through Culter hopis sought,
When he perceived the Scots followed nought.
At Johns Grave he gart his hoast byde still,
Feill fleeing folkes assembled son him till,
When they were met, the King near wared mad,
For his dear kin, that he there losed had,
His two Emes into the field were slaine:
His second son that meikell was of maine:
His brother Hew was killed there full cold,
The Earle of Kent that cruell was and bold:
With great worship took dead before the King,
For him he mourned so long as he might reigne:
At this sembly as they in sorrow stand,
The two Cokes son came in at his hand:
And told to him how they escaped were,
The Scots all as swine lyes drunken there,
Of your wight wine ye gart us thither lead,
Full well ye may be benged of their deed:
Upon their lives, is soth that we you tell,
Returne againe, ye shall finde them your sell:
He blamed them, and said, No wit it was,
That he again for such a tale should passe.
Their Chiftane is right marvellous in wear,
From such perill he can them well forbear:
For to seek more as now I will not ryde,
Our meat is losed, therefore we may not byde:
The hardy Duke of Longcastle and Lord,
Soveraigne, he said, to our counsell concord:
If this be true we may the more availe,
We may them win, and make but light trabell:
Were you folke dead, and now against us stand,
Then need we not for meat to leave the land:
The King answered, I will not ride again,
At this time, my purpose is in plaine:
The Duke said, Sir, if ye determinedbe,
I rede you more effeires not unto me;

Command your power again with me to wend,
And I of this shall see the small end.
Ten thousand whole he charged for to ryde,
Here is the strength, all night I shall you bide.
We may get meat of bestiall in this land,
God thank as now we may not bang in hand.
Of Westmurland the Lord had met them there,
On with the Duke he graithed him to fare:
At the first stroake with them he had not born,
With him led a thousand well besene:
And Pickard Lord was with a thousand botone,
Of King Edward he keeped Calice towne.
These twelve thousand into the towne can fare,
The two Captaines soon met them at Bigger,
With the whole stuffe of Roxburgh and Berwick.
Sir Rauffe Gray saw that they were Sutheron like
Out of the south approached to their sight,
He knew full well with him it was not right.
Amyer Wallange with his power came als,
King Edwards man, a tyrant knight and false.
When they were met, they found not else there,
But dead Tarles, and they were spoiled bare:
Then marvelled they where the Scots should be,
Of them about appearance they could not see.
But sypes them told that came with Sir Aymer,
In David shaw they saw them make repare.
Then tell Sutheron soone passed to that place,
The watch was ware, and told it to Wallace.
He warned the hoast out of the towne to ryde,
In Roys Bog he purposed to byde,
A little shaw upon the one side was,
That men on fast out of the Bog might passe.
The hoste they left into that little hold,
On fast they thought the Posse that they should be
The English hoast had well their passage seen,
And followed fast with cruell men and keene.

They trowed that Bog might make them little baile
Crowne ouer with tulpe, and all the swaird was haile
On them to ryde, they ordained with great pie,
Of the sozmast a thousand in the myre.
Of hozse with men are plunged in the deepe,
The Scots of their cowming took good keep.
Upon them set with stroaks sad and sare,
Fed none away of all that entred there.
Light men on foot upon them derfly dang,
Full under hozse was smozed in that thrang,
Stamped in Bolle, and with rude hozse ouergane,
The worthy Scots the dry-land then have tane,
Upon the leave fighting full wonder fast,
And many growne they made full sore agast,
The Englishmen that buse were in weare,
Assayed sore them from the Bolle to beare.
On either side, but then it was no bote,
The strength they held right awfully on fot:
To men and hozse gave many grievous wound,
Full to the death they sticked in that stound:
The Pikard Lord assayed sharply there,
Upon the Grahame with stroakes sad and sare:
Sir John the Grahame with a stiffe sword of steele,
His bright byrneis he pierced every deale:
Though all the stuffe, and sticked him in that stead
Thus of his dint, the bold Pikard was dead:
The English hoast took plaine part for to flee,
In their returning the Scots gart many die.
Wallace would faine at the Wallange have been,
Of Westmoreland the Lord was them betweene.
Wallace on him he set an awfull dint,
Though Walsnet's stuffe, that no steele might out stint
Deadly to death he left him in that place,
So that false knight escaped through this case:
Good Robert Boyd hath with a Captaine met,
Of Berwicke then, a sad stroake on him set:

Ouerthoat the craig, and carued the pesane,
Throughout all his wæd in sunder strake the bane,
Feill horse-men flæd fast, and durst not abide,
Rebuted evil, unto the King they ryde,
The Duike him told of all his journey haile,
His heart for ire boldned in bitter baile.
Highly he thought he should never London se.
On Wallace deed, while he revenged be,
Or lose his men again, as he did aire,
Thus south he sought with great sorrow and care:
Then at the Birke a little tarry made,
Then through the land over Sulway fast they rade:
The Scots hoast a night remained still,
Upon the morne they spoyled with good will.
The dead corps caried to Braidwood was with
At a Counsell thre dayes they sojourned ther
At the Forrest Kirke a meeting ordained he
They chosed Wallace Scots warden for
Trusting he should their painful sorrow
He received all that would come in his
Sir William came that Lord of Dowgl
Forsook Edward, at Wallace peace can
In that thirlage he would no longer be,
Tribute before to England payed he.
In contrare Scots with them he never ra
Far better chear Wallace therefore him ma
Thus treated he and chirist wonder faire,
True Scottishmen that fewty made him there.
And gave full greatly feill goods that he wan.
He spared it nought to no good Scottishmen.
Who would rebell, and go contrare the right,
He punisht sore were he Squyer or Knight:
Thus marvellously good Wallace, talk in hand,
Likely he was, right faire and well farrand,
Manly and stout, and therewith liberall,
Pleasant and wise in all good generall.

Lo thy forsoth Sutheron he spared nought,
La Scottishmen full great profit he wrought,
into the South forsoth then passed he,
o him best thought he ruled that Countrey.
Sheriffes he made that cruell was and keen,
And Captaines of true wise Scots men,
from Gamylispath the Land obeyed him paile,
La Ve water both strength forrest and daile,
Against him in Galloway house was none,
Except Wigtoun bigged of lyme and stone,
That Captaine heard the rule of Wallace,
[illegible] by sea he stole out of that place:
[illegible] and could to England wend,
[illegible]eper to it send:
[illegible]e he was cald,
[illegible] me tald.
[illegible] water of Cree,
[illegible]ward wrought of tre
[illegible] it win,
[illegible]welt therein.
[illegible] water was,
[illegible]as to passe:
[illegible]on went,
[illegible] intent:
[illegible]h chosen a gate,
[illegible]o make little debate,
[illegible]e gart byde out of sight,
[illegible] thee with him, while time that it was night,
Then tuk two when that the night was dim,
Seven of Ireland and Keirly that could clim:
To sun they went against that rock so strong,
And entred they the Sutheron men among,
The watch before tuk no hied to that tide,
These thee in feire sun to the Doctor glyde:
And Wallace then stroak the Doctor himself,

Overthort the craig, and carved the plane,
Through all his weed in sunder strake the bane.
Feill horse-men fled fast, and durst not abide,
Rebuted evil, unto the King they ryde,
The Duke him told of all his journey haile,
His heart for pyne boldned in bitter baile.
Oighly he thought he should never London se.
On Wallace dead, while he revenged be,
Or lose his men again, as he did aire,
Thus south he sought with great sorrow and care:
Then at the Kirke a little tarry made,
Then through the land over Sulway fast they rade:
The Scots hoast a night remained still,
Upon the morne they spoyled with good will.
The dead corps caried to Braidwood was with care
At a Counsell three dayes they sojourned there,
At the Forrest Kirke a meeting ordained he,
They chosed Wallace Scots warden for to be:
Trusting he should their painful sorrow cease,
He received all that would come in his peace:
Sir William came that Lord of Dowglas was,
Forsook Edward, at Wallace peace can aske:
In that thirlage he would no longer be,
Tribute before to England payed he.
In contrare Scots with them he never rade,
Far better cheap Wallace therefore him made:
Thus treated he and chirist wonder faire,
True Scottishmen that fewty made him there.
And gave full greatly feill gods that he wan.
He spared it nought to no good Scottishmen.
Who would rebell, and go contrare the right,
He punisht sore were he Squyer or Knight:
Thus marvellously good Wallace, tuik in hand,
Likely he was, right faire and well farrand,
Manly and stout, and therewith liberall,
Pleasant and wise in all good generall.

To thy forsoth Sutheron he spared nought,
To Scottishmen still great profit he wrought,
Into the South forsoth then passed he,
As him best thought he ruled that Countrey.
Styrefses he made that cruell was and keen,
And Captaines of true wise Scots men,
From Gamylispath the Land obeyed him haile,
To Ve water both strength forrest and haile,
Against him in Galloway house was none,
Except Wigtoun bigged of lyme and stone,
That Captaine heard the rule of Wallace,
Away by sea he stole out of that place:
Leaved all waste, and could to England went,
But Wallace swone a keeper to it send:
A good Squyer, and to name he was cald,
Adam Gordoun, as the story me tald.

A Strength there was at the water of Cree,
Within a Rocke right stalward wrought of tre
A gate before no man might to it win,
But the consent of them that dwelt therein.
On the backe side a rocke and water was,
A straite entry forsoth there was to passe:
To bille it Wallace himself swa went,
Fra he it saw, he cast in his intent:
To winne the hold, he hath chosen a gate,
That they within should make little debate,
His power whole he gart byde out of sight,
But thae with him, while time that it was night,
Then tuk two when that the night was dim,
Seven of Ireland and Keirly that could clim:
Up swa they went against that rock so strong,
Thus entred they the Sutheron men among,
The watch before tuk no heed to that side,
These thae in feire swa to the Porter glyde:
And Wallace then stroak the Porter himself,

Dead ouer the Rocke into the Dyke he fell:
Let downe the Bridge, and blew the horne on hie
The bushment brake, and came in all their might:
At their own will soon entred in that place,
To Englishmen they did full little grace.
Sixtie they slew, in that place was no mo,
But an old Priest, and simple women two:
Great purueyance was in that Rocke to spend,
Wallace staid still, while it was at an end.
Brak down the strength, both bridge and bulwark
Out ouer the rocke they gart the timber fall:
Under the gate, and would no longer byde.
In Carrike then they downed them to ryde:
Hasted them not, but soberly can faire,
To Turneburie: that Captaine was at Aire:
With Lord Persie to take his counsell haile,
Wallace purpose that place for to assaile:
A woman told when the Captaine was gone,
Good men of fence into that stead was none:
They filled the dyke with earth and timber haile,
Then fired the house, no succour might availe:
A Priest there was, and gentle women therein,
Which in their maner made hideous noise and din.
Mercy they cryed, for him that died on tree,
Wallace gart slaike the fire, and let them be.
To make defence, no mo was leaued there,
He them commanded out of the land to fare:
Spoyled the place, and spilt all that they mought,
Vpon the morne to Cumnoke soon they sought.
To Lanerke then, and set a time of Aire,
Misdoers sterne he gart be punisht there.
To the good true men he gaue a noble wage,
His brother sons put to their heritage.
To blacke Craig of Cumnoke past again,
His houshold set with men of meikell maine.
Thare moneth there he dwelt into good rest,

The subtle Sutheron found well it was the best,
Trewes to take for to eschew a chance,
To further this they sent for Knight Wallace:
Bothwell pet that treature keeped still,
And Aire all whole was at Lord Persies will,
Through great supply of the Captaine of Aire,
The Bishop Beik in Glasgow he dwelt there:
Earle of Stanfurde was Chancellar of England,
With Sir Aymer this traiture took on hand:
To procure peace by any manner of case,
A safe conduct they purchast of Wallace:
In Ruglane Kirk the tryst there have they set,
And promise made to meet Wallace but let,
The day of this approached wonder fast,
The great Chancellar and Aymer thither past.
Then Wallace came, and his men well beseene,
With him fifty arrayed all in greene:
Like ane of them a bow and arrow beare,
With long swords, the which full sharply sheare,
Within the Kirk so some they entred had,
Unto his prayer he past but more abade:
Then up he rose, and to his tryst he went,
And his good men still cruell of intent.
In yee he grew that traitour when he saw,
The Englishmen of his face stood great awe:
Wit ruled him, that he did none outrage,
The Earle beheld fast to his hie courage:
Forthought some part that he came to that place,
Greatly abased for the bolt of his face:
Sir Aymer said, This speach ye must begin,
Ye will not bow to no prince of your kin.
All ordered ye are, I trust ye may speak well,
For no England he will not breake a deale.
His safe conduct where he makes a band,
The Chancellar then proffered him his hand:
Wallace stood still, and could no hands take,

Friend

Friendship to them no likelinesse would make:
Sir Aymer said, VVallace ye understand,
This is a Lord, and Chancellar of England,
To salute him ye may by proper skill:
Without thair avise he made answer him till.
Such saluting I use to Englishmen,
So shall they have, where ever I may them ken;
At my power, that make I God avow,
Out of conduct if that I had him now:
But for my life and all my land so braid,
I will not break the promise that is made:
I had rather at mine owne will have thee,
Without conduct, that I might worken be.
Of thy false deed: thou deest in this Region,
Than of pure Gold, a King with his ransome,
But for my hand I will as now let be:
Chancellar, say forth, what ye desire of me.
The Chancellar said, the most part of this thing,
To procure peace, I am sent from the King.
Wit the great seale, and voice of his Parliament:
What I binde here, our Barnage shall consent.
Wallace answered, Over little mends we have.
Then of our right, ye occupy the lave:
Quite-claime our Land, and we shall not deny,
The Chancellar said, of no such charge have I.
We will give gold, ere our purpose should faile,
Then Wallace said, in waste is that travell:
We ask no gold by favour of your kin,
In war of you we take what we may win.
Abased he was to make answere againe,
VVallace said, Sir, we jangle all in vaine:
My counsell gives, I will no fable make,
As for an finall peace now to take.
Not for my selfe, that I binde your seale,
I cannot trow that ever you will be leale,
But for folk that greatly have been supprised,

I will take peace, while further ye be advised.
Then bound they thus, there should be no debate,
Castles and townes should stand in their like state:
From that day forth, while a year was at end,
Sealed this peece, and took their leave to wend.
VVallace from them passed into the West,
Made plain repaire where that him liked best:
Yet sore he dread that they should him deceive,
The Inventour to Sir Rannald he gave,
His deare Uncle, where it might keped be,
In Cumnoke then to his dwelling went.

The end of the sixth Book.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* burnt the Barnes of *Ayre*, and put Bishop *Beike* out of *Glasgow*, and slew Lord *Percie*.

In Februare befell the famine cale,
That Englishmen took trews with VVallace:
This passed over, till March away was sought
The Englishmen cast all the wayes they mought
With subtile and wicked conclusion,
The worthy Scots to put to confusion.
Into April the King of England came,
In Cumberland, to Pumfret from his home:
Into Carlyle to a counsell he yeed,
Whereof the Scots might have full mickell dread.
Many Captaines that were of England borne,
Thither they past, sembled the King before:
No Scots man to councell was there cald,
But Sir Aymer that traitour was of ald:

At him they spiered, How they should take in hand,
The rightwous bloud to stroy out of Scotland:
Sir Aymer said, their Chiftaine can well do,
Right wise in war, and hath great power too:
And now this trewes gives them such hardiment,
That to your faith they will not all consent:
But would ye do right as I can you leare,
This peace to them it should be sold full deare.
Then déemed he the fierce Sutheron anang,
How they best might the Scots Barons hang:
Foure great Barnes at that time stood in Aire,
Wrought for the King, when his bigging was thare,
Bigged about, that no man enter might,
But one at once, nor have of other sight:
A Justice made which was of meikell maine,
There ordained they these Lords should be slaine:
The Lord Persie of this matter they laid.
With sad advise againe to them he said,
These men with me have keeped truth so lang,
Deceitfully I may not see them hang:
I am their foe, and warne will I them nought,
So I be quite, I care not what be wrought:
From thence I will, and toward Glasgow draw,
With our Bishop to heare of his new law.
Then chosed they a Justice fierce and fell,
Which Arnolfe heght, as mine Authour will tell,
Of South-Hampton he heght both heir and Lord,
He undertook to pine them with a cord:
An other Air in Glasgow ordained they,
For Clidsdale men to stand the selfe-same day.
Then charged them in alwayes earnestly,
By no kin meane Wallace should scape them by:
For well they wist, and these men were overthrain,
They might at will bawk Scotland as their owne.
This Band they closed under their Seales full fast,
They sought over mare againe King Edward past.

The new Justice received was in Aire,
The Lord Persie can unto Glasgow fare:
This Air was set in June the eighteene day,
And plainely cryed, no free men were alway.
The Scots marvelled, and peace tane in the land,
Wyt Englishmen such masterie tak in hand:
Sir Ranald set a day before this Aire,
At Monktoun Kirk, his friends to meet him there:
William Wallace unto the tryst can passe,
For he as then Warden of Scotland was.
Thus Master John a worthie Clerke was there,
His kin he charged to byde from that Air.
Right well he wist, fra Persie left that land,
Great perill was to Scots appearand.
Wallace from them unto the Kirk he yed,
Pater noster he said, and als a Creed:
Then to the Quere leaned him soberly,
Upon a sleepe hee fell full suddenly,
Cleland followed, and saw him fall on sleep,
He made no noyse, but wisely couth him keep:
In that slumber coming he thought he saw,
A stalward man that toward him couth draw:
Done by the hand he hint him hastily,
I am he said in voyage charged to thee:
A sword him gave, of burely burnisht steele,
God son, he said, this sword thou shalt hand well.
Of Topasion he thought the Plummat was,
Both Hilt and all, glittering as the glasse:
Dear son, he said, we tarry here to long,
Thou shalt go see where wrought is meikle wrong.
Then he him led to a mountaine on hight:
The world he thought he might see at one sight:
He left him there, and then from him he went
Thereof Wallace studied in his intent:
To see him there he had full great desire,
Therewith he saw begin a fellon fire,

Which

Which brathly burnt broadly out through the land,
Scotland all ouer, from Rosse to Sulwayfand.
Then soon to him descended there a Quæn,
Illuminate, light, shining full bright and shæn.
In her presence appeared so meikell light,
That all the fire she put out of his sight:
Gave him a wand of colour red and græn,
With a Saphyre sayned his face and æne:
Welcome, she said, I chose thæ to my lode,
Thou art granted, by the great God above:
To help people that suffer meikell wrong:
With thee as now I may not tarry long.
Thou shalt returne to thine own Hoast again,
Thy dearest kin are here in meikell paine.
This right Region thou must redæme it all,
Thy last reward on earth shall be but small:
Let not therefore, take redzelle of this mille,
To thy reward thou shalt have heavens bliss.
Of her right hand she betaught him a boke,
Humbly thus her leave then she took:
Unto the clouds ascended out of sight,
VVallace took up the bok in all his might.
In thæ parts the Bok well written was,
The first letters were grosse letters of Brasse.
The second Gold: the third fine Silver shæne.
VVallace marvelled what this writting should mean.
To read the Bok he busied him so fast,
His spzit again to weakening minde it past:
And up he rose, then suddenly forth went,
This Clerke he found, and told him his intent:
Of his vision, as I have said before,
Compleatly forth, what needs words more:
Dear son, he said, my wit unable is,
To ratifie such forz dzead I say a misse:
Yet I will deeme, though my cunning be small,
God grant that no charge after my wozds fall.

That

That stalward man gave thee that sword in hand.
Fergus it was, first winner of Scotland.
That mountaine is where he thee had on hight,
knowledge to have of wrong which thou must right
That fire shall be feill tydings ere ye part,
Which will be told in many sundry Airt:
I cannot wot what Queen that, that will be,
But it be Fortune, a Lady whiles right free:
The pretty wand, I trow by mine intent,
Betokens rule, and cruell Chastisement.
The red colour who graithly understood,
Betokens all to great Battell and blood:
The green, Courage, that thou art now among,
In trouble and war thou shalt continue long.
The Saphyre stone the blessed thee withall,
Is happy chance, will God shall to thee fall.
The three-fold Book is but this broken land,
Thou must redeeme, by worthinesse of hand.
The wasse letters betoken but to this,
The great oppressie of war, and meikell misse:
The which thou shalt bring to the right again.
But thou therefore must suffer meikell paine:
The gold betokens honour and worthinesse,
Victor in armes, manhood and nobleneſſe:
The silver shows clean life and heavens blisse
To thy reward, that mirth thou shalt not misse.
Dread not therefore, be out of all despaire,
further as now hereof I can no mair:
He thanked him, and thus his leave hath tane:
To Torsbie then with his Uncle rade hame.
With mirths thus all night sojourned there,
Upon the morne they graithed them to the Aire.
And forth they rade, till they came to Kincace.
With dreadfull heart thus speired good Wallace,
At Sir Rannald for their Charter of peace.
Nevoy, he said, these words are no lies:

It is leaued at Corsbie in the kirk,
Where thou it laid, thereof none other wirk:
Wallace answered, Had we it here to schaw,
Ane of they be false, we shall not enter aw:
Dear son, he said, I pray thee passe againe,
Though thou would send, thy trauell were in vaine.
But thou or I, none can it bring this tyde,
Great grace it was made him again to ryde.
VVallace returned, tok none with him but thre,
None of them knew of this Indentour but he:
Unhap him led, forbid him could he nought.
Of false deceit this good knight had no thought,
Sir Rannald rade but resting to the towne;
Witting nothing of all this false treason:
That wicked Signe so ruled that Planet,
Saturne as then was in his highest state,
Above Juno in his melancholy,
Jupiter and Mars aye cruell of envy:
Saturne as then aduanced his nature,
Of tyrannie he power had and cure:
Rebels rules in many frée Nation,
Troublous weather makes many ships to drown,
His breiching was with Pluto in the sea,
As of the land full of iniquity.
He wakens warre full of Pestilence,
Filling of walles with cruell violence,
Poyson is rise amongst these other things,
Sudden slaughter of Emperours and Kings.
When Sampson pulled to the ground the pillare,
Saturne was then into his highest Sphearre.
At Thebes als of his power they tell,
Amphiarus sanke through the earth to hell:
Of the Trojane he had full mekell cure,
When Achilles at Troy sleu good Hectare,
Burdeous shent, and many Cities moe,
His power yet hath no hap to hoe:

In braod Britane feill vengeance hath ben seen,
Of this, and more, ye wot well what I mean.
Vnto this house that stalwart was and strong,
Sir Rannald came, and might not tarry long:
The walke was knit all full of ropes keen,
Such a Toll booth since then was never seen.
Strang men were set the entrie for to hald,
Some might win in, but one as they were cald
Sir Rannald first, to make fewtie for his land,
The knight went in, and would no longer stand.
Cumming cord they slyped ower his head,
Syne to the balke, and hanged him to the dead,
Sir Brice the Blaire nert after in he past,
Unto the death they hasted him full fast:
Ay he had entred, his head was in the snare,
Fast to the balke, hanged to death right there,
The third entred, great pity was for thy,
A gentle knight, Sir Neill Montgomery:
And other feill of landed men about,
Many went in, but no Scots man came out.
Of Wallace part they put to that derfe dead,
Many Crawfurds to ended in that stead:
Of Carricke men Kennedies slew they als,
And kinde Campbels, that never had ben false.
They rebelled not against their righteous Crowne,
Sotheron for they put them to confusion.
Barklyes, Boydes, and Stewards of gud kin,
No Scot escaped that time that entred in:
Upon the balke they hanged many paire,
Besyde them dead, in a nowke euill them there:
Sicare the first time that any warre was wrought,
To such a death so many pæd there nought.
Upon one day through cursed Saxons sted,
Vengeance of this out through the kinred pæd:
Granted it was from the great God of heaven,
Ordained that law should be there seven.

To the false Saxons, for their false judgement,
Their wickednesse over all the world is went.
Ye noble men that are of Scottish kinde,
Their pitteous death ye keep it in your minde,
And us revenge, when we are set in throng,
Dolour it is hereon to tarry long.
Thus eighteen score deryly to death they dight,
Of Barrons bold, and many worthy knight:
When they had slaine the worthiest was there,
For weake people no longer they would spaire.
Into the garth cust them out off that stead,
As they were borne, spoiled bare and dead.
Good Robert Boyd into the Taverne yeed,
With twentie men that doughtie were indeed,
Of Wallace houle, full cruell of intent,
He governed them, when Wallace was absent:
Keirly returned with his Master againe,
Cleland and Boyd that meikill was of maine.
Steven of Ireland went forth into the streete,
A true woman full soone with him could meete:
He speired at her, What happened in the Aire,
Sorrow, she said, is nothing else there.
Fearedly she said, Alace, where is Wallace?
From us againe he passed at Kincace.
Go warne his folke, and charge them off the towne
To keepe himselfe I shall be ready bowne.
With her as then no more tarry he made,
To his fellowes he went withoutten bade:
And to them told of all this great misfare.
To Laglane wood they bowned withoutten maire.
By this Wallace was coming wonder fast,
For his friends he was full sore agast:
Unto the barne sadly he could pursue,
To enter in, for he no perill knew:
This true woman upon him lowd can call,
O heirs Wallace, feill tempest is befall.

Our men are slaine, great pitty is to se,
As bestiall hounds hanged ouer a tree:
Our true Barrons by two and two past in,
Wallace wæped for great losse of his kin:
That with vnease vpon his horse he bade,
Bone for to speir to this woman he rade:
Dear Nice, he said, if thou the truth can tell,
Is mine Eme dead, or how the case befell:
Out of yon barne forloth I saw him borne,
Naked laid, low, and cold earth him beforne:
His frosty mouth I kissed in that stead,
Right now manlike, now bare and brought to dead,
And with a cloath I covered his Lichame,
For in his life he did never woman shame.
His sister son thou art, worthy and wight,
Revenge his death, for Gods sake at thy might,
As I shall helpe, as I am woman true,
Dear wight he said, great God if that thou knew,
Good Robert Boyde, where ever thou can him se,
William Crawfurd als if he living be.
Adam VVallace would helpe me in this strife,
I pray to God to send them all on life.
For Gods sake bid them some come to me,
The Justice Innes thou spy for charity:
Ken in what feire that they their lodging make,
Some after that we shall our purpose take:
Into Laglane which hath their succour beene,
Some Parket, and welcome woods greene:
Hereof as then to her he spake na mare,
His bridle turned, and from her can he fare.
Such mourning made for his deare worthy kin,
He thought for baile, his breast near burst in twin.
Sa he thus rade in great anger and teene,
Of Englishmen there followed him fifteene:
Eight wailed men, that toward him could draw,
With a Macer to teach him to the Law:

Wallace returned in griefe and matalent,
With his sword drawn, among them soon he went
The middle of one he manked soon in twa,
The other thereupon the head can ta.
The third he stroak, and through the coft him clo
The fourth to ground right deirly downe he dyte:
The fift he hit in great yre in that stead,
Without refcue dreadleffe he left them dead.
Then his three men had flaine the other five,
From them the lave escaped with their life.
Fled to their Lord, and told him of this cafe.
To Laglane wood then rode wight Wallace:
The Sutheron faid, What one he hit right,
Without mercie dreadleffe to death was dight.
Marvell they had fuch ftrength in one fhould be.
One of their men at each ftroake he gart die.
Then deemed they it fhould be VVallace wight.
To their language then anfwered an old Knight.
Fayleth he faid, be he efcaped this Air,
All your new deed, is eking of your care:
The Juftice faid, when there fuch rumours rofe.
Ye would be feared, and there came many foes.
That for one man, me think ye like to ftir,
And wots not yet indeed if it be he:
And tho it were I count him but full light,
Who bides here, each gentle man fhall be knight
I think to deale their lands whole the morne,
To you about that are of England borne.
The Sutheron drew to their lodging but mare.
Four thoufand whole that night was into Aire.
In great Barnes bigged without the towne,
The Juftice lay with many bold Barron.
Then he gart cry about thefe waines wide,
No Scots Wearrie among them there fhould bide:
To the Caftle he would not paffe for eafe,
But fojourned there vo things that might him

reat purveyance by sea was to them brought,
ith Wine and Ale the best that could be bought.
watch was set, because they had no doubt,
Scots men that living was without.
oured in minde they had been all that day,
Ale and Wine enough chosen had they.
wealthlike folk took of themselves no keep,
their veines sow slaid the sloathfull sleepe:
ough soule gluttony in swair swapped like swine
eir Thirtaine was great Bacchus god of wine,
is wile woman long time among them was,
ll men she warned, and gart to Laglane passe,
er selfe foremost: when they with Wallace met,
me comfort then into his heart was set:
hen he them saw he thanked God of might,
oings he asked, the woman told him right.
leping as swine are all yon sterre meinie,
Scots man is in yon companie.
hen Wallace said, If they all drunken be,
fall it best with fire them for to see.
God men three hundreth to him sought.
he woman told three true Burgesses that brought:
ut of the town both noble Ale and Bread,
d other stuffe as meikell as they might lead:
hey eat and dranke the Scots men that mought,
he Nobles then Jop hath to Wallace brought:
ndly he said, Deare friends now ye see,
ur kin are slaine, therefore is great pitty.
ough soule murther, the great despite is more,
w some remed I would we set therefore:
uppose that I was made Warden to be,
part are away such charge is put to me.
nd ye are here come in of als good blood,
n righteous borne by adventure and als good.
s forward faire, als likely in person.
ever I was, then for conclusion;

Let us chuse five of this gud companie,
Then cavels cast who shall our master be.
Wallace and Boyde and Crawfurd of renowne,
And Adam als then Lord of Richartowne.
His father then was visited with sickneſſe,
God had him tane into his lasting grace.
The fifth Auchinleke in war a noble man,
Cavels to cast about the five began.
It would on him, for aught they would devise,
Continually, while they had casten thrise:
Then Wallace rose, and out a sword can draw,
He said, I vow to the Maker of aw:
And to Marie his Mother Virgine cleare,
Mine Uncles death now shall be sold full deare.
With many moe of our deare worthy kin,
First ere I eat or drink, I shall begin:
For sleiwth or sleep shall never remaine with me,
Of this tempest while I avenged be.
Then all inclined right humble of one accord,
And him received as their Chiftaine and Lord.
Wallace a Lord he may be takin well,
Though rurall folke therof have little feele.
They deeme no Lord, but lands be their part,
Had he the world, and be wretched in heart.
He is no Lord, but to the worthineſſe,
It cannot be but freedom, Lordlineſſe:
At the Rods they make full many one,
Which worthy are, yet lands they have none.
This discutting we leave Heraulds to end.
Unto my matter briefly I will wend.
Wallace commanded a Burgeſſe for to get,
Fyne Talke enough, that his deare Nice might sit.
At ilke gate where Sutheron were on a raw,
And twentie men he gart some widdies thraw.
Each man upon his armes a paire he threw,
Unto the town full fast they can persue.

he woman past before him subtilly,
alked each gate, they needed not goe by.
hen fastned they the doores with widdies fast,
a stapill and helpe with many sicker cast.
Vallace gart Boyd neare hand the Castle ga,
ith fifty men a jeapardie to ma:
any escape the fire when that they saw,
fast the gate he ordained them to draw:
he rest with him about the Barnes pæd,
his true woman him served well indæd:
ith Lint and tyze that hastie kendle would,
every nooke they fastned blases bold:
allace commanded to all his men about,
o Sutheron men that they should let break out.
hat ever he be reicues of their kin,
om the red fire, himselfe shall passe therein.
he lemand low sawn lanched upon hight,
rosoth he said, this is a pleasant sight:
o our hearts it shall be some redresse,
here these away, there power were the lesse.
nto the Justice himself on lowd can cawe
et us to brough our men from your false law.
hat living are, and scaped from your Air,
Dale not their land, the unlaw is overcaire.
ou had no right, it shall on thee be seen;
he rumour rose with carefull cry and teen:
he bailefire burnt right brimly upon loft,
o sleeping men their wakning was unsoft.
he sight without was awfull for to se,
all the world no greater paine might be,
hom they within suffered for to dwell,
hat ever was wrought, or Purgatory but hell.
paine of hell well neare it may be cald,
ome folk in fire hampered manyfold.
rill biggings burnt that worthy were and wight.
e none away, Knave, Captain, nor Knight.

When brands fell of rose trees them among,
Some rudly rose in bitter paines strong.
Some naked burnt, with belches all away,
Some never rose, but smoored where they lay.
Some rushed fast to Aire, if they might win,
Blinded with fire, their deeds were full dim.
The reeke filled with filth of carion,
Among the fire right foull of infection:
The people beired like wood beasts in that hyde,
Within the wall ramping on either syde:
Runnisht with rueth, and many grielly groane,
Some grimly grat, while their life dayes were g
Some dozes sought, the entrie for to get,
But Scots men so wisely them beset.
If any brake by adventure of that steid,
With swozds sone brimed they were to dead.
Or else again by force driven in the fire,
There scaped none, but burnt bone and lyre:
The stink skailed of dead bodies so wide,
The Scots abhored near hand them for to bide.
Pæd to the winde, and let them eben alone,
While the red fire had not fierce blod over gone.
A Frier, Drumlaw was Pryer then of Aire,
Seven seare with him that night took harbery then
Into his Innes, for he might not them let,
While near mid-night a watch on them he set,
Himself woke well, while he the fire saw rise.
Some mends he thought to take of that supprise.
His brethren seven sone to harnesse they pæd,
Himself Thirtaine, the remanent to lead.
The best they waile of armour and good geare,
Then weapons took right awfull in effeare.
These eight Friers in three parts they goe,
With swozds drawne, in every house pæd two.
Sone entred in where Sutheron sleeping were,
Upon them set, with stroaks sad and sare:

Fiell trießes there the Friers dang to dead,
Some naked fled, and got out of that stead.
The water sought, abased out of sleep,
In the Friers well that was both long and deepe:
Feill of them fell, that broke out of that place,
Drowned to ground, and dead withoutten grace.
Slaine and drowned was all that harbered there,
Yen cals it yet, The Friers blessing of Aire.
Few folk of baile was lived upon ease,
In the Castle, Lord Persie from that place:
Before the Air from thence to Glasgow drew,
Of wine and stuffe, it was to purvey new.
Yet they within saw the fire burning stout,
With short advise ished, and made no doubt.
The bushment then, as warriours wise and wight,
Let them alone, and to the house past right.
Boyde wan the Port, entred with all his men,
Kepers in it were left but nine or ten,
The foremost son him selfe seased in hand,
Bade quite of him, then slew all that he fand:
Of purveyance in the Castle was none,
Short time before from it Persie was gone,
The Earle Arnulfe had received that hold,
Who in the towne was burnt to powder cold.
Boyde gart remaine of his men twenty still,
Himselfe past forth to wit of VVallace will.
Keeping the towne while nought was lived there,
But the wood fire, and biggings burnt full baire.
Of likely men that were borne of England,
By sword and fire, that night died five thousand.
When Wallace men were well together met,
Good friends, he said, ye know that there was set,
Such law as this now into Glasgow towne,
The Bishop Beike and Persie of renowne:
Therefore I will in hast ye thither fare,
Of our good kin some part is losed there:

De

He gart soon the Burgelles to him call,
And gave command in generall to them all:
In keeping they should take the house of Aire,
And hold it whole, while time that we hear mare,
To byde our King Castles I would we had,
Cast we downe all, we may be deemed bad:
They gart meat come, for he had fasted lang,
Little he tokt, then bowned him to gang:
Horse they chose that Sutheron had brought there,
Anew at will, and off the towne can fare.
Right wonder fast rode this good Chevalrie,
Three hundreth whole was in that companie.
To Glasgow bridge, that bigged was of tree,
Downe passed ower, ere Sutheron might them see.
Lord Persie wight, that busie was in weare,
Sembled his men right awfull in effeare.
Then deemed they all that it was wight Wallace,
He had before escaped through many case:
The Bishop Beike and Persie that was wight,
A thousand led of men in Armes bright.
Wallace saw well what number sembled there,
He made his men in two parts for to fare:
Graithed them well without the townes end,
He called Auchinleke, for he the passage kend:
Uncle, he said, be busie in the wear,
Whether will ye the Bishops taile up-bear,
Or passe before, and take his Benitson,
He answered him with right short provision:
Unbishopped yet forsooth I trow ye be,
Your selfe shall first his blessing take for me,
For sickerly ye served it best to night,
To bear his taile we shall with all our might.
Wallace answered, since we must sundrie gang,
Perill it is if ye byde from us lang:
For yon are men will not be soon again,
From time we meet, for Gods sake bye you fast,

Or

Our sundring I would no Sutheron saw,
Behinde them come in throw the North east raw,
God men of war are in Northumberland,
They parted thus, tok other by the hand:
Auchinleke said, we shall do as we may,
We would like evill to bide ought long away,
A boustеous stale, betwirt us son must be,
But to the right Almighty God have eye,
Adam VVallace, and Auchinleck was bowne,
Seven score with them on backe side of the towne.
Right fast they yeed, while they were out of sight,
The other part arrayed them full right.
Wallace and Boyde the plaine streete up can go:
The Sutheron marveilled, because they saw no mo,
Their Enisenzie cryed on the Persies side,
With Bishop Beike, that boldly could abide,
A soze semblу was at their meeting seene:
As fire from flint it fared them between.
The hardy Scots right awfully them abade,
Raught feill to ground throgh weed ў was well made
Pierced plats with points stiffe of steel,
By force of hand gart many cruell kneel,
The strong stour rose, as smoak about them fast,
Or mist through Sun up to the clouds past.
To helpe himselfe, each one had meikell need,
The worthy Scots stod in a fellon dread.
Yet forward fast they preassed for to be,
And they on them, great wonder was to see;
The Persies men in warre were used well,
Right fiercely fought, and sonzet not a deale.
Adam Wallace and Auchinleck came in,
A part of Sutheron right cruelly they twin.
Returned to them as noble men of wear.
The Scots got towne, and many down they bear.
The new Counter allayled them so fast,
Through Englishmen made stoppes at the last:

Then

Then Wallace selfe into the fellon throng,
With his good sword, that heavie was and long:
At Persies face with a good will he bare,
Both bone and braine the frushed fæle throgh share.
Three hundreth men when Lord Persie was dead,
Out of the gate the Bishop Beike they lead.
For then them thought it was no time to bide,
By the Frier Kirk, to a wood there beside:
In the Forrest forsoth they tarryed nought,
On fresh horse to Bothwell soon they sought.
Wallace followed with worthy men and wight,
Forfoughten they were, and travelled all the night.
Yet feill they slew into that chase that day,
The Bishop selfe and good men got away:
Aymer Wallange rescued them in that place,
That knight full oft did great harme to Wallace.
Wallace began that night at ten houres in Aire:
On day by nine in Glasgow sembled there:
By one after-noone at Bothwell yet he was,
Reproved Wallange, ere he would further passe:
Then turned again as witnesses well the bowis,
To Dundaffe rode, and there resting he tooke.
Tolly good Sir John of their tydings in Aire,
Great moane he made, he was not with them there:
Wallace sojourned in Dundaffe at his will,
Five dayes out, till tydings came him till.
Out of the highe where good men were forlorne,
For Buchane rose, Athole, Menteith and Lorne.
Upon Argyle a fellon war they make,
For Edwards sake this they can undertake:
The knight Cambell in Argyle then was still,
With his good men against King Edwards will,
And keped free Lochow his heritage,
But Makfadyeane did him great outrage,
This Makfadyeane to Englishmen had sworne,
Edward gave to him both Argyle and Lorne.

Fal

False John of Lorne to that gift can accord,
In England then he was new made a Lord,
Thus falsely he gave over his heritage,
And took at London of Edward a great wage:
Duncane of Lorne yet for the land strave.
While Makfadyeane over-set him with the lave:
Put him on force to good Cambell the Knight,
Which into war was wise, worthy, and wight:
This Makfadyeane was entred into Scotland,
And marvellously that tyrant took in hand:
With his power, the which I spake of aire,
These three Lordships assembled to him there:
Fifteen thousand of cursed folk indeed,
Of all gathering, the Hoast he had to lead.
And many of them was out of Ireland brought,
Barnes nor wives that people spared nought.
Wasted the land as far as they might ga,
These beastly folk could not but burne and sla:
Into Lochow he entred suddenly:
The good knight Cambell saw good defence for thy:
To Craighamyre with three hundreth he pard,
That strength they held, for all their cruell feed,
Then brake the bridge that they might over passe,
But through a Ford, where narrow passage was.
Abandonly Cambell against them bade,
Fast upon Awfe, that was both deep and braid:
Makfadyeane was upon the other side,
And there on force behoved him to byde:
For at the Foord he durst not enter out:
For good Cambell might set him then in doubt.
Makfadyeane sought, and a small passage fand,
Had he leasure, he might past off the land:
Betwirt a Rock and a great water side:
But soure in front there might none go nor ryde:
Into Lochow was bestiall great plenty,
Where that he thought with all his host to be.

And

And other stuffe, that they had with them brought.
But all his boast availed him right nought.
Duncane of Lorne hath seen this sudden case,
From good Cambell he went to seek Wallace:
Some help to get of their torment and teen,
Together before in Dundie they had been.
Learning at Schole, into their tender age.
He thought to slaike Makfadyeans hie courage:
Gilmichell then, with Duncane forth had dight,
A guid he was, a footman wonder wight.
Soon got they wit where Wallace lodged was,
With their complaint to his presence they passe:
Earle Malcome als the Lennox held at peace,
With his good men to Wallace can he preasse:
To him there came good Richart of Lundie,
Into Dundaffe he would no longer lye:
Sir John the Grahame, als bowned him to ride,
Makfadyeans war so grieved him that tyde.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* slew *Makfadyean*.

THen Wallace thought his great power to se,
In what array he ruled that countrey:
The Ruikbie then keeped with great wrong,
Striviling Castle, that stalwart was and strong.
When Wallace came by South it in a vaile,
To Earle Malcome he said he would it saile:
In diverse parts he gart dissever his men,
Of their power the Sutheron should not ken.
Earle Malcome bade in bushment out of sight,
Wallace with him took good Sir John the knight,
And an hundreth of wise war men about,
Through Striviling rade, if any would ish out.
Toward the bridge the gainest way they passe,
When Ruikbie saw where that their power was.
He took seven score of Archers that was there:

Upon Wallace they followed wonder sare:
That feill bicker did them meikell dear,
Wallace in hand gripped a noble spear.
Again returned, and hath the formost slaine,
Sir John the Grahame, that meikell was of maine.
Among them rade with a good Spear in hand,
The first he slew that he before him fand:
Upon another his spear in sunder péd,
A sword he drew, which helped him in néd.
English Archers upon them can reneu,
That his good Horse with Arrowes sone they slew:
On foot he was when Wallace hath it seen,
He lighted soon with men of Armes full kéen:
Among the rout fighting full wonder fast,
Then Englishmen returned at the last,
At the Castle they would have been full faine,
But Earle Malcome with men of meikell maine
Betwirt the Sutheron and the gates péd,
Many they slew that doughty were indéd:
In the great prease Wallace and Ruikby met,
With his good sword a stroak upon him set:
Deadly to death the old Ruikbie he drave,
His two sons escaped among the lave:
In the Castle, by adventure they péd,
With thirty men, more escaped that dread.
The Lennox men with their good Lord that was,
From the Castle they said, they would not passe,
For well they wist it might not holden be,
For no long time, for thy this ordained he:
Earle Malcome took the house to keep that tide.
Wallace would not from his first purpose bide:
Instance he made to this good Lord and wise,
From them to passe he would in no kinde wise.
While that he had Striviling the Castle strong,
True men him told, they might not hold it long:
Then Wallace thought most on Makfadzeane,

Of

Of Scottishmen he had slaine many one.
Wallace avowed, that he should wroken be,
On that Rebald, or else therefore to die.
Of tyrannie King Edward thought him god,
Low borne he was and als of simple bloud:
Thus Wallace was sore grieved in his intent,
To this journey right earnestly he went.
At Striviling bridge assembled to him right,
Two thousand men that worthy weve and wight:
Toward Argyle he bowned for to ryde,
Duncane of Lorne was their true sicker guyde.
Of old Ruikbie the which I spake of aire,
Two sons on live in Striviling lived there:
When thole brethren conceived all at right,
This house to hold, that they no longer might.
For cause why they wanted men and meat,
With Earle Malcome they made them for to treat.
Grace of their lives, and they that with them was,
Gave ower the house, then could to England passe:
On the third day that Wallace from them rade,
With King Edward full many years they bade.
In Bruces wars again came in Scotland,
Striviling to keep one of them took in hand.
Mention of Bruce is oft in Wallace Book,
To send his right full meikill paine he took:
Wherefore should I here tarry any mae,
To Wallace forth now shortly will I gae:
Duncane of Lorne, Gilmichill from him send,
A spye to be, for he the Countrey kend.
By our party was past by Straithfillane,
The small fot folk began to irke ilke ane:
And horse also on force behoved to faile,
Then Wallace thought that company to weale:
Good men he said, This is not meet for us,
In broken aray if we come to them thus:
We may take skaith, and harme our foes but small

To them in like we may not semble all.
Tarry we long in plaine fielde whille they get,
Upon them sone so well we may not set.
Part we must leave, us followyng to be,
With me shall passe our power into thre.
Five hundreth first to himselfe hath he tane,
Of Westland men, were worthie knotone like ane;
To Sir John the Grahame as many ordained he,
And five hundreth to Richart of Lundie,
In that part was VVallace of Richartowne,
In all good deed he was ay ready bowne.
Five hundreth left, and might not with them go,
Suppose that they to bilde was wonder wo.
Thus Wallace hoast began to take the hight,
Over a mountaine, then passed out of sight:
In Glendocher their spy met them againe,
With Lord Cambell, then was our folke right faine
At their meeting great blythnesse might be sene,
Thre hundreth sed that cruel were and kene:
He comfort them, and bade them habe no dread,
Yon beastly folke, they want weapons and weed,
Soone will they flee, and we shortly persue,
To Loch Duchane full suddenly they drew.
Then VVallace said, Ane life we shall all tae,
For here is none will from his fellowe gae:
Upon the Powle a Scurriour sone found he:
The spy they send, the Countrey for to se.
To scoure the land Makfadyeane had him send,
Out of Craigmore that day he thought to wend.
Gilmichill fast followed upon him there,
With a good sword that well and sharpely share:
Bade quyte of him, that tydings told he nane,
The out spy thus was loted from Makfadyeane.
Then Wallace hoast upon their foot can light,
Their horse they left, though they were never so wight
For Powle and Craig they might no longer drae.

Then VVallace said, who goes best, let see:
But through the Mosse deliveredly they yeed,
The n tok they hold whereof they had most dread,
Endlong the shore, aye thee in front they past,
While all within were sembled at the last.
Lord Cambell said, we have chosen this hold,
I trow to God, their wakening shall be cold,
Here is no gate to see yon people can,
But Rockes high, and waters deep and wan.
Eighteen hundreth of doughty men indeed,
On the great hoast but more processe they yeed:
Fighting on front, and meikell maistrie made,
The frayed folke husked withoutten baide:
Rudely to ray they rushed them again,
Great part of them were men of meikell maine,
Good Wallace men so stoutly can them steir,
The battell on back, five Aiker braid they bear.
Into the stour fe:ll tyrants gart they kneele,
Wallace in hand had a good sword of steele.
Whom ever he hit brimly down they bare,
Rowmed him about a large rude and mare.
Sir John the Grahame indeed was well worthy,
Good Cambell als, and Richart of Lundie.
Adam Wallace, and Robert Boyde in fear,
Among their foes where deads was sold dear.
The follon stour was awfull for to see.
Makfadyeane then, so great debate made he,
With Ireland men hardy and couragious,
The stalwart strife right hard and perillous.
Abundance of blood from wounds wide and wan.
Stirked to dead on ground lay many a man:
Two hours large into the steur they stand,
The fiercest they enough of fighting fand:
That Jop himselfe well wist not who should win,
But Wallace men would not in sunder twin:
To helpe themself they were of hardy will,

Of Ireland blood full fellonie they spill:
With feill fighting made slops throughe the thrang:
On the falle part our wight war men so dang:
That they to byde might have no longer might,
The Ireland folk then made them for the flight:
In craiges clam, and some in water flet,
Two thousand there drowned withoutten let,
Some Scots men bade still into the field,
Cast weapons them from, and on their knees knield
With pitteous voice they cryed on Wallace,
For Gods sake to take them in his grace:
Grieved he was but rueth of them he had,
Received them faire with countenance full sad:
Of our owne blood we should have great pity,
Look ye slay none of Scots will yelden be,
Of our land men let none escape with their life,
Makfadyeane fled for all his fellon strife.
Unto a cave within a cliff of stone,
Under Cragemore with fifty hath he gone.
Duncane of Lorne his leave at Wallace ast,
On Makfadyean with worthy men he past:
He granted him to put them all to dead,
They left none then, but brought Wallace his head
Upon a Spear throughe the field it bare,
The Lord Cambell then hint it by the haire:
High on Craigemore he heght it for to stand,
Still on the stone for honour of Ireland.
The lyklike men that were of Scotland borne,
Soon at his faith he gart them all be sworne:
Restore them that would come to his ties,
He let none slay that would come to his pets,
After this deed in Lorne then could he fare,
Ruled the land, had been in meikell care:
In Ardchatane a councell he gart cry,
Where many men came to his semmonie:
All Lorne he gave to Duncane that was wight,

And bad him hold in Scotland with the right.
And thou shalt bruke this land in heritage,
Thy brothers son in London hath great wage,
Yet will he come he shall the lands have,
I would tyne none that verity might save.
Many true Scots to Wallace could persue,
At Ardchatane from feill strengths they drew,
A good Knight came, and with him men sirtie,
He had been oft in many jeopardie.
With Englishmen, and sonzeit not a deale,
Ane from their faith, he sended him full well:
Keeped him free, though King Edward had sworne,
Sir John Ramsay that righteous was borne.
Of Ochterhouse, and other lands Lord,
And Shyreffe als, as my buk will record.
Of noble blood, and old ancesterie,
Continued well with worthie Chevalrie,
Into Strochane long time he had been,
At great debate among his enemies keen.
Right wightly wan his leaving into weare,
To him and his Sutheron did meikell deare.
Well he eschewed, and sufered great distrelle,
His son was called the floure of courtlinelle:
As witnesses well into this short treaty,
After the Bruce, who reads that History:
He ruled well both into warre and peace,
Alexander Ramsay to name he beght but lies.
When it was swear to Armes he him cast,
Under the Croune he was one of the best.
In time of peace to courtlinelle he pred,
But to gentrice he tok none other hed:
What Gentle-men had not with Ramsay been,
Of courtlinelle they counted not a preene.
Freedome and truth he had as men would as,
Since he began, no better Squyer was:
Roxburgh hold he wan right manfully,

Then held it long, while traitures treasonably,
Caused his death. I will not tell you how,
Of such things I will goe by as now.
I have had blame to say the slothfastnesse,
Therefore I will but lightly run that race.
But it be thing that plainly slander is,
For such I trow they should not deeme no misse,
Of Alexander as now I speak no more.
His father came, as I you told before.
Wallace of him right full great comfort hes,
For he well could do harming to foes.
In war he was right metkell for to prise.
Wise and true, both sober, wight and wise,
A good Prelate als to Ardchatane sought,
Of his Lordship as then he brooked nought.
This worthie Clerke come in of hie linage,
Of Sinkler blood not fourtie year of age.
Chosen he was by the Popes consent,
Of Dunkeld Lord was made with good intent.
But Englishmen that Scotland gripped haile,
Of benefice they let him brooke but small.
When he saw well therefore he might not mute,
To save his life three yeares he dwelt in Bute.
Lived as he might, and keped aye good part,
Under safty of James then Lord Stewart:
While good Wallace which Scotland wan with paine
Restored this Lord to his living againe.
And many moe which long had been oberthrowne,
Wallace them put righteously to their own:
The small Hoast the which I spake of aire,
Into the hight that VVallace leaved there.
Came to the field where Makfadyeane had been:
Luk that was left, both weeds and weapons sheene,
Through Lorne they past as gaudy as they can,
Of their number they had not lossed one man.
In the fifth day they wan to Ardchatane,

Where Wallace bade with good men many any,
He welcomd them upon a goodly wise,
And said, they were right methell for to prise.
All true Scots he honoured into wear,
Gave that he wan, himselfe keeped no geare.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* wan S. *Johnstoun*.

When Wallace would no longer sojourn there
From Ardchatan out through the land they
Toward Dunkeld with good men of renowne,
His most thought then was of Saint Johnstoun.
He called Ramsay, that good knight great of
Sadly advised, besought him of counsell:
Of Saint Johnstoun, now have I remembrance,
There have I been, and loged men through chance.
But aye for one we gart ten of them die.
And yet me thinks that is no mends for me,
I would assay from this land ere we gang,
And let them wit they occupy here wrong.
Then Ramsay said, that towne they may not keep
The wals are low, suppose the ditch be deep.
We have anew, that shall them cumber so,
Fill up the dyke that we may plainly goe:
In plain battell a thousand ober at ance,
From this power they shall not hold yon wanes.
Wallace was glad, that he such comfort made,
Forth talking thus, unto Dunkeld they rade.
Three dayes there they lodged with pleasance,
While time they had forseen their ordinance.
Ramsay gart big great Bastailyies of tree,
By good wights, the best of that Countrey.
When they were wroght, betaught them men to
The water downe, while they came near that
Sir John Ramsay right goodly was their guide,
Ruled them well at his will for to byde:

The great hoast then about the billage past,
With earth and stone they filled dykes fast:
Faikes they made on timber long and wight.
A towne passage, to the wals they dight.
Full Battailyies right strongly up they rose,
With men of Armes soon to assayly goes.
Sir John the Grahame, and Ramsay that was wight
The turate bzige assieged in all their might.
Sir Wallace selfe at midside of the town,
Good men in armes that was to bargane bowne.
The Sutheron men made great defence that tyde,
With artailyie that fellon was to byde;
With tablaster gansie and stones fast,
And hand-gunes right brimly out they cast.
Fought with speares as men of armes keen,
The noble Scots that worthy aye hath been.
At hand-stroaks sra they togeither met.
With Sutheron blood their weapons soon they wet,
Yet Englishmen that worthy were in wear,
Into that stour right boldly can them bear.
But all for nought availed them that deed.
The Scots through force upon them in they yéed:
A thousand men over wals yeed hastily,
Into the towne rose hideous noyse and cry:
Ramsay and Grahame the turate gate hath win,
And entred in where great strife did begin.
A true Squyer, which Ruthwen height to name,
Came to the assault with good Sir John Grahame,
Thirtie with him, of men that proved well,
Amongst their foes, with weapons stiffe as steele,
When that the Scots assembled on either side,
No Sutheron was that might their dints abide:
Two thousand soon were foyled under feet,
Of Sutheron blood they sticked in the street,
Sir John Pfewart saw well the towne was tint,
Took him to flight, and would no longer stint:

In a light Barge, and with him men stirie,
The water boune, sought succour to Dundie.
Wallace bode still, while the fourth day at morne
And left none there, that was of England borne.
Riches they got, both gold and other good,
Plenisht the towne again with Scots blood:
Ruthwen he left there Captaine for to be,
In heritage gave him the office of fee:
Of all Stratherne, and Shyreffe of the towne,
Then in the North god Wallace made him boune
In Aberdene he gart a counsell cry,
True Scottishmen should assemble hastily.
To Cowper he rade, to visie that Abbay,
The English Abbot was fled from thence away:
Bishop Sinkler without longer abade,
Met them at Glams, syne forth with them he rade:
Into Brechin they lodged all that night,
Soon on the morne Wallace gart graith at right.
Displaid abroad the Banner of Scotland,
In good array, with noble men at hand.
Caus'd plainly cry, that saved should be none
Of Sutheron blood, where they might be overgone:
In plaine battell throughout the Merns they ride,
The Englishmen, that durst them not abide:
Before the hoast still fearedly they fle,
To Dunnotter, a strength within the sea.
No further they might win out of the land,
They sembled there, while they were four thousand
To the Kirk they ran, and thought girth to have tane.
The lave remained upon the rocke of stane,
The Bishop then began treaty to mae,
Their lives to get, out of the land to gae:
But they were red, and durst not well affay
Wallace, in fire caus'd set all hastily,
Burnt up the Kirke, and all that was therein.
Attour the rocke the lave ran with great din,

Some

Some hung on Craigs right dolefully to die,
Some lay, some fell, some fluttered in the sea:
To Sutheron on life was leaved in that hold,
And they within were burnt to powder cold.
When this was done, they fell on knees down,
At the Bishop asked absolution.
Then Wallace leugh, and said, I forgive you all,
Ere ye war-men that repents for so small:
They rewed us not within the towne of Aire,
Our true Barrons when that they hanged there,
To Aberdene then safely can they passe,
Where Englishmen right busie sitting was.
An hundreth ships that Ruther bare and Aire,
To turle their goods, in Haven were byding there.
But Wallace hoast came on them suddenly:
There scaped none of all that great Navie,
But feill servants in them was lived none,
At an eb sea the Scots is on them gone,
Tok out the geare then set the Ships on fire,
The men on land they burnt both bone and lyre,
And none away, but Preists, wives, and bairnes,
Sone they debate they scaped not but harmes:
Into Buchane Wallace made him to ride,
Where Lord Bewmount was ordained to abide:
Earle he was made but of short time before,
He tuoked it not for all his bousteous shore.
When he wist well that Wallace coming was,
He left the land, and could to Slanis passe;
And then by Shippe fled in England againe,
Wallace rade through the North-land into plain:
At Cromartie feill Englishmen they slew,
The worthie Scots unto him could persue.
Returned again, and came to Aberdene,
With his hyth hoast, upon the Lammas even,
Establisht the land, as he thought best to be,
Then with an hoast he passed to Dundie.

CHAP.

CHAP. IIII.

How *Wallace* laid a siedge to *Dundie*, and gave battell to *Kirkinghame* Thesaurer to King *Edward*, and the Earle of *Warrane*, at *Striviling* Bridge.

GArt set a siedge about the Castle strang,
I leave him there, and further will I gang.
Sir Aymer Wallange hasted him full fast,
Into England with his whole houshold past,
Bothwell he left was Murrayes heritage,
And took him then to go to Edwards wage.
Thus his awn land he left for ebermare,
Of Wallace deed great tydings told he there.
Als Englishmen sore mourned in their mode,
That loved here both life lands and good:
Edward as then could not in Scotland faire,
But Kirkinghame that was his Thesaurer.
With him a Lord, that Earle was of Warrane,
He charged them with numbers many ane,
Right well beseen in Scotland for to ride,
At Striviling, still, he ordained them to byde.
While he might come, with ordinance of England,
Scotland again he thought to take on hand.
This hoast past forth, and had but little dread,
The Earle Patrick received them at Tweed.
Malice he had at good VVallace before,
Long time by past, and that increased more.
But through a case it hapned of his wife,
Dumbar from him the held it into a strife:
Through the supply of Wallace into plaine,
But he by means got this Castle againe:
Long time ere then, and yet he could not ease,
Against Wallace he prooved in many a preasse.
With Englishmen supplyed them at his might,
Contrare Scotland they wrought full great unright

Their

Their muster then was awfull for to se,
Of fighting men thousands there were fifte.
To Striviling bridge past ere they liked to bide:
To Earle Malcome a sledge they laid that tyde:
And thought to keep the command of their King,
But god Wallace wrought for another thing,
Dundie he left, and made a good Chiftain,
With two thousand to keep that house of stane:
Of North land-men, and dwellers at Dundie,
The samine night to Saint Johnstoun went he:
Upon the morne to Shyreffe-mure he rode,
And there a while in good array he bode.
Sir John the Grahame said we have undertane,
With lesse power, such thing that well is gane:
Then Wallace said, where such things comes of neid
We should thank God, that makes us for to speid.
But near the bridge my purpose is to be,
And worke for them some subtill jeopardie.
Ramsay answered, the bridge we may keep well,
Of way about the Sutheron have little feill.
Wallace send Jop the battell for to set,
To Tuesday next to fight withoutten let:
On Saturday unto the Bridge they rade,
Of good plain bands was well and jointly made.
Cart watches wait, that none should to them passe,
A Wright he took the subtilleft that was,
And ordained him to saw the bands in two,
By the mid-treft that none might over it goe:
On Cornell bands nailed it full soon,
Then filled it with clay as nothing had been done:
The other end he ordained for to be,
How it should stand upon rollers of tree,
When one were out, that the rest down should fall,
Himselfe under he ordained there withall.
Bound on the treft in a Cradle to sit.
To louse the pin, when Wallace let him wit.

But with an horne when it was time to be,
In all the hoast no man should blow but he,
The day approached of the great battell,
The Englishmen for power would not faile:
Aye sir they were against one of Wallace.
Fiftie thousand made them to battell place:
The remanent bade at the Cattle still,
Both field and house they thought to keep at will:
The worthie Scots upon the other side,
The plain field took, on sot made them to bide:
Hew Kirkinghame the vanguard then led he,
With twenty thousand of likely men to see.
Thirty thousand the Earle of Warrane had,
But he did then as the wise man him bad:
All the first hoast before him over was send,
Some Scots-men that well the matter kend:
Bade Wallace blow, and said, they were anew,
He hasted not, but sadly could persue.
Whyle Warrancs hoast thick on the bridge he saw,
From Jop the horne he hint, and could it blow:
So asperly, and warnd good John Wright,
The roller out he strake then with great slight:
The rest yeed down, when that the pine out goes,
An hiddeous cry among the people rose:
Both horse and man into the watter fell,
The hardy Scots, that would no longer dwell:
Set the rest with stroakes sad and sare,
Of them thereofter as then sobered they were:
At the fore-brest they prooved hardily,
Wallace and Grahame Boyde, Ramsay, and Lundie,
All in the stour fighting face for face,
The Sutheron back retired in that place,
At the first stroake side aiker braod and more,
Wallace on sat a great sharp sword he bore:
Among the thickest of the preasse he gaes,
On Kirkinghame a stroak he cholen hes:

In the birnish that polisht was full bright,
The prunzeing head the plates pierced right.
Through the bodie sticked him but rescue:
Deidly to death that Chisttaine was adue.
Each man and hoyse at that stroak he bare down,
The Englisch hoast that were in battell bown:
Comfort they tint, when their Chisttaine was slaine;
And many one began to flee in plaine:
But worthy men bade still into that stead,
While ten thousand were brought unto the dead.
Then fled the lave, and might no longer bide,
Perforce they sought in many diverse syde.
Some east, some west, and some fled to the North,
Neben thousand whole at once stuttered in Forth:
Plunged in deep, drowned without mercie,
Some left on live of all that whole menzie:
Of Wallace hoast no man was slain of baile,
But Andrew Murray, into that strong battaile:
The south part then that saw there men was tint,
All fiercely fled, as fire do from the flint.
The place hath left, Striviling castle and toune.
Edward Dumbar in great haste made them bowne.
When VVallace hoast had wonn the field by might,
Lok up the brige, and losed good John Wright.
On the fivers then followed wonder fast,
Earle of Malcome als out of the Castle past:
With Lennox men to stutte the chase good speed,
Fye by the way they gart feill Sutheron bleed:
In the Torwood they gart full many die.
The Earle of VVarrane then can full fiercely flee.
With Corspatricke that graithly can him guid,
Unchanging hoyse out through the land they ride:
Straight to Dumbar, but few with them they led,
Many were slaine, ober sloathfully that fled:
The Scottish hoyse had run full wonder lang,
Many gave ober, and might no further gang:

VVallace

Wallace and Grahame ever together bade,
At Haddingtowne full great slaughter they made
Of Englishmen, when their horse tyred had,
When Ramsay came, good Wallace was still glad
With him was Boyd, and Richart of Lundie,
Three hundreth whole was of good Chevalrie.
And Adam Wallace als of Richartowne,
With Earle Malcome they found at Hadingtowne.
The Scottishmen on slaughter taried was,
While to Dumbar the two Thirlanes could passe:
Full spitefull were for their contrarie case,
Wallace followed, while they got in that place,
Of their best men, and Kirkinghame of renowne.
Thirty thousand was dead but redemption:
Beside Beltowne Wallace returned again,
To follow more: then was it but in vain.

IN Haddingtowne lodging he made all night,
Upon the morne to Striviling passed right:
On the Assumption day befell this case,
Aye loved be the Lord of his good grace:
Convoyer oft he was to good Wallace,
And helped him in many sundry place:
VVallace in haste soon after this battell,
A great oath took of all the Barrons haill:
That with good will, would come to his presence,
He height them als to bide at their defence:
Sir John Menteith was then of Arrane Lord,
To Wallace came and made a plain concord.
With witnesse there with his oath he him band
Lawtie to keep to VVallace and Scotland:
Who would not with free will to right apply,
Wallace by force punisht them rigorously:
Part put to death, part put in prison strang,
Great word of him through both these Realmes rang
Dundie they got soon by a short treatie:

The

But for their lives they fled away by sea:
English Captaines that houses had in hand,
Left Castles free, and stole out of the Land:
Within ten dayes after this time was gone,
English Captaines in Scotland then was none.
Except Berwicke and Roxburgh Castles wight,
Yet Wallace thought to bring them to the right.

That time there was a worthie true Barron,
To name he hight Christell of Setoun:
In Jedburgh wood, for safety he had been,
Against Sutheron full well he could conteine,
Edward could not from Scots saith him get,
Though they a million gave of gold well met.
Heabottell fled from Jedburgh Castle wight,
Towards England there Setoun met him right.
With fourty men Christell in bargane bade,
Against seven score, and meikell mastry made:
Slew that Captain, and many cruell man,
Full great riches in that journey he wan.
Soul-hold and gold, as they should passe away,
The which before they keped many a day:
Jedburgh he took, and Ruthwen leaved he,
To Wallace will their Captain for to be:
Bald Setoun then to Lowthean made repare,
In this story ye may hear of him mare:
And into Bruce, who liketh for to read,
He was with them in many cruell deed:
And Wallace then full sadly can devise,
To rule the land, with worthy men and wise,
Captaines he made, and Shyrefes that were good,
Part of his kin, and of other true blood:
His deare Cousen in Edinburgh ordained he,
The true Crawfurd, that aye was full worthie.
Esper at it with noble men at wage,
In Manwell then he had good heritage:

Scotland

Scotland was free, that long in baile had been,
VVallace it wan from our falſe enemies keen:
Great Governour of Scotland he could reigne,
Waitting a time to get his righteous King:
From Engliſhmen that held him in bandowne,
Long wrongfully from his own righteous Crowne.

The end of the ſeventh Booke.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* put *Corſpatricke* out of *Scotland*.

FIve moneths thus Scotland ſtood in good reſt,
A Counſell cryde them thought it was the beſt.
In Saint Johnſtoun where it ſhould holden be,
Aſſembled Clerke, Baron and Burgeſſe free.
But Corſpatricke would not come at their call,
Bade in Dumbar, and made ſcorne of them all:
They ſhake of him feill Lords of that Parliament,
Then Wallace ſaid, Will ye here to conſent;
Forgive him free all thing gs that is by paſt:
So he will come, and grant he hath trelpaſt.
From this time forth keep lawtie to our Crown,
They granted thereto, Clerke, Burgeſſe and Baron
With whole conſent their writting to him ſend,
Right lowly thus they them to him commend.
Beſought him faire, as one then of the land,
To come and take ſome Governance in hand:
Lightly he leugh, in ſcorne as it had been;
And ſaid, He had ſuch meſſage ſeldome ſeen,
That VVallace now as Governour ſhould reigne:
Here is great fault of a good Prince or King:

The

That King of Kyle I cannot understand,
Of him I held never a fur of land:
That Bauchler trows for Fortune shows her wheels
Therewith to last, it shall not long be well:
But to you Lords, and ye will understand,
I make you wise I ought to make no band:
As free I am in this Region to reigne,
Lord of mine own, as ever was Prince or King.
In England als great part of land I have,
Nanrent thereof will no man of me crave.
What will ye more, I warne you I am free,
For your summonds, ye get no more of me.
To Saint Johnstoun this writte he sent again,
Before the Lords was manifest in plaine:
When Wallace heard the Earle such answer makes
A great heat through courage then he takes:
For he wist well there could be but one King,
Of this Region at once for to reigne.
King of Kyle for that he called Wallace,
Lords he said, this is a uncouth case:
Be he suffered we are worse then we was,
Thus rose he up, and made him for to passe,
God hath us tholed to do so for the lave,
On life or death, in faith we shall him have:
Nagar him grant whom he hold for his lord,
Or else were shame in storie to record,
I bow to God with ease he shall not be
Into this Realme, but one of us shall die:
Lesse then he come, and know his righteous King,
In this Region twell both we shall not reigne:
His lightly scorne he shall repent full sore,
But power faile, or I shall end therefore:
Since in this earth, is ordained me no rest,
Now God be judge, the right he knowes best:
At that Counsell he longer tarried nought,
With his two brethren from S. Johnstoun he sought

To the Councell made instance ere he yeid,
They should containe, and of him have no dreid:
I am but one, and for good cause I ga,
Toward Kinghorne the gainest way they tae:
Upon the morne over Forth, South they pass,
On his voyage, he hastes wonder fast.
Robert Lawder at Musselburgh met Wallace,
From Englishmen he kepyd well his place:
Could none him treat, Knight, Squyer, nor yet Lord
With King Edward for to be at concord:
On Earle Patrick to passe he was full glad,
Some said before the Passe he would have had:
Good men came als with Cristell of Setoun,
Then Wallace was foure hundreth of renowne.
A Squyer Lyle that well the Countrey knew,
With twenty men to Wallace could persue:
Beside Lyntoun and to them told he then,
That Earle Patricke with many likely man,
At Cokburns-path he had his gathering made,
And to Dumbar would come withoutten bade.
Then Lawder said, It were the best thinkes me,
Faster to passe in Dumbar ere he be:
VVallace answered, we may at leasure ryde,
With yon power he thinks bargine to byde.
And of one thing ye shall well understand,
An hardier Lord is not within our land.
Might he be made true steadfast to our King,
By wit and force he can do meikell thing:
But wilfully he likes to tyne himself,
Thus rode they forth, and would no longer dwell:
By East Dumbar where men them told on raw,
How Earle Patrick was warned of VVallace:
Near Innerweik choisd a field at waile,
With nine hundreth of likely men but faile,
Four hundreth was with VVallace in the right.
And they anone approached in their sight,

Great

Great fault was there of good treaty betwein,
To make concord, and that full soon was seen.
Without rehearse of action in that tide,
In either part together fast they ride:
The stour was strong, and wonder Chevalrous,
Continued long with deeds perilous.
Many there died of cruell Scots blood:
All this treatie the matter is not good:
Therefore I cease to tell the destruction,
Betwie it was, and all of one Nation:
But Earle Patricke the field left at the last,
Eight few with him to Cokburns-path there past:
Grieved sore that his men thus were tint,
Wallace returned, and would no longer stint.
Toward Dumbar where scothfast men him told,
His purpeance was left into that hold.
His men of fence, all had been with their Lord;
When VVallace heard the sicker true record.
Dumbar he took all whole at his bandoun,
Gave it to keep to Christell of Setoun.
Who stuffed it with men and good victuall:
Then the worthie Wallace that would not faile:
With three hundreth to Cokburns-paths he sought,
Earle Patricke fled, for hyde him would he nought.
But to the Parke Wallace a range hath set,
To Bonkell wood Corspatricke fled but let;
Him out of it to Northame passed he,
Then VVallace saw it might no better be:
To Caldsterme rode; and lodged him on Tweid,
Earle Parrick then in all hast can him speed,
And passed by ere Wallace power rose,
Without resting to Ettricke Forrest goes.
Wallace followed, but he would not assaile,
A range to make, as then it might not baile:
Their few he had, the strength was thick and strong
Twelve myle of breath, and therto twise as long.

Into Cokholme Earle Patricke bode at reſt,
For more power Wallace paſt in the weſt.
Earle Patricke then him graithed haſtily,
In England paſt to get him there ſupply:
But through the land right earneſtly could paſſe.
To Anthonie Beike that Lord of Durhame was.
Wallace put him out of Glaſgow before,
And ſtelp Perſie, their malice was the more.
And Biſhop Beike gart ſon great power riſe,
Northumberland upon an awfull wiſe.
They ordained Bruce in Scotland for to paſſe,
To win his owne, but evil deceived he was:
They gart him trow that Wallace was rebell,
And thought to take the Kingricke to him ſell:
For falſe they were, and ever yet hath bein,
Lawty and truth was ever in Wallace ſein:
To ſend their right was all he took in hand,
And thought to bring Bruce free to his land.
Of this matter as now I tarry nought,
With ſtrong power Sutheron togither ſought:
From Oyis water aſſembled whole in Tweed,
The land hoaſt was thirtie thouſand indeed,
Of Themes mouth ſent Ships by the ſea,
To keep Dumbar, that none ſhould them ſupply:
Earle Patricke paſt with twenty thouſand but lei,
Before Dumbar a ſtallward ſiedge he ſet:
The Biſhop Beike and Robert Bruce bade ſtill,
With ten thouſand in Northame at their will:
Wallace by this that faſt was labouraud,
In Lowthian came with good men fibe thouſand:
Right well beſeen into their armour bright,
Thought to reſcue the Scroun bold and wight,
Under Yeſter that firſt night lodged he,
Hay came to him with an good Chiebalry:
In Down Forreſt all that time he had bein,
He had the comming of the Sutheron ſein:

ay he had of wise men into weare,
hey told Wallace of Patrickes great effeare.
n said, Forsoth and ye might him oberset,
omer again right son he might not get,
y counsell is, that ye give him battell:
thanked them of comfort and counsell,
n said, Friend Hay, in this cause that I wend,
n that we win, I reke not for to end,
ght sayth it is that once we must die.
to the right who should in terrour be?
arle Patricke there a messenger gart passe,
old Anthonie that Wallace cumming was:
f this tydings the Bithop was full glad,
ames of him full fain he would have had,
ot more prolong through Lammer-mure they rode,
ear the Spot-mure in buthment still he bode,
here Earle Patricke then ordained for to be,
Wallace of Beike anwarned then was he.
et he before was not hasty indeed,
ut then he put both him and his in dread:
hen swift horse scourriours rode between,
he coming them of Earle Patricke hath seen,
he house he left, and to the Mure is gane,
plaine field with his hoast hath he tane:
ith Setoun then ithed with few menzie,
art of his men into Dumbar left he:
o Wallace rod was on the righteous side,
n gud array to Spots-mure they ride:
ome Scots dread the Earle so many was,
wenty thousand against so few to passe:
ut Jop perceived he bade Wallace should bide,
ine not your men, but to some strength ye ride,
nd I shall passe, to get you power mare,
hese are ober gud thus lightly for to wear,
hen Wallace said, In truth I shall not flie,
or feare of his aye on while I may be.

We are ouer near such purpose for to take,
A dangerous chase they might upon us make.
Here is twenty with this power this day,
Would him allay suppose I were away:
Many they are, for Gods sake be we strong,
Pon Sutheron folke in stour will not bide long.

CHAP. II.

How *Cospatrick* brought in *Scotland* Bishop *Baile*, and *Robert* the *Bruce*: and how *Wallace* gave them battel and put them out of *Scotland*.

THe hym battell braithly on ether side,
Great rierd there rose ouer all where they rode.
The soze sembly when they together met,
Feill stroaks there they sadly on other set,
Brunzeing spears throuigh plats preassed fast,
Many off horse down to the ground they cast:
Saddles they teime of horse but masters there,
Of the south side sive thousand down they bare
Quod Wallace hoast the sormost cummered so,
That the rest was in will away to goe:
Earle Patricke bode so cruell of intent,
All his whole hoast of him took hardiment:
Against Wallace in many stour was he,
Wallace knew well that his men would not flee,
For no power that living was on live,
While they on haile might be one ave for sive:
In that great strife many were handled hait,
The fetle dints, the cruell hard debate,
The speirs striking made many grievous wound,
Upon the earth the blod made to abound:
All Wallace hoast into a compasse bade,
Where they turned full great slaughter they made.
Wallace and Grahame with Ramsay full worthy,
The bold Setoun and Richard of Lundie:

And Adam als of Richardtown,
With Hay and Lyle, with good men of renowne:
Boyde, Barcly, Baird, and Lawder that was wight,
Still Englishmen derfly to death they dight.
But Earle Patricke full fiercely fought again,
Through his own hand many he put to pain:
Our men on him throng forward into thro.
Gave through the hoast fcill sloppes to and fro.
The Englishmen began plainly to flee,
Then Bishop Beike full suddenly they see:
And Robert Bruce, contrare his native men,
Wallace was woe, fra time he could him ken:
Of Bruces deeds he was agrieved mare
Than all the lave that day that sembled there.
The great bushment at once then brake on breed,
Ten thousand whole that doughty were indeed:
The fiers then with Earle Patricke relieved,
They fought again, where many were mischieved.
When Wallace saw the bushment broken was,
Out of the field on horse he thought to passe:
But he saw well his hoast found in their wed,
He thought to fray the foremost ere he yeed.
The new come hoast about him sembled there,
On either side with strakes sad and sare.
The worthie Scots so fiercely fought againe,
Of Anthonies men full many have they slain:
But that tyrant so used was in weare,
On Wallace hoast he did full methell dear:
And the bold Bruce, so cruelly wrought he,
Through strength of hand still Scots gart he die.
To resist Bruce, VVallace he preassed fast,
But Englishmen so thicke between them past:
And Earle Patrick in all the haste he mought.
Throughout the stour to VVallace soon they sought.
On the Peasant a fellon stroak him gave,
Carved the plate, with his sharp grounded glave.

Throngh all the ſtuffe and wounded him ſome wale
But Wallace thought he ſhould be benged wel.
Followed on him, and a ſtroake ettled faſt,
But one Maitland rekleſſe betwern them paſt.
Upon the head good Wallace hath him tane,
Throngh head and brain in ſunder ſtrake the bane.
Dead to the ground at that ſtroak he him drave,
Thus VVallace was deſſevered from the lave:
Of his good men, among them him alone,
About him fought feill enemies many one.
Dricked his horſe, to ground behoved to light,
To ſend himſelf, as wiſely as he might,
The worthy Scots that might no longer bide,
With heavy hearts out of the field they ryde:
With them in feare they weind VVallace had bin,
On foot he was among his enemies keen:
Good rowme he made about him into dreed,
With his good ſword that helped him in need,
Was none ſo ſtrong that got of him a ſtraike,
After again made never the Scots waike:
Earle Patricke then that had great craft in weare,
With ſpeares ordaind good VVallace down to bear:
A new they tok were whole into the field,
To him they yeed, thought he ſhould have no bield.
On either ſide faſt pungeing at his geare,
He hewed off heads, and wiſely could him wear.
The worthy Scots of this then litle wiſt, (mid
Sought to good Grahame, when they their Chiftoun
Lawder and Lyle and Hay, that were ſo wight,
And bold Ramſay, which was a worthy knight:
Lundie and Boyde, and Chriſtell of Setoun,
With five hundreth that were in bargane bound:
Him to reſcue full rudely in they rade,
About VVallace a large rowme they made.
The Biſhop Beike was braithly borne to eird,
At that reſcue there was a fellon reird,

En

Ere he got up feill Sutheron they slew,
Out of the preasse Wallace they can rescue:
Sone pozsed him upon a Courser wight,
Toward a strength they rade in all their might,
Right wisely fled rescuing many man,
The Earle Patricke to stuffe the chase began,
On the fliers there little harme they wrought,
God Wallace folk away together sought,
Those five hundzeth the which I spake of aire,
So awfully abandoned them and faire:
So follo wer durst out from his fellow ga,
The good fliers such turning in they ma:
Foure thousand whole had tane the strength before.
Of VVallace boast, his comfort was the more.
Of Glastaden that forrest thought to hold,
Earle Patricke turned, though he was never so bold.
Again to Beike when scaped was Wallace,
Cursing Fortune of his mischancefull case,
The field he wan, and seven thousand were lost:
Dead on that day for all the Bishops boast,
Of VVallace men five hundzeth slaine I gesse.
But no Chistaine, his mourning was the lesse.
Neare even it was, but Beike would not abide,
In Lammer-mure they turned in that tyde,
Their lodging where he thought to availe,
For well they troived the Scots would assaile,
Upon the field, where they gave battell last,
The countrey men to Wallace gathered fast.
Of Edinburgh with Crawfurd that was wight,
Four hundzeth came into their armour bright.
To Wallace rode by his lodging was tane,
Of Tevedale came good men many ane:
Out at Jedburgh with Ruthwen at that tide,
Together fought from many diverse side.
Sir William then that Lord was of Dawglas,
With him fourescore that night came to Wallace:

Twen-

Twenty hundreth of new men met that night,
Upon their foes to venge them at their might:
At the first field these good men had not been,
VVallace watches their adversaries hath seen.
Into what wise they had their lodging made,
Wallace bounted after Supper but bade:
In Lammer-more they passed hastily,
Soneto arrayed his good Chevalrie.
Wallace them made in two parts to be,
Sir John the Grahame, and Setoun ordained he,
Lawder and Hay, with three thousand to ride,
Himselfe the rest took wisely for to guide.
With him Lundie, both Ramsay, and Dowglas,
Barklay and Boyde, and good Adam Wallace:
By this the day approached wonder neat,
And bright Titan in presence can appeare:
The Scottish hoast soon sembled into fight,
Of their enemies, they were not readie dight,
Out of array feill of the Sutheron was,
Right awfully Wallace can on them passe,
At this entry the Scots so well them bare,
Feill of their foes to death were brittined there:
Rebellie they rose, and many fled away,
Some on the ground, were smored where they lay:
Great noise and cry was raised them among,
Good Grahame came, that stalward was and strong,
Fra Wallace men were well together met,
On the South part so awfully they set.
In contrare them the frayed folk might not stand,
At once there fled of Sutheron ten thousand:
The worthy Scots wrought upon such a wise,
Top said, that they were worthy for to prise.
Yet Bishop Beike, that fellon tyrant strong,
Bode in the flour right awfully and long.
A Knight Skelton, that cruell was and keen,
Before him stood into his armour sheene.

To

To lend his Lord, full worthily he wrought,
Lundie him saw, and sadly to him sought:
With his good sword an acward strake him gave,
Through Pelan stuffe his craige in sunder drave:
Whereof the rest were stonisht in that stead,
The bold Skelton, of Lundies hand was dead.
Then fled they all, and might no longer byde,
Patricke and Beike away with Bruce they ride:
Five thousand held into a flop away,
To Norham house in all the haste they may:
Our men followed, that were worthy and wight,
Many fliers to dead they derfly dight.
These three Lords to the Castle they sought,
Full feill they losed that were from England brought
At this journey twentie thousand they tint,
Drowned and slain with speares and swords dint:
The Scots at Tweed they hasted them so fast,
Feill Sutheron men to wrong words they past.
Wallace returned, in Norhame when they were,
For worthie Bruce his heart was wonder sare,
He had rather have had him at his large,
Free of our Crowne, than of fine gold to charge:
More than in Troy was when the Greekes it wan,
Wallace passed with many awfull man,
Over Patrickes lands, and wasted wonder fast:
Cast out great goods, and places down can cast:
His Steads twelve, that Methamis were cald,
Wallace gart breake those burely buildings bold:
Both in the Mers, and also Lowthian:
Creept Dumbar, standing he leaved nane.
To Edinburgh then upon the eight day,
Upon the morne Wallace without delay:
To Perth past, where a Counsell was set,
To the Barrones he shewed withoutten let:
How his great wow right well eschewed was,
To a Master he gart Earle Patrick passe.

Wherane

Becauſe he ſaid of Scotland he held nought,
To King Edward to get ſupply he ſought:
The Lords were blyth, and welcomed well Wallace
Thanking great God of his faire happie caſe,
Wallace took ſtate to governe all Scotland,
The barnage whole made him an open band:
Then dealt the land to good men him about,
For Scotlands right had ſet their lives in doubt,
Stanetowne he gave to Lawder in his wage,
The Knight Wallange ought it in heritage,
Then Birgem-crooke he gave Lyle that was wight
To Skrymger als full good reward he dight:
Then VVallace-towne, and other lands theretill,
To worthy men he dealt with noble will.
To his own kin no Heritage gave he,
But offices, that every man might ſe:
For Covetice there could no man him blame.
He bade reward, while the King ſhould come hame:
Of all he did, he thought to byde the Law,
Before his King and Maiſter when he ſaw:
Scotland was blyth, in dolour had been lang,
In every part to good labour they gang.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* paſt into *England* and remained there three quarters of a yeare, and came home again without battell.

By this the time of October was paſt.
November near approached wonder faſt:
Tydings there came King Edward grieved was,
With his power in Scotland thought to paſſe.
For Earle Patricke had given ſuch counſell,
Wallace got wit, and aſſembled power haile:
Fourty thouſand in Roſling-mure they met,
Lords he ſaid, this is King Edwards ſet:
In contrare right to ſeek us in our land,

I beght to God, and to you by mine hand.
I shall him meet for all his great barnage,
Within England, to send our heritage.
His false desire shall on himself be seen,
He shall us finde in contrare of his eene.
Since he with wrong hath riven this Region,
We shall now passe in contrare of his Crowne:
I will not bid great Lords with us to fare,
For mine intent plainly I will declare:
Our purpose is either to win or die,
Who yeelds him, shall never ransomed be.
The Barons then him answered worthily,
And said, they would passe with their Chevalry,
Himself and Jop provided that menzie,
Twenty thousand of wailed men took he:
Harnesse and horse he gart among them waile,
Weapons a new that might them best availe:
Graithed these men, that cruell were and keen,
Better in war in world could not be seen:
He bade the rest in labour for to bide,
In good array from Rosling mure they ryde:
In their maister good Wallace could them ashe,
What needeth more in one power to passe?
All of one will, as I trow set are we,
In plaine battell cannot discomfist be:
Our Realme is poore, wasted with Sutheron blood,
One and win on them gold and other good:
The hoast inclined all with humble will,
And said they should his byding then fulfill:
Earle Malcome with his Lennox men is gone,
But name of rule in him he would have none:
Wallace him knew a Lord that was worthy.
At his counsell he wrought full steadfastly:
Stronger he was if he had battell seen,
For he before had in good journeyes been.
A man of strength, that hath good wit withall,

A whole Region may comfort at his call:
As manly Hector wrought into his weare.
Against an hundreth counted was his speare:
But that was not through his strength only,
Such rule he led of noble Chevalry:
These examples were worthy for to ken,
Hector I leave, and speak forth of our men:
The Knight Cambell made him to that voyage,
Of Lochow chiefe that was his heritage:
And good Ramsay forth to that journey went:
Sir John the Grahame forward in his intent,
Wallace Cousen, Adam, full worthie was,
And Robert Boyde, forth blythly can they passe.
Both Auchinlecke and Richart of Lundie,
Lawder and Hay, and Setoun full worthy.

THis royall hoast but resting forth they rode,
To Broxes field and there a while they bode:
Then Wallace took with him fourty but lies,
To Roxburgh Gate rode soon ere they would cease:
Sutheron marveilled if it should be Wallace,
Without assurance come to persue that place.
Of Sir Rausse Gray soon presence could he ask,
And warned him thus, further ere he would passe,
Our purpose is in England for to ride,
No time we have of tiedying for to bide:
Take heed and hear of our comming againe,
Give over this house, send me the keyes in plain,
This I command, before this witnesse large,
If thou wilt not, remaine with all the charge:
But this be done, of force and I take thee,
Over the wall thou shalt be hanged hie:
With that he turned, and all his hoast can wend,
This like command to Barwick soon he send,
With good Ramsay, that was a worthy Knight,
The hoast but more right awfully he dight.

Began

Began at Tweed, and spared nought they fand,
But burnt by force all whole Northumberland,
All Durhame town they burnt up in a gleid,
Abbeyes they spared, and Kirks where they yede:
To Yorke they rode, but bode ere they would blin,
To burne and slay, of them he thought no sin:
No sin they thought, the same to let us fesl.
But William Wallace quite our quarrell well:
Forts they wan, and small Castles cast down,
With diuers weapons payed their ransome.
Of prisoners they liked not to keep, (weepe:
Whom they ovirtwk, they made their friends to
Bot Sutheron saved for all their great riches,
All such trachry he called wretchednesse.
Unto the gates and suburbes of the towne,
Traithly they burnt, and brake their buildings down:
At the wals allayled fifteen dayes,
While King Edward sent to them in this wise,
A Knight, a Clerke, and a Squier of peace:
And prayed them from burning for to cease,
And height battell ere fifteen dayes should passe,
Soverance so long if he liked to aske.
And als he spiered, why Wallace tok on hand,
The felloun strife in defences of Scotland?
And said, He marvelled in his wits for thy,
Against England was of so great party,
Since ye have made so meikell of Scotland free,
It were good time for to let malice be.
Wallace hath heard the message say their will,
With manly voice right thus he said them till.
Ye may know well that right enough we have,
Of his soverance I covet not to crave.
Because I am a native Scots man,
It is my debt to do all that I can:
To send our Kingrike out of dangering,
To his desire we will grant him something.

Our

Our hoast shall cease for ought that may betide,
These fourty dayes bargane to abide;
And shall do nought, left then it move in von,
In this respite my selfe could never trow.
King Edwards writte under his seal they gave,
In fourty dayes that they should batell have.
Wallace then gave credence to their king,
Their leave they took, then passed but resting.
And told him whole how Wallace let him seke,
Of their soverance he cared not a deale.
Such ruled men so wivefull in effeire,
Are not christen as he leads into weare:
The king answered, and said, It should be kend:
It comes of wit, enemies to commend,
They are to dread right greatly in certaine,
Sadly they think of harmes that they have tane:
Leave I them thus at Councell with the king.
And of the Scots again to speak some thing.

WAllace tranouted upon the second day,
From Yorke they passe upon a good array:
Northwest they went, in battell busked bowne,
Their lodging they took beside Northallartowne.
And cryed his peace their Parkets for to stand,
Those fourty dayes for people of England,
Who that liked any victuall to sell,
Of all their store was meikell for to tell.
Sir Rauffe Rymount Captaine of Miltoun was,
With great power by night ordained to passe:
On Wallace hoast, to make some jeopardie,
Feill Scots men that dwelt in that Countrey.
Wist of this thing, and gathered to VVallace,
They made him wise of all this fellon case:
Good Lundie then to him he called there,
And Hew the Hay of Lochartquart was ane,
With three thousand that worthily was wrought.

The

Then priuately on from the hoast they sought:
The men he took that came to him of new,
Guides to be for they the Countrey knew:
The hoast they made in good quiet to be,
A space from them he bushed priuately,
Sir Rauffe Rymount with seven thousand came in,
Of VVallace hoast a jeopardie did begin:
The bushment wake, ere they the hoast came neare,
The Sutheron men the worthy Scots can steire:
Thre thousand whole were brattily brought to ground
Journey they sought, and sickerly have found,
Sir Rauffe Rymount was sticked on a speare,
Thre thousand slain that worthy were in wear,
The Sutheron with when their Chiftaine was slain,
To Milton fast they fled all in their maine:
VVallace followed fast with his Chevalrie,
Among Sutheron they entred suddenly,
Scots and English into the towne at once,
Sutheron men shot, and brattily cast down stones:
Of their own men right fetill then have they slaine,
The Scots about that were of mekel maine:
Up greifles ran, and sealed all the town,
Deerly to dead the Sutheron dang they down:
VVallace there hath founden great riches,
Jewels, And Gold, weapons, and parnelle:
Spoyled the towne of wine, and victaile,
To his hoast sent with carriage of great baile.
Thre dayes still within the town he bade.
Then broke down worke that worthily was made,
Wives and Bairnes they put out of the town,
No man he saved that was of that nation:
When Scots had tane, and turned their desire,
Walles they broke, and set the reek on fire:
The timber worke they burnt up all in plain,
On the fourth day to the hoast road again.
Oart cast a dyke that might some strengthning be,

To keep the hoast from sudden jeopardie.
Then Englishmen was right graithly agast,
From North and South unto the King they past:
At Pumfret lay and held a Parliament,
To give battell the Lords would not consent:
But Wallace were of Scotland crowned King,
Their Councell fand it was a perillous thing:
For though they wan, they wan but as they wer,
And if they tint, lost England evermaire.
In case it were put in the Scots hand,
And this decreit their wit among them fand.
If Wallace would upon him take the Crowne,
To give battell they should be ready bowne.
The samine message to him they send againe,
And their intent they told to him in plaine.
Wallace them charged from his presence ablent,
His Councell called, and shewd them his intent:
He and his men desired battell to have,
By any wayes of England ower the lave:
Himselfe said first, that were an ober bie thing,
Against my faith, to reabe my righteous King.
I am his own borne native of Scotland,
To weare the Crowne I will not take in hand.
To send my Realme it is my debt by still,
Let God above reward me as he will.
Some bade Wallace upon him take the Crowne,
Wise men said nay, it were derision:
To Crowne him King but voice of Parliament,
For they wist not, if Scotland would consent.
Other some said, it was the wrongous place.
Thus deemed they of many diverse case.
The knight Cambell of wit a worthie man,
As I said aire with them was present than,
Heard and answered when many said their will,
This were the best, and Wallace grant theretill.
To Crowne him King solemnely for a day.

To get an end of all our long delay.
The gud Earle Malcome said, That Wallace might
As for one day in fence of Scotlands right:
Though he refused it lastingly to beare.
Receive the Crowne as into fare of weare:
The people all to him gave their consent,
Malcome of old was Lord of Parliament.
Yet Wallace tholed, and let them say their will,
When they had deemed by many diverse skill.
In his own minde he abhorred this thing,
The commons cryed, make Wallace Crowned King
Then sembled he, and said, It should not be,
At termes short, ye get no more of me:
Neder collour our answer we must make,
But such a thing I will not on me take:
I will you suffer to say that it was sua.
If were a scorne the Crowne on me to ta:
They would not let the message of England,
Come them among, or they should understand:
Two Knights past to the message again,
Bade them to trow Wallace was crowned in plain
Cast them trust well that it was sothfast thing,
Delivered thus, they passed to their King:
To Pomfret went, and told that they had seen,
Wallace crowned, whereof they Lords were teen:
In barret wor in Parliament where they stood,
Then said they all, these tythings are not good:
He did so well in all his time before,
And now their King, he will doe meikell more.
A fortunate man nothing goes him again,
And we give battell, we shall repent with pain:
Another said, And battell will he have,
Or stroy our land, no treason may us save:
In his conquest since first he could begin,
He selles not, but takes that he may win:
For Englishmen he sets no dome but dead,

Pyece or pennies may make us no remead,
And Woodstock sayes, Pe worke not as the wise,
If that pe take not the auture of suppryse,
For though we win all that are in England,
The rest are strong against us for to stand.
Be Wallace safe, other they count but small,
For that me think it were the best of all:
To keep our strengths, castles, and walled towne,
So we shall send the folke of this Region:
Though Neith be burnt, better of soberance to be,
Then set all England in a jeopardie.
They granted all as Woodstock can them say.
And thus they put the Battell in delay.
And call them whole for other governance,
Against Wallace to worke some ordinance:
Thus Wallace hath in plain discomfit baile.
Against King Edward all his whole Battell:
For through false-hod and his subtility,
They thought he should for great necessity:
And salt of food to steale out of the land,
Then this deceite their wit among them fand,
They gart the King cry all their Markets down,
From Trent to Tweed, in through faire and fre
That in the bownes no man should victuall lead,
Such stuffe and wine, under the paine of dead:
The same decreit they gave in Parliament,
Of Scots wolth to speak is mine intent.
Wallace lay still while fourty dayes were gone,
Abiding them, but apperance saw none.
Battell to have, as their promise was made,
He gart again display his Banner broad:
Repraved Edward right greatly of this thing,
Wauchled his seale, blew out on this false King.
As reerying turned backe, and yed his gate,
Then Wallace made full many biggings bate.
They raised fire, burnt up Northallartowne,

Quhill thrugh Yorke-shyre boldly made them bown
Destroyed the land as farre as ever they ride,
Seven myle about they burnt on every side.
To wrought the Sutheron many wofull woundis:
Places spilt, great towers can confound:
Wyfowes weiped with sorrow in their song,
Maidens mourned with great meaning among:
They spared none, but women and the Kirke,
The worthy Scots of labour would not irke:
Gave to Abbeyes right largely of their good,
To all Kirke men they did nothing but good:
The temporall land they spoyled at their will,
Bot Gardens gay, and great Orchards they spill:
To Yorke they went these war-men of renowne,
A siedge set they right sadly to the towne:
For great defence they garnisht them within,
Yit fell assault without they can begin.

CHAP. IIII.
The siedge of Yorke.

DIvided the hoast in foure parts about,
With watches fell, that no man should ish out.
Abont the town, upon the South-port side,
There Wallace and good Lundie did abide.
Earle Malcome then at the West gate abade.
With him the Boyde that good journeyes had made:
The Knight Campbell of Lochow that was Lord,
And the North gate, and Ramsay made them good.
Sir John the Grahame, that worthy was in weare,
Auchinleck, Crawfurd, with full manly effeare:
At the East port boldly they think to bide,
A thousand Archers upon the Scots side:
Dilefered them among the foure partie,
Five thousand Bow-men in the towne for thy.
Within the walls arrayed them full right,
Twelve thousand moe, that fremly was to fight.

Then Wallace said, And pond were on a plain,
In field to fight, me thinkes we should be faine,
Then saizeit they right fast on every side,
The worthy Scots that boldly durst abide:
With spear, and shield, for Guns they had none,
Within the dykes they gart feill Sutheron grone,
Arrows they shot right fierce as any fire,
Out ower the wals, that flamed in great yre:
Through birnish bright, with heads of fine steele,
The Sutheron blood of friendship none they feele:
Ower shining Harnelle sought the blood so sheene,
The Englishmen that cruell were and keen,
Keeped their toun, and sended them full fast,
Faggals of fire among the boast they cast:
With Picke and Tar of feill showes they sent.
Many were hurt, ere they from the wals went.
Stones of hying holds they did cast out so fast,
And gads of yron, made many Grome agast,
But nevertheleise the Scots that were without,
The towne full oft they set into great doubt:
Their Bulwark burnt right himly of the towne,
Their Barmkin wan, and great Garrets cast down
Thus fayled they on each side with great might:
The day was gone, and comming was the night.
The weary boast then drew them from the toun,
Set out Watches, for resting made them bowne:
Waght wounds with wine, of them y were unsound
For none was deed, of great mirth they abound.
Feill men were hurt, but no mourning they made,
Confirmed the sledge, and stedfastly abade.
When that the Sun on morrow rose up bright,
Before the Chiftaines assembled they full right:
And said, Amends of the towne they should take,
For all the fence that the Sutheron might make:
Arrayed again, As they began before,

About

ant the towin they assailed wonder sore:
ith fellon shot out ower the wals full sheene,
ill Englishmen that cruell were and keen:
ith shot were slaine, for all their targets strong,
rifted helmes many to ground they dang:
me burning fire, they cast at every gate,
e entries thus in perill oft they set.
e defenders were of full great defence,
ged the towne through strength and violence:
thus the day they drave unto the night,
pavilions bowned many weary wight:
rke of war, the towin was strong to win,
Martailyie, and Noble men within.
hen that they trowed the Scots were at rest,
ir jeopardie the Englishmen them cast,
r John Morton was knowin worthie and wight,
r William Leis then graithed them that night.
ith five thousand well garnisht and savage,
pon the Scots they thought to make skirmage:
nd at the gate ished out hastily,
n Earle Malcome, and his good Chevalrie:
o checke the watch, Wallace and ten hath been,
oing about, and hath their comming seen:
e gart one blow was in his company,
The ready men arrayed them hastily:
feill of the Scots like night in harnelle bade,
rdinance, for they such rule had made:
ith short advise together then they went,
pon their foes, where feill Sutheron were shent.
Wallace knew well the Earle to hastie was,
For that he sped him in the preasse to passe:
a sword of war into his hand he bare,
The first he hit, the craige in sunder share.
Another acward upon the face took he,
Both neale and front on the field gart he flee:

The hardy Earle before his men out past,
Into the field where feill were fighting fast,
A shearing sword he bare drawn in his hand,
The first was ley that he before him fand:
When Wallace was and he together set,
There lasted none against them that they met:
But either dead or fled away them fra,
By this the hoast, was in a good array:
With the great serv assembled them about,
Then stood the Sutheron in a fellon doubt.
Wallace knew well the Englishmen would flie,
For thy he thrusted in the thickest to be.
Dewing full fast on whomsoever he sought,
Against his dint fine steele availed nought.
Wallace of hand, since Arthur had no maike,
Whom he hit right, was aye dead at one straik:
That was well known in many places where,
Whom Wallace hit they detred Scots na mare,
As all his men did cruelly and well,
That came to streaks, that might the Sutheron fell,
The Englishmen fled, and left the field plainly,
The worthie Scots wrought there so hardily,
Sir John Morton in that place he was dead,
And twelve hundreth, but any more remead.
Thus many were left into the field, and slaine,
The rest returned into the towne again:
And reued full sore that ever they forth could come
Among them was full many working wound:
The hoast again each one to their Ward rade,
Commanded watch, and no more noyse made.
But rested still, while that the bright day dew,
Again began the towne to saitzie new:
All this day wrought with full great worthinesse,
Assailed sore by wit and hardinesse:
The hoasts victuall wared scant, and failed fast,
Thus lay they there while diverse dayes were past.

The

The land wasted, and meat none was to wint,
But that wist not the folke that was therein:
They dread full sore for their owne Mennison,
For soberance prayed the power of the towne,
To speake with Wallace then they desired fast,
And he appeared, and speared what they aske:
The Pator answered, We would pay you raunsome,
To passe away, and beare no more the towne.
Great shame it were that we should yelden be,
And townes holden of lesse power then we:
Ye may not win us, long though that ye abide,
We shall give gold and ye will from us ryde,
We may give battell, durst we for our King,
Since he hath left it, were over high a thing
To us to do, without his ordinance,
This towne of him we hold in governance:
Wallace answered, Of your Gold reck we nought,
It is for battell that we hither sought:
We had rather have battell of England,
Then all the Gold that good King Arthur fand;
On Mount Michell when he the Gyant slew,
Gold may be gone, but worship ay is new:
The King promis'd that we should battell have,
His writ thereto under his Seale they gave:
Letter nor band ye see may not availe
Us for this time, to get of him battaile:
Ye thinke we should on his men wroken be,
Upon our Kin many great wrong wrought he:
His devilslike deed he wrought into Scotland,
The Pator said, Sir right ye thus understande
We have no charge what our King gars us do,
But in this kinde we shall be bound you to:
Some part of gold to give you with good will,
And nought after to wait you with none ill.
By no kine meane the power of this towne,
But if our King make him to battell bowne.

Anon

Into the hoast was many worthie man,
With Wallace moe, nor now reckon I can.
Better it was for at his will they wrought,
Though he was best, yet other lake we nought:
All served thanks to Scotland evermare.
For manlike wit the which they shewed there.
The whole Counsell thus deemed them among,
The towne to sledge they thought it was too strong:
And not away to win it with no slight,
The Councell found it was the best they might:
Some Gold to take, since that we get na mare,
Then forth away into their voyage fare:
Then Wallace said, My self will not consent,
But if this towne make us this plain content:
Take our Banner, and set it on the wall,
For our power this Realme hath ridden all.
Yelden to be, when we think them to take,
In England long residence if we make.
This answer some they sent unto Major,
And they consented, the remnant that was there:
The Banner tuik, and set it on the towne,
To Scotland was high honour and renowne:
The Banner there from eight hours unto none,
Their finance made, delivered Gold full soon:
Five thousand pounds of good gold of England.
The hoast received with victuall aboundand,
Both bread and wine, right gladly forth they gave,
And other stuffe, that they liked to have:
Twentie dayes out the hoast remained there,
But want of victuall gart them from it to fare:
Yet still at peace the hoast lodged that night,
While on the morne the Sun was risen bright.
Into April among these shawes shene,
When that the ground was clad with tender grein.
Pleasant it was to any creature,
In lustie love this time for to indure:

The

The good women had freedome largely,
But food was scant, they could get none to buy;
Curled up tents, and to the Countrey rade,
On Englishmen full great heirship they made.
Burnt and brake down, buildings they spared nought,
Right worthy Wallace low to ground them brought.
All Myldame they burnt up in a fire,
Brake Parkes down, destroyed all the Shyre,
Wild Deare they slew, for other beasts were nane,
These warre-men took of Mennison good wane:
Toward the South they turned at the last,
Made buildings bare, as farre as ever they past
The Commons all to London then they went,
Before the King, and told him their intent:
And said, they would, but he gart Wallace cease,
Forsake their faith, and take them to his peace:
So Herauld there then durst to Wallace passe,
Whereof the King greatly agrieved was:
Thus Edward left his people into baile,
Contrare Wallace he would not give battell.
For byde in field for ought that they could say,
Gave over the cause, to London past his way,
At men of wit this question here I ask,
Among Nobles if ever any was
So long in England, through force or through case,
Since Brutus death, but battell, but Wallace?
Great Julius the Empyre had in hand,
Yet twise on force was put out of England.
With Arthure als, first of war when he prieved,
Twise did they fight, suppose they were mischieved,
Awfull Edward durst not for Wallace byde,
In a plain battell, for all England so wider
In London lay, and took him to his rest,
And brake his vow, which hold you for the best,
Deeme as ye list, good men of discretion,
Right clear it is to resolve this question.

To

To my sentence now briefly will I passe,
When VVallace this throngh York-shire journeying
Victuall as then was none left in the land, (was
But in houses, where it might be warrand:
The hoste hereof abased was to byde,
Fra two scanted, no pleasure was that tyde:
Some bade turne home, and some would farthermare
VVallace called Jop, and said to him right fare:
Thou knowest the land where most aboundance is,
Be thou our guide, and then we shall not misse:
Victuall to finde that wot I wonder weill,
Thou hast I trust in England meikell seill:
The King and his strong strengths are gone,
But jeopardie, now parell have we none.
Then Jop said, Sir, be ye guided by me,
The plentiest part of England ye shall see:
Of wine and wheat there is in Richmount-shire,
And other stuffe for sod as ye desire,
Whereof I trow ye shall be well content,
The hoste was glad, and thitherward they went.
Many true Scots was sembled in that land,
To VVallace came well moe then nine thousand:
Of presoun part, some had in labour wrought,
From either part full fast to him they sought:
Wallace was blyth of our owne native kin:
That came to him of batle that they were in.
And all the hoste of comfort was blyther,
Fra their owne folke was multiplying there:
In Richmount shire they found aboundance
Of breid and ale, with other purveyance:
Beake Parkes downe, and slew beasts many one,
Of wilde and tame, forsooth they spared none:
Throughout the land they past in good array,
A seemely place to found they in their way:
Which Ramswatch hecht, as Jop himselfe then told.
Fehew was Lord and Captaine in that hold:

Five

five hundred men were semblid in that place,
To save their selves, and their goods from Wallace.
A royall stead was by the forrest side,
With turats faire, and Carrats of great pride:
Builded about, right likely to be wight,
With five great towers, well builded to the sight:
Feill men about on wals busked beine,
In good armour, that birnisht was full sheene:
The hoste past by, and visited but that place;
Yet they within on lowd defied Wallace.
And trumpets blew with many warlike sound,
Then Wallace said, had we yon Gallants downe,
On the plaine ground, they would more sober be,
Then Jop said, Sir, yée gart his brother die.
In Heraulds word, ye wot on Tinto hill,
Wallace answered, So would I with good will:
Had I himself: but we may not him deare,
Good men may thole of Harlots scorne in weare.
Sir John the Grahame would at the bicker beine,
But Wallace sone the perill hath foreseen,
Commanded him to let his fiercenesse be,
We have no men to waste in such degree:
Would woe them harme, I have another gate,
How we with fire within shall make them heat:
For fire hath ay been fellon into weare,
On such a place it may do meikill deare:
Their bulwark old I see of withered oake,
Were it on fire, it would not byde a stroake:
Houses and woods here is enough plenty,
Who hews best of this forrest let see.
Pull houses downe, we shall not weine a deale,
The old timber will gar the green burn well:
At his command right busily they wrought,
Great wood in haste about the place they brought.
The bulwarke wan these men of armes bright,
Tathe barmkin laid timber upon plight.

They

Then Bowmen shot, to keep them from that cast,
But they about had fastned fire full fast:
Women and bairnes on Wallace lowd can cry,
On knees they fell, and asked him mercy.
At one quarter, where fire had not yet tane,
They tok them out of that Castle of stane:
Syne bet the fire with brands bynn and bold,
The red flame rose full high about that hold,
Barels of Pitche for fence were hanged there.
All strake in fire, their mischiefe was the mare.
When the bynn fire out over the Place was past,
Then they within might nether shot nor cast:
Also bestiall of Neat and horse within.
Among the fire they made an hiddious din:
The Armed men in harnesse were so hate,
Some down to ground dushed but more debate.
Some lay, some fell into the fellon fire,
Smored to dead, and burnt up bone and lyre.
The fire brake in at all opens about,
None bade aloft, so fellon was the doubt:
Fehew himselfe lap rudely from the hight,
Through all the fire, can on the barmkin light.
With a good swoyd Wallace stroak off his head,
Jop hint it up, and trust it from that stead.
Fifte hundreth men that were into that place,
Got none away, but dead without ten grace:
Wallace bade still with his power that night;
Upon the morne the fire had fayled might.
Before the gate where it had burnt on breid,
A path they made, and to the Castle yeid.
Strake down the gate, and tok what they might win
Jewels and Gold, great riches was therein.
Spoyled the place, and left nought else there,
But beasts, burnt bodies, and also wals bare:
Then tok they her that wife was to Fehew,
Gave her command, as she was woman true:

To truse that head to London to King Edward.
She it received with great sorrow in heart.
VVallace himselfe these charges to her gave.
Say to your King, but if I battell have,
At London gates we shall assaile sare,
In this moneth we think for to be there.
Trust in the truth, will God we shall not faile,
Unlesse I cease through charge of our Councell.
The South-west part of England we sail see,
But he seek peace, or else bargane with me,
Upon a time he charged me on this wise,
Right bountesously to make to him service,
Such shall he have as he us cause hath made,
Then moved they without ten more abade:
Delivered she was from this Chevalrie,
Toward London she dight her earnestly:
Unto the town but more processe she went.
Where Edward lay sore moved in his intent.
His Nevoyes head, when he saw it was brought,
So great sorrow sadly upon him sought:
Untith great unease upon his feet he stood,
Weeping in woe, for his dear tender blood,
The Counsell rose, and prayed him to cease,
We lose England, but if we purchase peace:
Then Woodstock said, this is my best counsell.
Take peace in time, as for your own availe,
Or ye tine more, we slails of our courage,
After ye may get help of our barnage.
The King granted, and bade them message send,
No man was there that durst to VVallace wend,
The Queen appeared, and saw this great distance,
Well borne she was of the right blood of France.
She trowed well therefore to speed the mare,
Her selfe purposed in that message to fare:
As she forethought that the King took on hand,
Against the right so oft to reave Scotland,

And

And feill men said, the vengeances happed faire,
Of great murther his men made into Aire.
Thus deemed they in counsell them amang,
To this effect the Queen boioned to gang:
When she hath seen each man foralike this thing,
On knees she fell, and asked at the King,
Soueraigne, she said, If it your wills be,
That I desire you Chiftaine for to se.
For he is knowne both worthy, wise, and true,
Perchance he would rather on women true,
Than on your men, they have done him such dear,
When he them sees, it moves him ay to wear:
It may not skaith, although I do not baile,
To helpe this land I would make my travell:
The lords all of her desire was faine,
Unto the King made instance into plaine,
That she might passe, the King with acward will,
Passe into yre he gave consent theretill:
Some of them said, the Queen loved Wallace,
For the great voice of his hie noblenesse.
An hardy man, that is seemly withall,
Great favour will of fortune to him fall,
Ament women is seen in many place,
So happened now in this time of Wallace.
In his rising he was a lover true,
And chosed one, but Englishmen her slew.
Yet said they nought, the Queen would on her take,
As for his love such travell for to make.
Now lode or leave, or for help of their land,
I make rehearse as I in old writt fand:
She graithed her upon a goodly wise,
With Gold and gear, and folke at her devise,
Ladies with her, none other would they send,
And old priests, that well the Countrey kend:
Leave I the Queen to message ready dight,
And speake further of Wallace travell right.

The wrathfe Scots among their enemies rade,
Destruction great upon them have they made:
Wasted the land about on either side,
No war-men then durst in their wayes abide:
They ransomed none, but to the death them dight,
Mo many stead made fire broad and bright:
The hoste was glade and in a good estate,
No power was that would make them debate:
Great riches wan of Gold and geare sherefull,
Leaving enough to take at their own will:
A wofull feare they trabell through the land,
Made biggings baire, that they before them fand:
Great harmkins brake of steads starke and strong.
These wight war-men of travell thought not long.
South in the land right earnestly they sought.
To Saint Albanis but harme there did they nought.
The Pryor sent them Wine and Mennison,
Refreshed the hoast with great soo and fusion.
The night appeared when they were at that place,
Then harbered they from thence a little space:
Chosed a stead where they should bide all night,
Tents on ground, and pabileons proudly pight.
Into a baile beside a river faire,
On either side where wild beasts made repaire:
Set watches out, that wisely could them keep,
To supper went, and timously could sleep,
Of meat and drink they have sufficience,
The night was short, overdrave the darkfull chance.

CHAP. V.

How the Queene of *England* came and spake with *Wallace.*

The merry day sprang up from the Orient,
With beames bright illuminate the Occident:
After Titan Phebus uprised faire,
Hich in his Sphere the signes many bestaire,
Zephirus

Zephirus began his mighty morrow course,
The sweet vapour did from the ground resourse.
The donke dew from the heaven downe did haile,
In every meid both firth, forrest and haile:
The fresh river among the rocks rang,
Through green branches, where birds blythly sang.
With joyous voice in heavenly harmonie,
Then Wallace thought it was no time to lye:
He blessed him, then suddenly up he rose,
To take the aire, out of his tent he goes.
Maister John Blaire was readie hastily,
To Gods service bowned right reverently,
When that was done, Wallace could him array,
In his armour, which was both good and gay.
His shining shield that burnisht was full beine,
His leg harnesse, that clasped was full cleane:
Mullanes gries he clasped on full fast,
A closse birney with many sicker cast.
Brest-plait, brasses that worthie were in wearr.
Beside him forth Jop could his basnet beare,
His glittering gloves graven on either side.
He seemed well in battell for to bide:
A good Girdle, and then a burely brand,
A staffe of steele he gripped in his hand.
The hoast him blessed and prayed God of his grace,
Him to convoy from all mistempered case:
Adam Wallace and Boyd, forth with him raid.
Endlong a rivet, out through a forrest meid.
And as they walked out over the fields green,
Out of the South they saw where that the Queen,
Toward the hoast came ryding soberly,
Fifty Ladies were in her company:
Mailed of wit and deemed of renowne,
Some widowis were, and some of Religion.
And seven Priests that were entred in age,
Wallace to such did never great outrage.

at if to him they made a great offence,
ings they approached on toward their presence.
the Pavilion where they the Lyon saw,
o ground they light, and then on knees they saw;
ying for peace, they cry with pitteous cheere,
rle Malcome said, Our Chiftaine is not here:
e bade her rise, and said, It was not right,
Queen on knees to bow to lower wight.
by the hand the Earle hath her tane,
ut over they went, to VVallace have they gane:
hen she him saw she would have kneeled down,
arms soon he claught this Queen with Crown:
d kissed her withoutten woords more,
e did he never to no Sutheron before.
Cousine he said, Right welcome mot ye be,
ow pleased you our boasting for to see.
ght well, she said, of friendship have we need,
God grant ye will our errand for to speed.
Sister we must suppose it like us ill,
ut trust us well it is contrare our will.
e shall remain with this Lord I must gang,
rom your presence we shall not tarry long.
he Earle and he unto the pavilion yeed,
ith good advise to beme more of this deed,
he counsell soon Wallace gart call them to,
Lords he said, ye wot not what is doo,
f their coming my selfe hath no pleasance,
nd therefore must we work with ordinance;
Women may become tempting into weare,
ung fools that cannot them forbeare:
ay not this by these or by the Queen,
truly it be not good that she should meane;
example false of long time passed by,
Runsevaile the treason was plainly,
e women made that Canzeon with him brought,
Turkis wine for bear then could they nought

Long use in war gart them desire their will,
Which brought King Charles to fellon losse and ill.
The floure of France without redemption,
Through that foule deed was brought to confusion.
Command your men, therefore in private wise,
On pain of life they work not on such guise,
None speak with them but wise men of great daile
That Lords are, and sworne to this Counsell.
His charge they did as goodly as they mought
This ordinance through all the hoast was wrought.
He and the Earle both to the Queen they went,
Received her faire and brought her to the tent:
To dinner bowned as goodly as they can,
And served was with many likely man.
God purveyance the Queen had with her brought,
An assay she took of all that god her thought.
Wallace perfaved and said, we have no dread,
I cannot trow that Ladies will do that deed.
To poyson men all England for to win.
The Queen answered, If poyson be therein.
Of any thing that is brought here with me,
Upon my selfe first sorrow ye shall see.
Down after meat a Parshell gart all absent,
But Lords, and they to the Councell that went:
Ladies appeared in presence with the Queen,
Wallace, asked what her comming might mean.
For peace she said, that we have to you sought.
This burning war in baile hath many brought.
Ye grant us grace for him that died on tree.
Wallace answered, Madame, that may not be.
England hath done so great harmes unto us.
We may not passe, and lightly leave it thus.
Yes, said the Queen, for Christen folke we are.
For Gods sake since we do desire na mare:
We ought have peace: He said, that we deny.
The perfect cause then shall I show for why:

e seek no peace, but for your own availe,
hen that your King Scotland had griped haile.
e no kin thing that he before him fand,
e would not thole the right blood in the land,
t reft their rent, then put themselves to dead,
nsome of Gold, might make us no remead:
s fell false warre shall on himself be seen,
hen soberly to him answered the Queen:
f these wrongs amends were most faire,
adame, he said, of him we ask na mare:
t that he would bide us into battell,
God be judge, he knowes the matter haile.
ch thing, she said, it were not good think me,
ace now were best, if it might purchast be:
ould ye grant peace, and trews with us to take,
rough all England we shall gar prayers make,
you and them, that in the war were lost,
hen Wallace said, where such cometh throgh boast
ayer of force where so that it be wrought,
o us helps either little of else nought.
Sarely she said, thus wise men hath us kend,
e after warres, peace is the finall end:
Wherefore ye should of your great malice cease,
he end of wars is Charity and peace.
eace is in heaven, with blisse and lestandnell,
e shall beseech the Lord of his hie grace:
o command peace, then we may do na mare,
adame, he said, ere your prayer come there:
ends of England we think then for to have,
hat set ye thus on wars for to save,
rom violent wars that ye think not to dwell?
adame, he said, the truth I shall you tell:
fter the death of Alexanders Reigne.
ur land thrie peares stood desolate but King,
ped full well, at concord in good state,
rough two that claimed, there happed great debat

So earnestly accord them not they can,
Your King they asked to be their ober-man,
Stily he staid in strengths of Scotland,
The Kingrike then he tok at his own hand:
He made a King against the righteous law,
For he of him should hold the Region aw:
Contrare his band were all the whole barnage,
For Scotland yet was never in thirlage:
Great Julius that tribute tok of all,
His winning was of Scotland but right small:
Then your false King under collour but mare,
Through band he made to Bruce that is our heire:
Unto that King, which he before had made,
Through all Scotland with great power they rade,
To Bruce since-syne he kæped no cunnand,
He said, we would not goe to conquith land:
To other men, and thus the case befell,
Then Scotland through he demaned him sell,
Slew our Elders, great pitie is to se,
In prison then long time they kæped me.
While I at last was casten out for dead,
Thanked be God, he sent me some remead:
Venged to be I proved all my might,
Feill of that kin to death since I have dight:
The rage of youth gart me desire a wife,
That rewed I sore, and will do all my life.
A traitour Knight but mercie gart her die,
One Hesilrig, but for despite of me.
Then rang I forth in travaile, wars, and pain,
While we redeemed part of our land again.
Then your Counsell desir'd of us a trew,
Which made Scotland full graithly for to rew.
Into that peace they set a subtill Aire,
Then eightene score to death they hanged there.
That nobles were, and worthy of renown,
Of great Armour eldest in that Region:

e woman als that dolefully was dight,
at death me think to benge in all our might
t of my minde that death will never slid,
ill God me take from this false world to wide:
Sutheron then I can no pity have,
me men in warres I never think to save.
e bright teares, was pity to behold,
rst from his eyes, when he this tale had told:
e Queen weped for pity of Wallace,
ace, she said, wo worth the wicked case:
curses time that Heslrig was borne,
my worthy through his dead are forlorne.
should have pain that causelle such on slewgh,
gland since then hath bought it deare enought.
ough she had been a Queene, or a Princesse,
dame, he said, as God give me good grace.
incesse or Queen of what state so they be,
to her time she was as deare to me.
allace, she said, of this talk we will cease,
e mends thereof is good prayer and peace.
grant, he said, of me as now na mare,
is is right nought, but eking of my care:
e Queen found well, language no thing her bate,
e trowed with Gold that he might be oberset:
ane thousand pound of fineft gold to red,
e gart be brought to Wallace in that stead:
dame, he said, no such tribute we crave.
other mends we would of England have:
e we returne from this region again.
your fierce blod, that hath our elders slaine,
all the gold and riches of your regne.
get no peace but desire of your King.
hen she saw well gold might her not relieve,
me part in sport she thought him for to prieve,
allace, she said ye are cleped my love:
ne abundantly I made me for to prove.

Trusting therefore your rancour for to slake,
We think ye should do some thing for my sake,
Right wisely he made answer to the Queen.
Madame, he said, if verity were seen,
That ye me loved I ought love you again:
These words are all for nothing but in vain,
In speach of love subtill ye Sutheron are,
Ye can us mock, suppose we get no more:
To take a liking and then get no pleasance,
Such love as that is nothing to advance.
In London she said, for you I suffered blame,
But Counsell als will laugh when I come home:
So may they say, women are fierce of thought:
To seek friendship and then can get right nought.
Madame ye wot how ye were hither send,
We trow we have but little for to spend.
First with your gold for ye are rich I with:
We would us blind since Scots are so nise.
Then pleasant words of you and ladies faire,
As who would bribe the bird into a snare,
With a whissel-pipe, for it will freshest call:
Madame as yet ye may not temp us all.
Great part of gold is left among our kin,
In England als. we finde enough to win:
Abaled she was, to make answere him till,
Dear Sir, the said, since that it is your will,
Wairres or peace, what that you liketh best,
Let your wit and good Councell digest.
Madame he said, now shall ye understand,
The reason why that I will make no band:
With your Ladies I cannot trewes bind,
For your false king will sain hereafter finde,
When he sato time, to break it at his will,
And plainly say, he granted not theretill.
Then had we none but Ladies to reprove,
That shall not be, by God that sits above.

That

Upon women I will no wars begin,
Of you in field no worship is to win,
All the whole peace on himself he shall take,
Of peace, or wars, what we happen to make.
The Queen granted this answer sufficient,
So did the rest in plaine that were present.
His deliverance they held of great availe,
And strong enough to shew to their counsell:
So was the Queene her travell helped nought,
The gold she took that they had with her brought,
Unto the hoast right freely she it gave,
To every man that liked for to have.
Sentrels and Heraulds she gave abundantly,
Besetching them per friends that they would be.
When Wallace saw the fredome of the Queen,
Gadly he said, the soth well hath been seen.
Women may tempt the wisest hath been wrought,
Your great gentrice it shall not be for nought.
We you assure our Hoast shall do nothing,
While time ye may send message from the King.
If it be so that he accord and we,
Then for your sake it shall the better be.
Your Heraulds als shall safely come and go,
For your fredome we shall trouble no mo.
She thanked him of his grant many syle,
And all her Ladies on a gaudy wise.
Gladly they thanke the Queen and good Wallace,
Her Ladies als, and good Lords in that place.
Per leave she took for out longer abade,
Five mile that night south to an Abbey rade.
Upon the morne to London passed they,
In Westminster where that the Counsell lay,
It needs not here now more rehearse this thing,
Wallace answer the gart shew to the King.
The great commend then she to Wallace gave,
Before the King in presence of the lave:

The

The true Scots it thould greatly appeale,
Though Englishmen thereof had little eale.
Of worthip, wit, manhod, and gobernance,
Of fredome, truth, key of remembyance:
She called him there into their presence,
Though contrare them he stod at his defence,
So Thistaine like the sayes, as he is seen,
Into England I trow hath never been
Mould ye of gold give him this realmes rent,
Fra honour he will not turne his intent.
Assured ye are, while ye may message make,
Of wise Lords some part I red you take:
To purchase peace withoutten words more,
For all England may rew this raid full sore.
Your Heraulds als to passe to him hath live,
In all the hoast there shall no man them grieve.
Then thanked they the Quien for her travell,
The King and Lords, that were of his counsell:
Of her answere the King appeased was;
Then three great Lords they ordained to passe.
Their Counsell whole hath found it for the best,
Trews to take of else they got no rest:
An Herauld went into all the hast he may,
To Avane wall, where that the Scots lay,
Conduct to have till they had said their will,
The Counsell son a conduct sent them till.
Again he past with soberance to the King,
Then chosed they three Lords for this same thing,
The keen Clifford that then was warden haile,
Bewmont and Woodstock all men of metnell vaile.
What these three wroght the rest should stand thereto
The kings selfe hath given them at their will.
Sone they were brought to speaking with Wallace,
Woodstock then shewed forth many subtill case.
Wallace hath heard the Sophismes every deale,
As yet he said, me think we mean but well.

In

In wrong ye hold and doth us great outrage,
Of houses part which are our heritage,
Out of this peace in plain I make them known,
Them for to win since that they are our own.
Roxburgh, Berwicke, that ours long time hath been,
Into the hands of King Edward I ween.
We ask here als by vertue of this band,
Our own young King by wrong led from Scotland,
We shall have them withoutten words more,
To his desire the Lords they granted there.
Right at his will they have consented haile,
For no kin thing the peace they would not faile.
The young Randaill that then in London was,
The Lord of Lorne in this band he can ask.
The Earle of Buchane but then in tender age,
After he grew a man of great vassall age.
Cumming and Sowles he gart deliver als,
Which after was to King Robert full false,
Wallange fled over and durst not bide that mute.
In Picardie to ask him was no bute.
But he would rather have had that false knight,
Than a thousand of finest gold so bright.
The Bruce he asked but he was had away,
Before that time to Calice many a day.
King Edward proved that they might not him get,
Of Gloceſter his Uncle had him set,
That Calice had whole into his keeping.
Wallace that time got not his righteous King.
The Earle Patrick als from London they send,
With VWallace to goe as well before is kend.
Of this matter and finall governance.
To King Edward he gave up his leadgeance,
And took to hold of Scotland evermaire;
With full glad heart Wallace received him there.
They honoured him right reverently as Lord,
The Scots were all rejoyced at that concord;

An

An hundreth horse with young Lords of renown,
To Wallace came all fred of that prison,
Under his seal King Edward then gart send,
For to give over and make a finall end,
Roxburgh, Barwick, which were of methill vaile,
To Scottishmen and all the bounds haile.
For five years treiws they promised by their hand,
Then Wallace said, We will passe near Scotland:
Ere ought be sealed, and therefore make us boune,
Againe we will beside Northalertowne:
Where King Edward first battell beght to me,
As we begran, there shall it ended be.
Quiet well the Quæne, he charged the message,
It is for her that we left our voyage:
A day he set, when they should meet him there,
And seale the peace withoutten processe maire,
Upon the morne the hoast but more advise,
Tranoynted North, upon a goodly wise.
To set the tryst that Wallace had them made,
The English message came but more abade:
They sealed the peace, without longer delay,
The message then upon the second day
To London went in all the haste they can,
The worthy Scots with many likely man,
To Bamburgh came, with all their power haile,
Sixty thousand, all Scots of great availe.
Ten dayes before All-hallow-even they fure:
On Lambmes day they lighted on Carhame mure.
There lodged they with pleasure as they mought,
While on the morn their priests to them then brought
In Carhame Kirke, and seised in his hand,
Roxburgh keyes, as they had made cunnand,
And Barwick als, which Englishmen men had long,
They tred the folk in England for to gang,
For their lives shed off either place,
They durst not well bide reckoning with Wallace,

Captaine

Captaine he made in Barwick of renown,
That worthie was, good Christall of Setown.
Peper he made to Roxburgh castle wight,
Sir John Ramsay, a wise and worthy knight,
Then Wallace self with Earl Patrick in plaine,
To Dumbar rode, and restored him againe,
In his Castle, and als his heritage,
With the consent ofall the whole barnage,
When Wallace was agried with this Lord,
To rule the Realme he made him goodly ford.
Scotland out over from Rosse to Sulway sand,
He rode it thrise, and statute all the land.
In the Lennox a while he made repaire,
Sir John Menteith a while was Captaine there,
As twise before he had his gossop bern,
But no friendship betwixt them then was seen.
Two moneths still he dwelt in Dumbartane,
An house he founded upon an rock of staine.
Syn left he there to build it to the hight,
Then to the March againe he rode right,
Into Roxburgh they chosed him a place,
A good tower there he gart build in short space.
The Kingdome stood in good worship and ease,
Was none so great durst his neighbour displease.
The able ground gart labour thriftily,
Victuall and fruit there grew aboundantly.
Was never before since this was called Scotland,
Such wealth and peace both at once in the land.
He sent Jop twise to Bruce of Huntingtowne,
Beseeching him to come and take his Crowne:
Counsell he took at false Saxons alace,
He had never hap in life to get Wallace.
Three peares as thus the realme stood in good peace.
Of this saying me worthis for to cease,
And further forth of Wallace will I tell,
Into his life what aventure yet he fell.

Here endeth the first conquest of *Scotland*.

THE NINTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* past into *France*, Royall King then reigned into France Great haute he heard of VVallace gouernance

THe prowes, prayres, and of his worthy deis
Als forward faire commended of mariuod,
Both humble, true, and prowed well of payle,
Of honour, truth, and void of covetice.
That noble King reigned in royalty,
Had great delite this Wallace for to sée:
And knew right well thortly to understand,
The great emprise, and overset of England,
He marveled als of Wallace small power,
That but a King tok such a realme to stiere,
Against England and gart their malice cease;
Will they desired with good to take peace.
And right anone an Herauld he gart call,
In short tearms he hath rehearied all.
Of his intent compleated to an end;
Then in Scotland he bade him he should wend,
And he wrote right with very great honour,
To William Wallace as a Conquerour.

O Loved lord with worthy wise and wight,
Through very help in holding of thy right
Through right relcving of thy native land,
With Gods grace against thy foes to stand,
In defence, helper of thy righteous blod,
O worthie birth, and blessed be thy God.
As it is red in prophesie before,

A happy time for Scotland thou was borne,
We beseech with all humility.
A close letter thou would conceive and sar
From your brother a christen King of France,
To the bearer ye beare and give credence,
The Herauld him bowned, and to the shw is gone;
In Scotland sone he comes into one.
At Herauld like he sekes his presence,
In land he went and made no residence,
In every stead where he presumed there,
And on a day he found him into Aire,
In good effeare, and manlike company,
The Herauld then with honour reverently,
With saluit him upon a goodly manner,
And he again with humble homely cheare,
Received him into right goodly wise,
The Herauld then with worship to devise,
Betwix to him the kings write of France,
Wallace on knee with lowly obeysance.
Right reverently for the worship of Scotland,
When he it red and had it understand,
At this Herauld he asked his credence,
With asper speach and manly countenance,
And he him told as, I have said before,
The Kings desire what neds words more,
The hie honour and the great nobleneſſe,
Of your manhood well knowen in many place,
He likes als well your worship to advance,
As ye were borne a liedge man of France,
Since his Region is floure of Realms seen,
For the great band of kindneſſe you betwen:
And since this realme stands in such safety,
It were worship his presence for to se.
Wallace conceived withouten tarrying.
The great desire of this most noble king;
Then to him said, so God of heaven me save.

Per

Hereattet ſon an anſwer ye ſhall habe.
Of your deſire that you have chaiſon me till,
Welcome ye are with a free hearty will:
The Herauld bode unto the twenty day,
With Wallace ſtill in good welfare and play.
Conſumed the time with worſhip and pleaſance,
By good adviſe made his deliverance.
With his own hand he wrote unto the King,
All his intent as touching to this thing.
Right rich reward he gave the Herauld to,
And him convoyed when he had leave to goe:
Out of the toiwn with goodly companie.
His leave he took, and went unto the ſea,
His purpoſe was to ſe the King of France,
Good Wallace then hath made his purveyance,
Neareſt but weare to Saint Johnſtoun could fare,
A Counſell then he had gart ordain there,
Into his ſtead chooſed a Governour,
To keep the land a man of great honour,
James good Lord the Steward of Scotland,
Which Father was as ſtories beares on hand,
To good Walter which was of hie parage,
Marjorie Bruce then got in marriage:
Thereof as now to ſpeak I have no ſpace,
It is well known, thanked be Gods grace,
And to the Herauld withoutten reſidence.
Now he appeared unto the Kings preſence.
From the Rochell the land ſon hath he tane,
Out over the land he graithed him to gaine.
Seeking the King als goodly as he may,
So to the Court he paſſed on a day.
To Paris went as pierleſſe of renown,
This King that time held pallace in that toiwn:
When he him ſaw, hath graithly underſtand,
He ſpiered tydings the welfare of Scotland.
The Herauld ſaid unto theſe tearmes ſtort,

The

That all was good, he had the more comfort.
Now thou Wallace the Chiftaine of that land,
And he said yea, that dare I take on hand.
Worthie wight this day is living none,
In wars of war als far as I have gone:
The hie worship, and the great noblenesse,
The good welfare, pleasance and worthinesse:
The rich reward was worthie for to se,
That for your sake he lithed upon me.
And his answer in writ he hath you sent,
The King received it with a good intent.

O Royall Roy, and righteous crowned King,
Renowned of noblenes & vertens most conding,
Ye know this well by other mo then me,
How that our Realme stands in perileritie,
The fierce Nation that we are neighbours to,
When it pleaseth them they make us ay ado,
So hard may be made of such sustinance:
But ay in it they finde a variance,
To wait a time; will God that I may be
Within a year I will your presence se.
Of this answer well pleased was the King,
Leave I them thus in royaltie to reigne,
And glad comfort right as I have you told,
Of Wallace saith I will my purpose hold.

CHAP. II.

How *Wallace* past in *France*, and fought with the *Red-Kyver*, and vanquished him.

Into Aprile the one and twenty day,
The Easterns changed as we use to say,
The lustie time of Mayes freely comming,
Celestiall great blythnesse in to bring,
Principall moneth foriooth it may be seen,

The heavenly hewes upon the tender gren:
When old Saturne his cloudy course hath gone.
The which hath ben both bird and beasts bone,
Zephirus also with his sweet vapour,
Be comfort hath by working of Dame Nature.
All fructous thing into the earth aboun,
That revyed is under the hie Region,
Sober Luna in following of the Sea,
When bright Phœbus into his Chemes hie,
The Bulles course so taken hath his place,
And Jupiter was in to Crabes face,
When Aries the hot signe cholerike,
Into the Ram which hath his rennes like,
Theris had his place and his mansion:
In Capricornus the signe of the Lion,
Gentle Jupiter with his mild ordinance,
Both herb and tre convertes into pleasance,
And fresh Flora her flowrie mantle spred,
In every valle, both hoop, hill, and mead.
In this same time, for this mirie author sayes,
Wallace to passe aff Scotland tok his wayes,
By short advise he shop him to the sea,
And fiftie men tok in his company.
He let no word then walk of his passage,
Of Englishmen had stopped his voyage,
Nor tok no leave at Lords of Parliament,
He wist full well they would not all consent,
To suffer him out of the land to go.
For they anone without witting of mo.
He gart forsee and ordain well the ship,
And these were they past in his fellowship,
Two Wallaces was his kinsmen full near,
Crawfurd, Cleland, to him were holden dear.
At Kircubright he ordained his passage,
Sea men he set and gave them goodly wage,
A good new barge right worthily wrought for woir

Ioy wanted not of wine victuall nor geare.
Of ye they were a gudly company,
Y mailed men had wrought full hardily:
Ion-allies drank right gladly on the morrow,
Then leave they took, and with great God to borrow
Sets were shot south and from the land they went.
With glad hearts at once in they went.
And the Ship they raised hastily,
The sea-men then working full earnestly:
Takers wand in, wisely on either side.
Their Leads cast out, and waited well the tyde.
Let sailes fall, and took their course anane,
Gudly wind out of the right airth came:
Frickes on foresten ruled well their gear:
Lands on Leibord with a Lordly feare.
Lines laid out to look their passage sound,
With full saile from Scotland south they found:
Sailed whole over the day and als the night,
Upon the morne when that the Sun shined bright:
Their ship Master unto the top he went.
South-east he saw, that troubled his intent,
Sixteen sailes all arroped on a rowe,
In colour red, that toward them could drawe.
The glittering Sun upon them shewed bright,
The sea about illuminate with the light.
The manes spirit was in an extasie,
Divine he went soon, and said right sorrowfully,
Alace, alace, that ever I was borne,
Without remead our lives are all forlorne.
In cursed time I took this cure on hand,
The best Chiftaine, and rescue of Scotland.
Over rekkelly I have taine upon me,
With weak power to bring him through the Sea:
I forced nought, would God I were torment,
So Wallace might with worship scape unshent.
When Wallace saw, and heard this wains mone,

To comfort him, with good will is he gone.
Walter, he said, what hath anoyed thee?
Not for my selfe, this man said pitteously:
But of one thing I dare well undertaine,
Though all were here the Ships of broad Britaine,
Part should we lose, except Fortune had sworne,
The best war-man in Sea is us beforne:
Living this day, and King is of the Sea,
Wallace some sheired, Wots thou what he may be?
The Red-river they call him in his style,
That I him saw, O cursed be the while:
For min owne life I would no mourning make,
Is no man borne that pon tyrant will take.
He saveth none for gold, nor other good,
But slayes and drowines all derfly in the flood.
He gets no grace though he were King or Knight,
This fifteene yeares he hath done great unright.
The power is so strong he hath to steire,
May none escape that comes in his danger.
Would ye him hood, no bote is to begin,
The lowest ship that is his flot within:
My selfe is done unto the dolefull head,
Then Wallace said, Since thou cannot remead;
Tell me his feir, and how I shall him knowe,
What is his use, and then go lodge thee lowe:
The ship-man said, full well ye may him ken,
By gratth tokens, full clearly by his men.
His coat armour is seen in many stead,
All battell bowne, in rayment all of red.
This formost ship that pursues us so fast,
Himselfe is in, and will not be agast:
He will pon haste, when that they come pon neare,
Without tarry then make you strike and steare;
Himselfe will enter first full hardily:
These are the signes that you shall ken him by:
A bar of blew into his shining shield,

Glend of whyte, desiring ay the field:
The Red betokens bloud and hardiment,
The white courage, increaseth his intent.
The blew he bears, for he is Christen men.
Sadly him answered William Wallace than:
Though he be Christen, this is no Christen deed.
To under loft the Lord God mot us speed.
Both ship-master, and the steirsman also,
Into the Holw but bode he gart them go:
Six fifty men withoutten longer rest,
Wallace gart ray into their armour prest,
Eight and fourty on loft boord laid they low,
William Crawfurd then to him can he caw.
And said, thou canst some part of ship-man lare,
Thou hast been used in the towne of Aire.
I pray thee take this doctrine well of me,
Luk that thou stand straitly by the tree:
When they bid streik, to service be thou baine:
When I thee warne, draw by the sail againe.
Cleland Cousen, come take the steir in hand,
Here on the waile near by thee shall I stand.
God guide our ship, as now I say na mare,
The barge began with a full warlike fare:
Himselfe on loft was with a drawne sword,
And bade the steirsman lay endlong the boord.
On lowde he cryed, streik dogs or ye shall die.
Crawfurd let downe the saile a little wie.
The Captaine sone lap in, and would not stint,
Wallace hath him then by the gorget hint:
On the over-loft he sit him, where that he stud,
While nose and mouth all ruthed out of bloud.
A sogged knife braithly he braided out,
The war-ships were lapped them about:
The barge clipped but they not festned fast,
Crawfurd drew sasse, shot by, and out them past.
The Reaver cryed, with piteous voice so cleare,

Grace of his life, for him that bought us dear,
Perto he cryed for him that died on Rood,
Leasure to mend, I have spilt meikell blud.
For my trespasse I would make some remead.
Sanp sakelelle I have gart put to dead,
Wallace wist well though he to death was brought,
From them to scape no wayes might he nought.
And of his life some rescue might he make,
A better purpose right son then can he take:
And als he reued for his life had bein till,
In Latine tongue right thus he said him till,
I never took man that enemie was to me,
For Gods sake my life yet grant to me.
Both knife, and sword, he took from him anone:
Up by the hand as prisoner hath him tane.
Upon his sword sharply he gart him swear,
From that day forth he should him never deare:
Command thy men, said Wallace, to our peace,
Their shot of guns, that was not eith to cease.
Their calling were awfull in either side,
The Red-reaver commanded them to bide:
Held up a glowe in token of the trew,
His men beheld, and well the tenzie knew.
Left off their shot, the signe when that they saw,
His greatest brag toward him can he caw.
Let be your war, these are friends at one:
I trow to God our worst poures are gone.
He asked Wallace, to do what was his will:
Withy shoat advise, right thus he said him till,
To the Rochell I would ye gart them saile:
For Englishmen we wot not what may aile.
He them commanded withoutten words mare,
Turn saile and wind, toward the Rochell faire:
For there, will God, our purpose is to be,
Look well about for Scurriours in the sea:
His charge they wrought, in all the haste they can,

And

and Wallace desired to talk more with this man,
Kindly he spiered, in what land art thou borne,
In France he said, and nine Elders before:
And there we had some part of heritage,
Though fierce fortune hath brought me in a rage.
Wallace yet spiered, how came thou in this life,
Forsooth he said, but through a sudden strife,
So happed I into the Kings presence,
Over recklessly to do a great offence:
A worthie man of good kin and renowne,
That through my deed was put to confusion.
Dead of one stroake, what needs words more,
All mends it nought, though I repent it sore.
Through friend of Court I scaped off that place
And never since could get the Kings grace,
Fell of our kin they gart for my sake die,
From time I saw it might no better be.
But leave the land that me behoved on need,
Upon a day to Burdeous I yeed,
An English ship so got me on a night,
For sea labour full earnestly us dight.
To me assembled mariners other more,
Within short place me multiplied so:
Were few that might against our power gang.
In tyranny thus have we reigned lang.
These fifteen yeares I have been on the sea,
And borne great harme, therefore full woe is me:
I saved none for gold nor great ransome,
But slew and drowned in the sea all down.
Favour I did to some of strange land,
But Frenchmen no favour of me fand:
They got no grace. As far as I might reigne,
As on the sea I ekeped was a King.
Now see I well that my Fortune is went,
Vanquisht with one, that gart me lose repent,
Who would have said this samine day at morne,

I should with one thus lightly borne be borne,
In great hatthing my men would it habe tane,
My selfe peght als to habe matched any twine,
But I habe found the very plaine contrare,
Here I give over robberie for ebermaire,
In such mis-rule I shall never armes beare:
But if it be in honest use of war.
Now I habe told part of my blisse and paine,
For Gods sake now some kindnesse shew againe.
Mine heart will break but I wot what ye be,
Outragiously that hath rebuted me:
For well I traiwd that liging had bern nane,
By strength of force might me as prisoner tane;
Except Wallace that hath redeemed Scotland,
The best is called this day living of hand,
Into his wars were worthy for to wake,
Into this world I trow he hath no make.
Wallace smiled and said, Friend it may be,
Scotland had need of many such as thee.
What is thy name, tell me to habe thou seill,
Forsuth he said, Thomas of Longovcill:
Well brook thou it, thus endeth all our strife,
Shape to please God in mending of thy life.
Thy faithfull friend my selfe thinkes for to be,
And als my name I shall some tell to thee:
For chance of war thou should no mourning make,
As weird will work thy fortune must thou take.
I am that man that thou advanced his,
And but short time since I came to the sea,
Of Scotland borne, my right name is Wallace.
On knee he fell, and thanked God of grace.
I dare avow that yielden is mine hand,
To the best man this day that is living.
Forsuth he said, this greatest me mischill more,
Then of Stirlings ye gabe me first ye losse.
Then Wallace said, thou art now here throgh chance,

thy purpose is to passe now into France:
Unto the King since I am bowne to passe,
To my reward thy peace I thinke to aske.
Peace I would have faine of my native King,
And no longer then in this realme to reigne.
Then thou take leave to come from it againe,
Into thy service I thinke for to remaine.
Service he said, Thomas, it may not be,
But good friendship as I shall keep to thee,
Carr drew the wine, and each one merry made,
The ships by then were in the Rochell Rade.

The red Blasons, as they had borne in war,
The towne was come into a suddaine feare:
The Red-river they said was at their hand,
Cantrare whole strength might none against him
Some ships fled, and some the land hath tane, (stand
Clarions blew, and Trumpets many ane:
When Wallace saw the people was on shore,
He gave command no ships should nearer pier,
But his owne barge in their haven gart he draw,
The folk was glad when they the banner saw:
Full well they knew in Gold the Red Lyon,
Let up the port, received them in the towne,
They sobered him for all they had there wrought,
The Red Navie unto the haven sought.
On land then went, where that them liked to passe,
Right few will there what Scottisman Wallace was
But well they thought he was a goodly man,
And honoured him with all the craft they can.
Those foure dayes Wallace remained there,
These men he called when he was bowne to fare.
Be them commanded upon that coast to bide,
While he them sred, for chance that might betide:
Bear you sheenly, what good that ever ye spend,
Live on your owne while I you tidings send.

Gag

Oar sell your ships, and make you men of peace,
It were good time of wickednesse to cease.
Your Captain shall passe to the King with me,
Through help of God I shall his warrand be,
Be gart graith him in suite with his own men,
Was no man there that might well Thomas ken,
Likely he was, manly of governance:
Like to the Scots, by manly countenance:
Save of his tongue that Scots had he none,
In Latine well, it might have sufficed one.
Thus past the p one, in all the hall they may.
To Paris towne they went upon a day,
Tydings was brought of Wallace to the King,
So great desire he had of no kin thing:
As in that time while he had seen Wallace,
To meat himselfe he waited upon ease.
In a garden where he gart them be brought,
To his presence, with manlike feire they sought.
Two and fifty at once all kneeling down,
And salust him as Roy of most renowne.
With reioled speech in so goodly advise,
All France could no more nurture them devise.
The Queen had lieve, and came in her esteare,
For methell she heard of Wallace deed in weare.
What needs more of courtesie to tell?
They keeped well that to the Scots befell.
Of Kings fare I have make no rehearse,
My feeble minde, my troubled spritte transherse,
Of the rich service what needs words mare?
Night none be found, but it was present there:
Soon after meat the King to parlour went,
With goodly Lords there Wallace was present:
Then communed they of many sundry thing,
To speak with him great desire has the King.
At him he spiered of warres the governance:
He answered him, with manly countenance,

Le

To every point, so far as he had seill,
In Latine tongue right naturally and well.
The King conceived soon by his hie courage,
What war men used by riet in their passage,
Into what minde the Red-Reaver then was,
Marveill he had how he let Wallace passe.
To him he said, Ye are something to blame,
Ye might have sent with your Herauld from hame:
After power to bring you through the sea,
God thank you sir, thereat enough had we:
Few men may passe where they finde no perill,
Right wheen may keep where none is to assaile:
Wallace he said, therefore marveill have I,
A tyrant reignes in ye full cruelly.
Upon the sea that great sorrow hath wrought
Right we him get, it should not be for nought:
Some of this land, a native man to me,
Therefore on us the greatest harme doth he,
Then Thomas quoak, and changed countenance,
He heard the King his ill deeds disadvance.
Wallace beheld, and sensiet in a part.
Forsooth he said, we found none in that Airt,
That proferd us any such unkindnesse.
By your leiver sir, I speak in homlinesse,
Trow ye by sight ye could the Squyer knaw,
Full long it is, since time that I him saw.
But these words of him are but in vain,
Ere he come here right good men will be slain.
Then Wallace said, here have I brought with me,
Of likely men that dwelt in our Countrie
Which of all these would ye call him most like?
Among them blent this royall Roy most rike.
Tested them well, both stature and courage,
Banner, mackbone, their fashion, and visage:
Sadly he said, advised soberly,
That largest man, which stands next you by:

Wilgulb

Would I call him, by machdome to defile,
Thefe are nothing but wordes of office.
Before the king on knees fell good VVallace,
Dropall Roy, of hie honour and grace:
With mast wordes I will you not trouble.
Now I will speak some thing for mine availe:
Our barron land hath been oberset with war,
By Saxons fird that doth us meikell deare.
Slaine our elders, destroyed our righteous blood,
Wasted our land of gold and other good:
And ye are her with might and royalty,
Eye ye should have to our adversity.
And us support for kindnesse of the band,
Which is confirmed betwixt you and Scotland.
Als I am here for your charge and pleasance,
My life-lait is but honest chevisance:
Flowre of realmes, forsooth is this region,
To my reward I would have great guerdon.
Wallace he said, ask what so ye would have,
Good gold or land shall not be long to crave.
VVallace answered, so ye grant it to me,
What I would have it shall sone chosen be.
What ever ye ask that is in this region,
Ye shall it have, except my Wife and Crown.
He thanked him of his great kindlinesse,
All my reward shall be asked of grace.
Peace to this man, I brought with me throgh chance,
Here I quite claime all other gifts in France.
This same is he, if that ye know him well,
That ye of spake Thomas of Longoveill.
By rigour ye desired he should be slaine,
I him restore unto your peace again:
Received him faire as liedge man your land,
The king marbelled, and could in studie stand.
Perfectly he knew that it was Longoveill,
Ye him forgave his trespalls every deale,

But

Not for his sake that had him hither brought,
For gold nor good, nor else he did nought,
Wallace he said, I had lever of good land,
Ten thousand pound hath sealed in thine hand:
That I have said, shall holden be in plaine,
Here I receive Thomas to peace again:
Dearer to me then ever he was before,
All for your sake though it were meikell more.
But I would wit how this matter befell,
Wallace answered, the truth I shall you tell.
Then he rehearsed what happed on that day
As ye before mine Author hath heard say.
When the good King hath heard the sooth
Upon the sea before sight of Wallace:
The King him held right worthy to avance,
He saw in him manhood and governance.
So did the Queen and all the other Lords,
Each wight of him great honour then records.
He purchast peace for all the power haile,
Fanchon handseth was left at the Rochell.
Out cry them free true servants to the King,
And never again for fault into such thing.
When Thomas was restored to his right,
Of his own hand the King had made him knight:
After he gave state to his nearest aire,
And made himself with Wallace for to fare.
Thus he hath brought these men from reif through rad
By sudaine chance of him and wight Wallace:
Thus leave we them in worship and pleasance,
At liking still with the good King of France.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* past in *Guyan*

These twenty dayes he lodged into reif,
So to remaine he thought it not the beif,
Still into peace he could not long endure,
For why contrareous it was to his nature,

Right

Right well he wist Englishmen occupied,
Guyan that time therefore hath he espied.
Some ieopardie upon them for to make,
A goodly leave he at the King can take.
Of Frenchmen he none would with him call,
At that first time, for Aventure might fall:
But sir Thomas that service could persue,
He wist not well if all the leave was true,
Of Scottishmen then sembled hastily,
Nine hundreth son of worthy Chevalry.
In Guyan land full hastily can ride,
Raised fell fire, and wasted winnings wide.
Fortes they brak, and stalwart biggings wan,
Deerly to death brought many a Sutheron man.
A warlithe town so land they in that land,
Which Scherment hecht that Englishmen had in hand
Toward that stead full fadly Wallace sought,
By any way assaile it if he mought.
Bargaine to have if he might get them out,
Great strength of wood there was that toivne about,
The town stood als upon a water side,
Into a parke that was both long and wide:
They busked them wel while passed was the night,
When the sun rose foure hundreth men he dight.
The leave he gart Crawfurd in bushment take:
If they mistered a rescew for to make.
Then Longoveill that ape was full savage,
With Wallace past as one to that skirmage.
These foure hundreth that was full well arrayed,
Before the town in plain battell displayed.
It was not well then known in that countrey,
The Lyon in gold that awfull was to se,
A fierey cast, and ceased meikell good,
Vetar men within that wisely understood,
Dome ished out the pray for to rescew,

The

The worthie Scots feill Englishmen they slew,
The lave for dread fled to the town again,
The forrey took the pray and passed in plaine.
Toward the park, but power of the town,
Shed out again in awfull battell bowne
A thousand whole of men in armes strong,
Few bode within that might to armes gang.
Then Wallace gart the forrayers leave the pray,
Assembled soon into a good array.
A cruell counter was at that meeting seen,
Of the wight war men into their armour shene.
Feill left there life upon the Sutheron side,
But not for thy full boldly they abide.
Of the Scots part then worthy men they slew,
William Crawford that well the perrill knew,
Out of the park he gart the bulwment passe,
Into the field where feill man fighting was.
At their entry they gart full many die,
The Englishmen was wonder loath to flie.
Full worthily they wrought into that place,
Bode never so few so long against Wallace:
With such power that day as he was there,
On either side affayled wonder sare.
Into the stour so sellonly he wrought,
That worthy men derfly to death was brought:
With points pearled through platts burnist bright,
Wallace, himself and sir Thomas the Knight:
Whom so they hit made never more debate,
The Sutheron part was handled there so hate:
Into that place they might no longer bide,
Out of that field with sore hearts they ride:
Unto the town they fled full hastily,
Wallace followed and his good Chevalry:
Fighting so fast into the thickest throng,
Whyle in the town they entred them among,
With him Crawford and Longoveill the knight,

And

And Richard als. VVallace his owen right,
Fifteen they were of Scots company,
Thus hamed they among that great party.
A cruell Porter got upon the wall,
Pulled out the pin, let the port cullyies fall.
The Englishmen saw entred was no moe,
Upon the Scots full hardily they goe,
But to a wall they have their bakkis set,
Dad stroakes and sore bobbit about them bet.
Richard VVallace the Lungreece well hath sen,
He followed fast upon the porter kien;
Upon the wall dead in an oyle him drave,
Got up the port, and let in all the lave.
When Wallace men had thus the entry wun,
Full great slaughter again they have begun,
They saved non upon the Sutheron syde,
That weapons bare and harnesse in that tyde,
Women and bairnes, the quo they took them!
Then gave them leave in the rotoun land to gon
The Priests als that was not in the field,
Of aged men that might not weapons wield.
They slew none suely, for Wallace charge it wan
But made them free et larges for to pase,
Riches of gold they got in great plentie.
Parneile and horse that might them well supply.
With French folk plentifit the towne again,
On the tenth day the field they took in plaine,
The river rotoun into the land they sought.
On Sutheron men full great maistrie they wrought.
Then when true men to the King told this tale,
Of French men he fembled a battell;
Twenty thousand of true liedges of France,
His brothe r them led was Duke of Orleance;
Through Guyan land in raped battell rode,
To follow Wallace who made but little boode.
For French supply to help them in their right,

Now

reat Burdeous ere they ouertake him might,
nd Wallace was there, and chosen hath a plaine,
s some men told that Burdeous with great maine,
ithin short time thought battell for to giue,
at from they will that French folk would relieue,
ith great power for helping of Wallace,
Other purpole they tok into short space,
In Picardie some message could they send,
Of Wallace comming they haue told to an end;
Of Glocester Captaine of Calice was,
The hardie Earle he made him for to passe
In England soon, and then to London went,
Of Wallace dæds he told in Parliament:
Some plainly said, that Wallace brake the peare,
Wise men said, nay, and prayed them for to ceasse;
Lord Beaument said, he tok but for Scotland,
And not for France that shall ye vnderstand.
If your endentures speak of any maire,
He hath done wrong the same ye may declare.
Woodstock answered, said ye haue spoken well,
But contrare right that tale is every deal.
If pon be he that hand for him and his,
Say no man say, but he hath done a misse.
For principally he hand with us the treu,
And now again begins he malice new,
Sir king he said, if euer ye think to make,
In Scotland war on hand now shall you take;
While he is out or else it helps nought.
Is Woodstock said, the whole counsel hath wrought
Power they raised in Scotland for to ryde,
By land and sea they would no longer byde.
Their land hoast they rayed soon indeed,
Their vanguard tok the hardy Earle to leed,
Of Glocester that of war had great scill;
Of Longcastle the Earle governed well
The myddle ward, and to the sea they send,

Sir John Pfewart that well the North land kend.
The knight Wallace before the hoast in rade,
And sueh a way with evil Scotesmen made,
Many castles he gart soon yalden be,
To Englishmen withoutten moze mellie.
Ere the best wist that it was war in plaine.
Entred he was into Bothwell againe.
Sir John Pfewart that came in by the sea,
Saint-Johnstoun soone got through a seopardie,
Dundie they took and put Scots men to dead,
In Fyfe from them was not keeped a stead.
And all the South from Cheviot to the sea,
Into the west there might no succour be.
The worthie lord that should have governed this,
God hath him tane to everlasting blesse.
True men him take and conld to Arrane passe,
His son Walter that but a childe yet was.
Adam Wallace that wist of no supplie,
To Rauchlie went, and Lindesay of Craigie.
Owd Robert Boyd in Bute made residence,
For hastie deceit, they took them to defence.
Sir John the Grahame in Dundaffe might not byde
Succour he sought to the Forrest of Clyde,
The knight Pfewart a Sherife made in Fyfe,
Sir Aymers brother and gave for terme of life.
These lands all that Wallance had before,
Richard Lundie had great dread through their thre,
He liked not for to come to their peace,
Therefore in Fyfe they would not let him ce as.
To passe over Tay as then it might not be,
For Englishmen sore ruled that countrie,
Out of the land he stole away by night,
Eightéen with him that worthie were and wight.
And als his Son that was of tender eild,
But after soon he could well weapons weild.
At Scriviling bridge ere that the watch was set,

There

There passed he the way withoutten let.
To Dundaffe-muire sir John the Grahame he sought,
A woman him told as then before was wrought.
Into a strength he went upon the morne,
Lincrk was taine with young Thomas of Thorne:
Ayr and Lundie they might no longer remaine,
The South Tinto to lodge they may in plaine.
Sir John the Grahame got wit that they were there
To them he past withoutten procelle mare.
Wallance gart bring from Caryle carriage,
To stuffe Bothwell, both wine and good vesnage.
Lundie and Grahame, got wit of that vittaile,
Right suddenly they made them to assaile:
Fifty they were of noble Chevalrie,
Against foure score of English companie.
The Squyer then keped the Carriage,
In Brankistnahair whole then was his heritage.
Lundie and Grahame met with the Squyer knight,
Fell Englishmen deirly to death he dight:
Fourtie were slain upon the Sutheron side,
And five Scots so boldly they abide.
Great good they wan, both gold and other gear,
Mirmall and horse thus happened in this wear.
Since they have seen well long they might not lest,
Into the land, therefore they thought it best,
To seek some place in strength that they might bide,
The Sutheron folke had plenight on each side:
Lundies lodge they left upon a night,
Into the Lennox they past the way full right.
To Earl Malcome, that keped that Countrey,
From Englishmen through help of their supply:
Aycon and Lyle into the Basse abade,
Fra Englishmen so great maistry had made,
That all the South they had into their hand,
And Hew the Hay they sent into England,
With other heirs, to prison at their will.

The Northland Lords saw none help come them till
A Squyer Guthrie among them obtained they,
To warne Wallace in all the haste he may:
Out of Aberbrothock he sailed to the sea,
And at the Sluce landed full soon hath he.
In Flanders land no residence he made,
In France he past, but Wallace well abade.
On his purpose at Guyan at the weare,
On Englishmen he had done meikell deare.
While good Guthrie had gotten his presence,
He halsed him fast and made no residence.
He hath told him with Scotland how it stood,
Then Wallace said, those tydings are not good.
I had example of times that is by worne,
Trews to bind with them that are manswarne,
But I as then could not think of such thing,
Because that we took peace with their false King.
By their Chanceler the other peace was bounden,
And that full sore our fore Elders hath founden.
Under that trew they gart eighteen score die,
That nobls were the best in our Countrey.
To the great God my vow now here I make,
Peace with that King I think never to take.
He shall repent that he this war began,
Thus moved he with many noble man:
Unto the King, and told him his intent,
To let him passe the King would not consent.
While Wallace there made promise by his hand,
If ever again he thought to leave Scotland.
To come to him, his great seale to him gave,
Of what Lordship that he liked to have.
Thus at the King an halfy leave took he,
No man with him he brought from that Countrey.
But his own men, and sir Thomas the knight,
In Flanders land they past with all their might.
Guthries barge at the Sluce could lye still,

To sea they went, with a full eger will,
Both Forth and Tay they left and passed by,
To the North coast good Guthrie was their guy,
In Mont rosse haven they brought him to the land,
To true Scots it was a blyth tydand,
Sir John Ramsay, that worthy was and wight,
From Ouchter house the way he chosed right,
To meet Wallace with men of armes strong
For his comming they had thought wonder long.
The true Ruthven came als withoutten bade,
In Birnane wood he had his lodging made,
Luckly, Bisset, to Wallace sembled fast,
With three hundreth to Ouchter House he past:
The end of the ninth Book.

THE TENTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* wan Saint *Johnstoun*.

THe latter day of August fell this tale,
For the reicue thus ordained good Wallace,
Of S. Johnstoun, the Southeron ocrupted,
Fast toward Tay they passed and espyed,
Ere it was day under Kinnowle them laid,
Out of the town, as Scottishmen to him said,
Their servants rhed, with Tarts, Hay to lead,
So was it soth, and happed in that stead,
Then sir there came, and brought but Tarts there,
When they of Hay were heading busily,
Guthrie, with ten in hands then hath them take,
But all to death of them he saved none,
Wallace in haste gart take their armour weed,
And such like men they wailed with good heed.

Foure were right good, Wallace himselfe tooke one,
A russet cloak, and with him good Ruthven,
Gutherie, Bisset, and als good yeomen two,
In that each suite he graithed them to go.
Fifteen they took of men of armes wight,
In each Cart five they ordained out of sight.
Full subtilly they covered them with hay,
Then to the towne they went the gainest way.
These Carters had sheit swords of fine steele,
Under their weed, then drove the Carts forth weil.
Sir John Ramsay bode in the busshment still;
When mister were to help them with good will.
These true Carters past out withoutten let,
Out ower the bridge and entred at the gate.
When they were in, their cloks they cast them fra
Good Wallace then the chiefe porter could sa,
Upon the head, while dead he hath him left,
Then other two the life from them he reft.
Gutherie and Bisset did right well in the towne,
And Ruthven als dang of their fey men downe,
The armed men that in the Carts were brought,
Rose up, and weil their devour durely wrought,
Upon the gate they gart feill Sutheron die,
Then Ramsayes syne hath sæn them get entrie.
The busshment broke both bridge and port hath tane,
Into the towne great strife there was begun.
Twenty and one ere Ramsay came in plaine,
Within the towne had fourty Sutheron slaine.
The Englishmen to arrap them were not gone,
The Scots as then leasure let them have none:
From good Ramsay with his men entred in,
They slaied none were knowne of Sutheron kin.
And Longoveill the worthy knight Sir Thomas,
Proved weil there, and many other place.
Against his dint few Englishmen might stand,
Wallace in him great faith and kindnesse fand.

The Sutheron part saw well the towne was tint,
Fiercely they fled, as fire doth from flint.
Some fled, some fell into drawn dykes full deep,
Some to the Kirk, their lives if they might keep,
Some fled to Tay, and in small vessels pred,
Some deyfly died and drowned in that stead:
Sir John Stewart at the wast gate out past,
To Methven wood he sped him wonder fast:
Six hundreth men the Kirk took for succour.
But Wallace would no grace grant them that hour;
He bade slay all of cruell Sutheron kin,
Them for to slay he thought it was no sin,
Foure hundreth men without the towne were dead,
Seven score on life scaped out of that stead.
Wittes and hairnes they made them for to go,
With Wallace will he would slay none of tho:
Riches they found that Englishmen brought nein,
Plenish the towne with worthy Scots and true:
Sir John Stewart left Methven Fayest strong,
Went to the Gask full still Sutheron among.
And then in Fyfe, where Wallange Shyreff was,
Bade fourriours some out through the land to passe,
And gathered men a stalwart compayne,
To Achterardor he drew them priuilie,
Obtained them in ready bargan bowne,
Again he thought to assaile Saint-Johnstoun.
Where Wallace lay, and would no longer rest,
Ruled the towne as then him liked best,
Sir John Ramsay great Captaine obtained he,
Ruthven Shyreff at one accord to be:
This charge he gave, if ment them warning made,
To come to him without en more abade:
And so they did when tydings was them brought,
With an hundreth Wallace forth from them fought.

CHAP. II.

The Battell of *Black-Irneside* Forrest.

In Fyfe he past to dwell that Country,
But wrong warned of Englishmen was he:
Sir John Stewart when they were passed by,
From the Ochell he sped him hastily:
Upon Wallace followed with all his might,
In Abernethie took lodging the first night,
Upon the morne with fifteen hundreth men,
To Black-Irne side, as his guides could him ken.
There Wallace was, and might no message send,
To Saint Johnstoun, to make his journey kend:
For Englishmen that full subtill hath been,
Great watches warnd that none should passe betwen.
Then Wallace said, this matter likes not me,
He called to him the Squyer good Guthrie.
And Bisset als that knew full well the land,
And asked at them what deed was best on hande
Message to make, our power for to get,
With-held Sotheron we will be unbeset.
And wicked Scots that knowes the Forrest best.
They are the cause that we may get no rest.
I dread far most Wallange that is the guide,
Than all the rest that comes upon that side.
Then Guthrie said, might we get once over Tay,
To Saint Johnstoun it were the gainest way,
To warn Ramsay we would get succour soon.
Over both it is, that cannot well be done,
Right well I wot, Wessel is leaded name,
From the Wood-haven to the ferry called Arran,
Then Wallace said, the water alwayis is,
My self can swim, I trow, and alle no ming
Bot carter vie accordeth not for me,
And leave you here, yet I had rather die.
Through Gods grace we shall better eschew,

The

The strength is strong, and we were men mete,
In Elchock park but fourty men were we,
For seven hundreth and gart Sutheron die,
Escaped well in many unlikely place,
So shall we here through the help of Gods grace,
While we may last, we may this wood hold still.
Therefore each man be trew of hardy will,
And that we do so nobly into deed,
Of us be found after no lack to reed.
The right is ours, we should more ardent be,
I think to free this land, or else to die.
His wailed speech, with wit and hardiment,
Made all the rest so cruell of intent,
Some bade, take field, and give battell in plaine,
Wallace said no, these words are all in vain.
We will not leave that may be our pantage,
This wood to us is worth a whole yeares wage,
Of hewen timber in hast he gart them take,
Dyles of Oake and a great Barreris make.
At a fore-front into the Forrest toe.
Made a great strength where they purpolde to bide,
Stelled them fast to trees that growing was,
That they might well in from the Barreris passe,
And see their avesle on either side about,
Then came againe, when they saw there was doubt,
By that this strength arrayed was at right,
The English host approached to their sight,
Then Plewart came, that way for to have wend,
That they were wont, his guids so hon kend.
At their entry they thought to have passage,
But soon they found that made them great stoppage.
A thousand he led of men of armour strang,
With five hundreth he gart John Wallange gang,
Without the wood, that none should scape them fra.
Wallace with him had fourty Archers tho.
The rest were speares, full noble in a rore.

On their enemies they bickert with gud hyed,
A cruell counter was at the Barreris seen,
The Scots defence is sicker was and keen,
Sutheron stud aw to enter them among,
Feill to the ground they overthrew in that throng,
A rowm was left, where part in front might fare,
Who entred in, again yéd ne'er mare,
Fourty they slew, that gonward would have past,
All dilarrayed, the beast was all agast,
One part of horse through shot to death was brought
Brake to a plaine the Sutheron to them sought.
Then Stewart said, alace, how may this be?
And do no harme, over great rebute have we
He called Wallange, and asked his counsell.
Shyrest thou art, what may us best availe,
But few they are that makes this great debate,
John Wallange said, this is the best I wate,
To cease thereof, and remaine here beside,
For they may not long in the Forrest bide.
For fault of food they must in the Country,
Then meet more time to make on them melly:
Ere they be won on force into this strife,
Feill that ye lead shall erer lose there life.
Then Stewart said, this rede I will not take,
And Scots be warned, rescue soon will they make:
Of this despite amends I think to have.
Or die therefore in number with the lave,
Into a range my selfe on fut will fare,
Eight hundreth he took, the likliest that was there:
Then bade the rest at the Barrers bide still,
With John Wallange, to rule them at his will,
Wallange he said, be forward in this case,
As such a friare we could not get Wallace.
Take or slay him, I promise by my life,
That King Edward shall make thee Earl of Fyfe.
At yon East part we think to enter in,

I bade no moze might ye this Warrers win,
From they be closed gratthly among us in,
But marbeill be they shall no further gue.
Allaylie soze when ye wot we come neere,
On either side we shall hold them on stiere.
Thus Pstewart charged upon an aithfull wise,
Wallace hath seen what hath been their bewile,
Good men he said, ye understand this deed,
Forsoth he said, they are meikell to dread,
Sen Pstewart is a wozthie noble knight,
Forward in warres, right hardy, wise, and wight;
His allaylie he ozdaines wonder soze,
As foz to harme mans wit can do no moze,
Pleasant it is a wise Chiftane to gae,
To Chiftaine like, it should great comfort mae,
To his own men, and they of wozthip be
Then foz to see ten thouland Couarts flie,
Since we are set with enemies on each side,
And here on foote must in this forrest bide.
That all the rest of us abaied be,
Allay the first, foz Gods sake cruellie.
Crawfurd he left, and Longovcill the knight,
Fourty with them, to keep the Warrers wight.
With him, sixtie all wozthy men in weed,
To meet Pstewart with hardy will they yeed:
A manner of dyke into the wood was made,
Of thoztour trees, boldly he there abade,
A down withwall the Sutheron to them had,
Sen sembled they with stroakes soze and sad,
Sharp speares then dashed on either side:
Through birnisht bright made wounds deep and wide,
The vantage was the Scots them danted so,
That no English durst from his fellow go,
To break array oz foremost enter in,
Of Chistten blood to see it was great sin.
Foz wzongous cause and hath been many a day,

Fell

Feill Englishmen in the dyke dead they lay:
Speares full soon all into splenders syrong,
With sharpe swords they hewed on in the throng,
Blod burned out through fine harnette of maile,
John VVallange als full sharply can assaile,
Upon Crawfurd and the knight Longoveill,
With their power keeped the Barres well:
Made good defence, by wit, manhod, and might,
At the entry feill men to death they dight.
Thus all at once they sailed either place,
None that was there durst turne to the Barres:
To help Wallace no man of his durst passe,
To rescue them, so fell the fighting was,
At either hand they handled were so pote,
But doe or die, no succour else they wote.
Wallace was sad into that stalwart stoure,
Guthrie, Busset, with men of great valour,
Richard Wallace, that worthie was of hand
Stewart marveiled that contraire them might stand,
That ever so few might bide in battell place.
Against them, and matched face for face,
He thought himselfe to end that matter well,
Fast preassed in with a good sword of steell,
Into the dyke a Scottishman he gart die,
VVallace therefore in heart had great pity,
Amends to have he followed on him fast.
Mat Englishmen so thick betwirt them past,
That upon him a stroak get could he nought,
Other worthy derfly to death he brought,
Slops he made through all the Chevalry,
The parvie Scots that wrought so worthily,
When Sutheron saw these good men were so dreff,
Longer to bide they thought it not the beff.
Fourescore were slain ere they wold leave that stead,
And fifty als was in the Barreris dead.
A trumpet blew, and from the wood ran main.

Wallange

VVallange left off, that fight when that he saw.
To saylie moze they thought it was no speed,
Without the wod to Counsell fast they yeed.
The wozthie Scots to rest them was right fain,
Feill hurts they had, but few of them was slain,
Wallace had all of god comfort to be,
Thanked be God the fairer part have we.
Yon Knight Pstewart hath at great journeyes been,
Before allay I have but seldome seen.
I had lever on VVallange wroken be
Than any man that is in yon menie,
The Scots all into the Waltreris yeed,
Stanched wounds that could full haithly bleed,
Some Scots men had bleed full meikell blood,
For fault of drinke, and als wanting of food,
Some sembled fast, that had feill hurts there.
Wallace therefore sighed with heart full sare,
An hat he hint, to get water is gone,
Other refuge as then he wist of none.
A little strand as then he found him by,
Of clear water he brought them boundantly.
And drank himself then said with sober mude,
The wine in France me thought not half so good.
Then of the day three quarters was over went,
Sir John Pstewart hath casten in his intent,
To saylie moze as then he could not prieve,
While on the mozne that new men could relieve.
And keep them in while they for hunger soze,
Come in his will or else to die therefore,
VVallange he said, I charge thee for to bide,
And keep them in while I to Cowper ride:
Remain thou with five hundreth at thy will,
And I the mozn with power shall come thee till.
John Wallange said, this charge I here forsake:
After this day all night I may not wake,
But trust ye well they will ith to the plaine.

Thongh

Though ye bide als or else die in the pain,
Pfewart bade byde or underly the blame,
I thee command in god King Edwards name;
Or here to God a vow I make before,
And they brak out to hang thee on the more.
Of this command John Wallange had great dread,
Pfewart from them with nine score into deed:
Next hand the wood and his good men of Fyfe,
The Scots were blyth when they heard such strife,
VVallace drew neare his time when that he saw.
To the wood side and could on Wallange caw.
The knight hath height the more to hang thee hie,
Come into us I shall thy warrand be.
In contrare him and all King Edwards might,
Take we him quick we shall him hang on hight.
A good Lordship I shall thee give here eft.
In this each land that thy brother hath left:
Wallange was wise full soon could understand,
By likelinesse Wallace should win the land:
And better him were upon the right to byde,
Than be in war upon the other side,
With short advisement to VVallace soon they sought.
Then Pfewart cryed, and said, that bees for nought.
And als of kind thou art of heritage,
Coward on thee is evil waged great wage:
Here I shall bide my purpose to fulfill,
Either to die, or have thee at my will.
For all his speach to passe they would not spare,
With full glad heart Wallace received him there.
By that Ruthven and Ramsay of renown,
By a true Scot that past to Saint Johnstoun.
Them warning made that Pfewart followed fast,
Upon VVallace, then were they sore agast.
Out of the town ished in all their might.
With three hundreth that worthie were and wight,
To Black-Irne-side allembled in that place,

As

Is Wallange was gone in to good VVallace:
The knight Pfewart hath well their comming ſen,
A faire plain field he choſed them betwéen,
Eleven hundreth and fourteſcore then had he,
The Scottiſhmen were five hundreth and ſixty:
Theſe were but few a plain field for to take,
But of the wood good Wallace can him make,
He wiſt no wit of them that comming was,
Nore hardiment was from the ſtrength to paſſe,
But when he heard Ruthven and Ramſay cry,
Of Ochter-houſe blyth was his Chevalry:
Right they of gold have bought a kings rent,
The good VVallace might not ſo well content,
Then to array they yéed on either ſide,
In cruell yre in battell bolon to byde:
Worthier men then Pfewart ſembled there:
In all his time Edward had never mare:
But Pfewart ſaw his number was far mar,
His power ſoon he gart pebide in two:
To fight in that cauſe knightly he them kend,
In that journey either to win or end.
The worthy Scots that firſt among them bade,
Full great ſlaughter on Engliſhmen they made:
Into the wood before had proved ſo well,
That on the plaine they lonzeit not a deal,
In courage grew as they were new begun,
Short reſt they had from riſing of the ſun.
By that Ramſay and good worthy Ruthven,
Throughout the thickeſt of the preaſe is gane,
Slops they made among the Engliſhmen,
Diſſevered them by twenty and by ten.
When ſpears were gon, with ſwords of mettel clear,
To Engliſhmen their comming ſold full dear,
VVallace and his by worthineſſe of hand,
Feill Suthieron blood gart light upon the land.
The two fields together reiled then,

Sir

Sir John Pſewart with many noble men,
To help there Lord thae bundreth in a place,
About him ſtod, and did their buſineſſe,
Defending him with many awfull dint,
While all the outward of the field was tint,
Of commons, part into the Forreſt fled,
Succour to ſeek there men ſo had them led,
Then Scots hath ſeen ſo many in a rout,
With Pſewart, ſtand that garded him about,
Upon the ſides aſſailed wonder ſaire,
The poleiſt plaits with points pearſed baire,
The Sutheron made defence full cruelly,
All occupied in is this noble Chevalry.
Sir John Ramſay would they had yelden bein;
Wallace ſaid, nay, it is a wrong ye meen,
Ranſome to take, we cannat now begin,
On ſuch a wiſe this land we may not win,
Yon knight of old our enemie hath been;
Do tell to us of them I have not ſeen.
Now he ſhall die through help of Gods grace,
He came to pay his ranſome in this place.
The Sutheron ſaw and wiſt plainly to die.
Reſkein was none, ſuppoſe that they would flie.
Freſhly they fought as they had entred new,
Upon our ſide part worthy men they ſlew.
Then Pſewart ſaid, alace in wrong doing,
Our lives we loſe for pleaſure of our King.
That fellon knight doubted his life right nought
Among the Scots full hardily he wrought.
Biſſet he ſtrake to death withoutten mare,
Wallace preaſſed with his ſword birniſht bare,
Pt Stewarts hals he etled with great yre,
Through pelane ſtiffe in ſunder ſtrake the ſwyre,
Dead to the ground he rushed for all his might,
By Wallace hand thus ended that good knight.
The remanent withoutten mercy they ſlay.

For

In gwd Biſſet the Scots was wonder wae,
Thandis ſonne they ſtricked but remead.
To Sutheron paſt with life out of that ſtead,
Then to the wood for them that left the field.
Arange they ſet, thus might they have no bield,
And none away was contrare our opinion,
Syd Ruthven paſt again to Saint Johnſton,
Sir John Ramſay to Cowper Caſtle raid.
That houſe he took for defence none was made,
Wallace, Crawfurd, and with them gwd Guthrie,
Richard Wallace had long been in meſſe.
And Longoveill into Lundores bode ſtill,
Faſted they had too long againſt their will,
Vallange they made their ſtewart for to be,
Of meat and drink they found abundantly,
The power fled and durſt no longer bide,
That was before upon the Sutheron ſide.
Upon the morne to Saint Andrews they paſt,
Out of the town that Biſhop bowned faſt,
The King of England had him thither ſend,
That rent at will he gave him in commend,
His kings charge as then he durſt not hald,
Unwongous Pope that Tyrant might be caſd,
Few fled with him and got away by ſea,
For all Scotland Wallace he would not ſe,
Of him as then he made but lighte record,
Bart reſtore him that was their righteous Lord:
The worthie knight that into Cowper lay,
Bart ſpoylzie them upon the ſecond day,
Then ordained men at command of Wallace,
Bitt more proceſſe for to caſt down the place,
Dynders they gart ſon pierce out through the wall,
Some pintions fired, unto the ground caſt all,
Sir John Ramſay then to Carraill can fare,
Sutheron were fled, and left but walls bare;
After Pſewart they durſt not tarry long,

The Scots at large out through all Fyfe rong,
No Englishmen were left in that Countrie,
But in Lochlevin there bode one rompany:
Upon that iseh in small houses they light,
Castle was none, but walled with water wight,
Beside Carraill sembled Wallace before ne,
His purpose was for to assay Kinghorne,
A knight Musgrave then Captain in it was,
By thost advise he purposde for to passe,
Rather he would byde challange of the King,
Than with VVallace to reckon for such thing,
That poule he tok, and little tarry made,
Upon the morne withoutten more abade:
Out over the mure where they the trist had set,
Near Scotland-well their lodging tok but let.
After supper Wallace bade them goe rest.
My selfe will wake, me think it may be best.

CHAP. III.

The winning of *Lochlevine*.

AS he commanded but graithing they have done
Unto their sleep Wallace then graithed him soon
Past to Lochlevine, as it was neare mid-night:
Eighteen with him, that he had warned right:
These men weined well he came to visie it,
Fellowes he said, I doe you well to wit:
Consider well this place, and understand,
That it may do full great skaith to Scotland:
Out of the South, and power come them till,
They may take in, to keep at their own will:
Upon yon sych right many men may be,
And ithe to out, their time when that they se,
To byde long here, we may not well for chance,
Yon folk hath food, trust well at sustinance:
Water from them forsooth cannot be set,
Some other wile behooved us to get,
Ye shall remain here at this part all still,

And

ad I my selfe shall bring the Boat you till:
Herewith his weed in haste off castedh he,
Upon yon side no watch-man can he see.
Bild up his shirte, and tok his sword so good,
Bound on his necke; then lap into the flood.
And ober he swam, for letting had he nought.
The Boat he tok, and to his men it brought;
Trapped them well, and would no longer byde,
But passed in, and rowd to the other side:
The Inch they tok with drawne swords in hand
They spared none, that they before them fand:
Strake dores up, and sticked men where they lay,
Then the Sutheron thus sadly sembled they,
Thirty they sleu, that were into that place,
To make defence the English had no grace.
Their women five were sent out of that stead,
Women nor Barnes he never put to dead.
The goods they took, as it had been their owne,
Then Wallace said, Fellowes I make you knowne
The purveyance that was within these wanes,
He will not tine, but semble us all at anes:
At swane Ramsay, and our good men each one,
Will remain till all the stuffe be gone,
And forth a man their horses for to keep,
Syne up the Boat, and then took beds to sleep:
Wallace power near Scotland well which lay,
Before the Sun they missed him away:
Some mourning made, and marbelled at that case,
Ramsay bade cease, and mourne not for Wallace,
It is for good that he is from us went.
That ye shall see, and trust for verament:
Some heard to wed, Lochlevin he past to see,
Except that place, no Englishman found he,
Into this land betwixt these waters left,
Tydings of him full soon ye shall hear oft:
As they about were talking on this wise,

The stage soon came, and charged them to rise,
My Lord, he said, to dinner hath you cald.
Into Lochlevin which is a likely halde,
Ye shall fare well, therefore put off all sorrow.
They graithed them right early on the morrow,
And thither past of VVallace well to wit,
Then sembled in a full blithe fellowship.
They lodged there till eight dayes were at end,
Of meat, and drink, they had enough to spend.
Cursed forth gear that Sutheron had brought there,
Gart burne the boat, to Saint Johnstoun they fare,
Bishop Sinkler, that worthie was and wise,
To VVallace came and told him his advise,
Thus he desired Wallace with him to ride,
And in Dunkeld sojourn that winter tide:
But he said, No, that hold I not the best,
And Scotland thus, in peace I cannot rest.
The Bishop said plainly, we may not wend,
Into the North for men I rede you send:
I grant, quoth he, and chosed a Messenger,
The worthie Jop was with the Bishop there.
And Master Blaire, while Wallace came they bade,
With that good Lord that noble rheate them made,
VVallace sent Blaire into his priests weed,
To warne the West where friends had great dreed
How they should passe, or to good Wallace win.
The Englishmen that held them long in twin:
Adam Wallace and Lindesay that was wight:
Rauchly they left, and went away by night,
Throughout the land, to the Lennox they fare,
To Earle Malcome, that welcomed them full yare:
Master John Blaire was blyth of that sembly,
Good Grahame was there, and Richard of Lundie.
Als Robert Boyd out of Bute to them sought.
Got they Wallace, of nothing then they rought.
But Englishmen bethirt them was so strang,

That

hat they in plain might not well to him gang.
passed on, for nothing could he let,
reat power then as there he might not get:
e Lord Cumine, that Earle of Buchan was,
old envie, he would let no man passe:
hat he might let, in gud Wallace supply,
e Earle Patrick at plain field keped he.
t por men came, and proved all their might,
help Wallace, in fence of Scotlands right;
e gud Randall in tender age was kend,
t of gud men out of Murray he send,
passt again, and came in presence sun.
me Wallace, and told how he had done:
t Paster Blaire so gud tydings him brought,
hat of Cumine Wallace full little rought;
Englishmen they had full meikell dread,
um Fyfe was tint, the wosse they thought to spend
e Duke and Earle that time in Scotland led,
ptains they made, in England then they sped:
allace him bowned, when he thoght time should be
um Saint Johnstoun and tuk with him fifty:
ven of Ireland, and Keirly that was wight,
um Englishmen they had holden the right,
watchmens wird, and sended them right well,
gud Wallace they were as true as steele:
follow him, those two thought ne'er lang,
hough the Ochell they made them for to gang:
un more power he tarried not that tide,
keep the land the rest he gart abide:
Striviling Bridge as then he would not passe,
strong power of Englishmen there was,

CHAP. IIII.

The winning of *Airth*.

Ye Airth Ferrie they passed privately,
And busked them in a derne stead thereby:

A cruell Captaine in Aire dwelt that yeare,
In England borne, that height Thomlin of weare:
An hundreth men were at his lodging still,
To bruike that land they did both power and will:
A Scottish fisher which they had tane before,
Contrare his will, gart him be to them swore:
In their service they held him day and night,
Before the Sun, Wallace gart Iop him dight.
And sent him forth, the passage to espy,
On the fisher they hapned suddenly:
All him alone, but one Boy that was there,
Iop hint him sent, and for no feare would spare.
By the Coller, and a knife out pulled he,
For Gods sake, this man asked mercy:
Iop spetred soon of what Nation art thou?
A Scot, he said, but Sutheron gart me vow.
In their service against my will full faire,
But for my life, that I remained there:
To seek fishing, I came in this North side,
Be ye a Scot; I would faine with you bide:
Then he him brought in presence of Wallace,
The Scots were blyth, when they have seen this case
For with his Boat they might well passed have,
For Ferrie craft he thought not for to crave:
Upon that side long space they tarried nought,
To the south land with full glad hearts they sought.
Then bake the Boat when they were landed there,
Service of it Sutheron might have na mare:
Then through the Polle they passed with good speed,
To the Torwood that man with them they led,
The Widow there brought tydings to Wallace,
Of his true Eme that dwelt at Dunnipace.
Thomlin of weere in prison had him set,
For more treasure than he before might get,
Wallace said, Dame, he shall well lowed be.
The morne by noone, or moe therefore shall die:

Syne

e got them meat, and in quiet they bade,
hile it was night, then ready soon they made;
hward Airth-hill right suddenly they drew,
trength there was that well the sither knew:
rawn dykes, and full of water wan,
likely thereof he watched them this man,
n the back-side he led them privately,
om the water as wont to come was he:
er a small bridge good Wallace entred in,
to the hall himself thought to begin:
om the Supper as they were bown to rise,
e salute them upon an awfull wise.
s men followed suddenly at anes,
ittle sorrow was raised in those wanes,
ith shearing swords sharply about them dang,
ill in the floore were felled them amang,
ith Thomlin of weere Wallace himself hath met
fellon stroak sadly upon him set:
hrough head and swyre, all throgh the coall him clave
he worthie Scots fast sticked all the lave:
eped well the doores, and to the death them dight,
o scap away the Sutheron had no might.
me Windows sought for to have broken out,
t all for nought, full fey was all the rout,
bout the fire gushed the blood so red,
n hundreth men was slain into that stead:
hen Wallace sought where his Uncle might be
n a deep Cave he was set dolefully:
here water stood, and he in pyns strang,
Wallace full soon the braffles up he dang,
ut of the dark brought him with strength at litt,
t noyse he heard, of nothing else he wist:
o blyth before in world he had not been:
nd therewith sighed when he had Wallace seen,
n ditches the dead bodies out they cast,
raithed the place as then them liked best.

Made full good cheare, and wise watches they set.
While near the day they sleeped without let,
When they had sight, spoiled the place in hy,
Found gaining geare, both Gold and Jewelry,
Dyt all that day in quiet held them still,
When Sutheron came, received them with good will
In that labour the Scots were all full bane.
Sutheron come in, but none went out again:
Wemen and Wairnes put in pyison and cave,
So they might make no warning to the lave:
Steven of Ireland and Keirly that was wight,
Keeped the Port upon the second night.
Before the day the worthie Scots rose,
Lucked good geare, and to the Torwood goes.
Remained there while night was come on hand,
Then boloned them in quiet through the Land.
The Widow sone, for they were passed doubt,
A servant sent, and let the women out,
To passe from Airth, where that they liked bell,
Now speak of them that went into the West.

CHAP. V.

How *Wallace* burnt the *Englishmen* in *Dumbartane*.

WAllace himself was sicker guide that night.
To Dumbartane the way he eschued right,
Ere it was day for then the night was lang,
Unto the town full pyivately they gang:
Perkell of it Englishmen occuppyed,
Good Wallace sone through a dark gate him hyed
Unto the house which he was wont to ken,
A Widow dwelt, which friend was to our men.
About the bed, and on the back-side was made.
A derne window, was neither long nar braid:
There Wallace called and sone from the him knew.
I passe the rose and pyivately him drew,
In a close Berne, where they might keeped be.

Both

Both meat and drink she brought them in plentye
A goodly gift to Wallace als she gave,
An hundreth pounds, and more out over the lave
Nine sons she had, were likely men and wight,
An oath to him she gart them sweare full right.
In peace they dwelt, in trouble they had been,
And tribute payed to English Captaines keen:
Sir John Menteith the Castle had in hand,
But some men said, There was a private band.
To Sutheron made, by means of that knight,
Of their supply to be at all his might.
Whereof as now I will no processe make,
Wallace that day a short purpose can take.
When it was night, he bade the Widow passe,
And marke the doore where Sutheron dwelling was
Then after this he and his Chevalrie,
Graithed them well, and weapons took on hie.
Went to the gate where Sutheron were on sleep,
A great Offellary our Scots took to keep,
An English Captaine was sitting up so late,
While he and his with drinking were made hate:
Nine men was there with him of hie courage.
Some would have had good Wallace into that rage:
Some wold have bound S. John by Gr. through strength
Some would have had good Boyd at swords length.
Some wished Lundie that scaped was in Fife,
Some wighter was not Seton then in strife:
When Wallace heard the Sutheron make such din,
He gart all byde and him alone went in,
The lave remained to heare of their tydance,
He salust them with sturdie countenance:
Fellows, he said, since I came last from hame,
In travell I was, in land of uncouth fame,
From South Ireland I came in this Countrey,
The new conquish of Scotland for to see.
Part of your drink and some good would I have,

The

The Captain then a shrewd answere him gave:
Thou seemest a Scot, likly to be a spy,
Thou mayest be one of VVallace companie.
Contrare our King he is risen again,
The land of Fyfe he hath riden in plain:
Thou shalt bide here, while we wot how it be,
Art thou of his, thou shalt be hanged hie:
VVallace thought then it was no time to stand,
His noble sword he gripped soon in hand:
Over-thort the face, drove the Captaine in teen,
Stroake all away that grew above the een,
Another brathly on the breast he bore,
Both braine and bone the burely blad throngh thore:
The rest rusht up, then Wallace in great yre,
The third he felled deadly into the fire:
Steven of Ireland and Keirly in that throng,
Keeped no charge, but entred them among,
And other moe, that to the doore can preasse,
While they him saw, there could nothing them ceasse
The Sutheron men full soon were brought to dead,
The hostler bade them all good Aile and bread,
Wallace said, No, while we have leasure mare,
To be our guide, thou shalt before us fare,
And begin fire where that the Sutheron lyes,
The hostler soon upon an hastie wise:
Hint fire in hand, and to a great house yied,
Where Englishmen were into meikell dread:
For they wist not, while that the red flame rose,
As wood as beasts among the fire then goes,
With pains fell rushed full sorrowfully,
The lave without of our good Chevaley.
At each house where the hostler began,
Keeped the doores from them escaped no man,
For all their might though King Edward had sworn,
Got none away that was of England borne,
But either burnt or but rescue was slaine.

And

And some through force driven to the fire again:
Some Scots folke in service them among,
From any pain freely they let them gang,
Three hundreth men was to Dumbartane send,
To keep the land as their Lord had them kend;
Braithlelie of them for aye was this Region.
Wallace or day made him out of the towne.
Unto the Cape of Dambartane they pred,
And all that day they sojourned but dread:
Both meat and drink the Hostler gart be brought,
When night was come, in all the haste they mought
Toward Rosneth full earnestly they gang,
For Englishmen was in that Castle strang:
On the Garloch they purpose them to byde,
Betwixt the Kirke that neare was there beside,
And to the Castle full privatly they draw,
Under a bray, and lodged them full law.
Beside the water where common use had they,
From Castle to the Kirke they past each day:
A marriage als was that day to begin.
All ithed out, and left no man within,
That fence might make but servants in that place,
Thus to that tryst they passed upon ease.
Wallace and his drew them full privily,
Neare hand the place when they were passed by.
Within the Hall, and thought to keep that stead,
From Sutheron men or else therefore be dead.
Compleat was made the marriage into plain,
Unto Rosneth they passed home again:
Foure-score and nine was in that company,
But not arrayed as was our Chevalry:
To the Castle they wend to passe but late,
The worthy Scots so hard upon them set.
Fourty at once deerly to death they bare,
The remnant affrayed was sa sare.
Longer in field they had no might to byde,

But fiercely fled from them on either side.
The Scots there well hath the entrie wont,
And slew all such as the house found was in:
Then on the syers followed wonder fast,
No Englishman with their life from them past:
The women sone they sealed upon hand,
Keeped them close, for warning of the land:
And dead bodies all out of sight they cast,
Then at good ease they made them for to rest:
On their purveyance seven dayes lodged there,
At rude coast, to spend they would not spare:
When Sutheron came, they tok them gladly in,
But out again they let none of that kin:
Who tydings sent the Captain of that stead.
Their sertitours the Scots put to dead,
Spoyled the place, and left no goods there,
Brake walls down, and made the biggings bare:
When they had spilt all stone-work that they mought
Then kendled fire, and from Rosneth they sought:
When they had burnt all tree worke in that place,
Wallace gart free the women of his grace:
To do them harme his purpose never was,
Then to Falkland the worthy Scots can passe:
Where Earle Malcome was byding at defence,
Right blyth he was of Wallace good presence,
Then he fand there a noble companie,
Sir John the Grahame, and Richard of Lundie,
Adam Wallace that worthie was and wise,
Barklay and Boyd with men of meikell prise:
At Christmasse there Wallace sojourned still,
Of his mother tydings was brought him till:
In time before she had left Ellerslie,
For Englishmen she durst not in it be:
From thence disaguised she past in pilgrims weed,
Some girth to seek in Dumferling she yeed:
Pickrelle she had, forsuth into that stead,

Disealed

Pleased he was, God took her spite to lead:
When Wallace heard that these tydings were true,
Then sadnesse sore on each syde did persue,
In thanke he took, because it is naturall,
He loved God with sicker heart and heale,
Better him thought that it was happened so,
Than Sutheron should put her to other woe.
He ordained Joy, and also Master Blair,
Thither they past, and no cost to spare:
Put honourably put corps to Sepulture,
At his command they served all their cure.
Doing thereto as death desired to have,
With rich intire the Corps they put in grave:
Again they turned, and shewed of her end,
He thanked God, what grace that ever he send:
He saw the world was full of fantasie,
Comfort he took, let all mourning goe by.
His most delight was for to free Scotland,
Now will I tell what case then came on hand:

CHAP. VI.

How Sir *William Dowglas* wan the Castle of *Sanquhair* by a jeopardie, and how *William Wallace* rescued him from the *Englishmen*, and put them out of that part.

SIR William long of Dowglas daile was Lord,
By his first wife, as right is to record:
Deceased then out of this worldlie care,
Two sons he had with her that lived there,
Which likely was and able in courage,
To Schoole was sent into their tender age:
James and Hew so height these brethren twa.
And after syne their Uncle could them ta:
Good Robert Keith had them from Glasgow towne,
And over the sea, to France hath made him bowne:
At studie then he set them in Paris,

With

With a Paſter that worthie was and wiſe:
The King Edward toke their father the Knight,
And held him ſtill though he was never ſo wight:
While time he had aſſented to his will.
A marriage als they had ordained him till,
The Ladie Ferres of power and hie blood,
But thereof came to his life little good:
Two ſons he got on this Lady but mare,
With Edwards will he toke his leave to fare.
In Scotland came and brought his wife in peace,
In Dowglas dwelt, forſooth this is no leſe:
King Edward trowed that he had ſtedfaſt been,
Faſt their faſt faith, but contrare ſon was ſeen.
Aye the Scots bloud remained in Dowglas,
Againſt Englond which proved in many place,
The Sanquhaire was a Caſtle faire and ſtrong,
An Engliſh Captaine had done feill Scots wrong;
Into it dwelt and Bewfurd he was caid,
That held all waſt, from then to Dowglas baid,
Right neare of kin was Dowglas wife and he,
Therefore he trowed in peace of him to be:
Sir William ſaw that Wallace role in plaine,
And right likely to free Scotland again,
To help him part into his minde he caſt,
For in that life right long he could not laſt:
He thought no charge to break upon England,
It was through force that ever he made them band.
A young man then that hardy was and baid,
Borne with himſelf, and Thomas Dikſon caid:
Deare friend he ſaid, I would prove at my might,
And make a fray to falſe Bewfurd the Knight.
In Sanquhaire dwels, and doth full great outrage.
Then Dikſon ſaid, My ſelfe in that voyage:
Shall for you paſſe, with Anderſon to ſpeak,
Friendſhip to me my Couſing will not weake,
He is the man that fire leads them till.

Through

Throughe his help we our purpose will full fall:
Sir William then in all the haist he might,
Thirty true men in that voyage he dight.
And told his wife to Dumfreis he would fare,
I tryst he said, of England he had there,
Thus passed he where that no Sutheron will,
With these thirty throughe wast land at their list:
While night came, then couched they full law,
Into a Cleugh neare at the water Craw,
To the Sanquhair Dikson alone he send,
And he soon made with Anderson this end:
Dikson should take both his horse and his weed,
By it was day, a draught of wood to lead:
Again he past, and told the good Dowglas,
Which drew him soon into a private place.
Anderson told what stuffe there was therein,
To Thomas Dikson that was right near of kin.
Fourty they are all men of methell haile,
Be they on foot, they will you sore assaile,
If you happen the entrie for to get,
On thy right hand, a stalward Axe is set:
Therewith thou may defend thee in a throng,
Be Dowglas wife, he byde not from thee long:
Anderson pced to the burhmuent in hie,
Neare the Castle he drew them privily:
Into a shaw, Sutheron mistrusted nought,
To the next wood with Dikson soon he fought:
Graithed a draught on a broad slipping Law,
Charged an horse, and to the towne can draw,
Arrayed he was in Andersons weed,
And bade have in, the Porter came good speep:
This houre he said: thou might have been away,
Untimous thou art, for it is scantly day.
The Gate pced up, Dickson pced in but mare,
A thirtour hand that all the draught up bare:
He cutted it the slip to ground could ga,

Commeted

Cummered the gate stelking they might not ma:
The Porter lowe he hint into that stride,
Throw throwgh the head, and reft him of his life:
The Are he got, that Anderson of Spake,
And beckning made, therewith the buthment brake.
Dowglas himself was formost in the preasse,
In ower the wood entred or he would ceasse:
Thæ watch-men was from the wals coming new,
Within the Close the Scots men them slew.
Ere any cry was raised in that stowne,
Dawglas had tane the gate of the great towne,
Ran up the staire where that the Captain lay,
On fast he got and would have been away.
Ower late he was, Dowglas strake up the doore,
Bewfurd he found in midst of the floore:
With a stife sword to death he hath him dight,
His men followed fast, that worthie were and wight
The men they slew, that were within these wanes,
Then in the Close they sembled all at anes:
The house they took, and Sutheron put to dead,
Got none but one, with life out of that stead:
For that the gate so long unstreiked was,
This spy he fled, and to Durisdeir can passe,
Told that Captain that they had hapened so,
Another he gart into the Ennoch goe:
And Tybers mure was warned of this case,
And Lochmabane all sembled to this place:
The Countrey als, when they heard of such thing,
Would stedge Dowglas, & height they should him bring
When Dowglas wist that none did from them scape
To sailyie him, he trowde that they should shape:
Dikson he sent upon a Couser wight,
To warne Wallace in all the haste he might:
In the Lennox Wallace had tane the plaine,
With four hundreth that were of meikell maine:
Kilsyth Castle he thought to visite it,

That

hat Ravindail held, but true men let him wit,
hat he was out that time in Cumbernald,
nd Cumine dwelt on tribute in that hald:
hen Wallace wist, he gart Earle Malcome hye,
ith two hundreth in the buschment near there by:
o kep the poste, that none should to it fare,
e tuk the rest in the wood nie near there:
Scourtour set, to warne if he saw ought,
ane Ravindail came, of them he had no thought,
hen he was coming the two buschments between,
he scourtour warned these cruell men and keen:
hen Earl Malcome had barred them from y place,
n Sutheron yed with life they did that grace:
ut Lennox men they left the poste to fare,
n spoiling then, they would not tarry mare:
o fledge bouten them Wallace would not bide,
hroughout the land Wallace would not byde:
hen Linlithgow they burnt into their gate,
here Sutherō dwelt they made their biggings hait,
he Peill they tuk, slew them that were therein,
f Sutheron blood the Scots thought no sin:
hen on the morne burnt Dalkeith in a fleith,
ame to a strength to Newbottell they yed,
d that Lawder and Christell of Scton,
ame from the Balle, & burnt Northberwick bayne
hat Englishmen they should no fuccour get,
oyn they ower tuk they slew without en let
o meet VVallace, they past in all their might,
n battell to men with them of armies bright,
ith meeting that time was them between,
hen Earle Malcome & VVallace hath them tane.
homas Dickson als met with gud Wallace,
hey granted him to to rescue Dowglace
ickson, he sayd, wots thou of their numbrie,
Quod Wallace men their power may not be
d Malcome said, though they were thousand three

For this action me think that we should strive,
Then Hew the Hay, that dwelt under trewage,
Of Englishmen last he gave over that wage;
More for to pay as then he liked nought:
With fiftie men to Wallace forth he sought,
To Piebles hall but no Sutheron them bade,
There at the Crosse a plain cry they made;
Wallace commanded, who would come to his peace,
And byde thereat, reward should have but lese;
Gode Rutherfurd, that ever true had been,
In Estricke wood against the Sutheron keen:
Bidden he had, and bone them methell dear,
Sixty he had of noble men of weare,
Wallace him welcomed that came in his supply,
With loyaly face, and Chiftain like was he.
Then to array they went about the town,
Their number was six hundreth of renowne:
In birnes bright, all men of methell haile;
With glad hearts they passed through Cliddisdale:
The vaye began, and to the Sanquhaire set,
But tydings came, and made therein a let.
The Sutheron heard that Wallace was so near,
Through battle fray the boast was all on feare;
No man was there would for another bide,
Purpose they took in England for to ride.
Their Chiftaine said, Since their King had beine,
From Wallace fled, their causes was the more;
From South they fought, to byde it was great wast:
Dowglas as then was thus quite of their chaste.
In Crawford neuce by them was gode Wallace,
When men him told that Sutheron upon case,
Were fled away, and durst not bun abide.
Then bindeth them he chose with him to ride;
In light harneste and horse that they would haue,
The Earle Malcolme he bade byde with the stede,
To follow them, a pack guard for to be.

o ſtutte the chaſe in all the haſt bowned he:
hrough Durisdeir he tuik the gaineſt gate,
ght taim he would with Sutheron make debate.
he plaineſt way abowe Morton they hold,
uoing the hight, if that the Sutheron would;
eem to perſue, or turne to Lochmabane,
ot herd thereto the Engliſhmen tuik nane:
eem right they held graithy guids could them lear
out Closburne Wallace approached near:
e tyde he grew when they were in his ſight,
o them he ſpeed, with will and all their might;
n an out-part the Scots ſet that tyde,
been froze at ground they had lon at a tyde,
he Sutheron ſaw that it had happed ſo,
urned in again, ſome reſcue for to ſho:
When they trowed beſt with gud Wallace to ſtand,
arle Malcome came then right neare at their hand
he whole power tuik plain purpoſe to ſle,
ho were at ground, Wallace gart let them be.
on the formoſt followed with all his might,
he Erle and his amongſt the reſt they light,
o all to death that unhorſed were that tyde,
ter the horſe full freſhly can they ryde;
five hundreth whole, ere they paſt Dalwyntowne,
n Sutheron ſide to ground there was brought bot
Scots horſe many began to tyre,
uppoſe their ſelves were fierce as any fire.
he flyers left both wood, waters, and hill,
to take the plaine, ſpedfull they thought them till:
great battell alway full faſt they rode,
ith the ſtrength they thought to make na bode;
eare Lochmabane and Ouchter-houſe they ſteid,
ſyde Crochmad, where ſtill Sutheron they fand
ight many horſe that eftwen gan to fang.
o travelled fore, they mighte not for they gaid
r John the Graheme baid his laſt bras he;

Then Wallace als lighted withoutten let:
These two on fot amongst their enemies yed,
Was none but hazle might from them passe for speid.
Of Englishmen so cruelly they saught,
Whom they ouer-took, againe harmed us nought.
To Wallace came a part of power ne in.
On rested hazle, that partly can persue:
Adam Currie, with good men of great valle,
And Johnston als that dwelt in Eskdaill,
And Kirk-patrick was in that company,
And Haliday who sembled sturdily:
Where they entred the saykle was so sare,
Dead to the ground feill spers downe they bare:
Seven scoze were whole of new come men indeed,
The south partie of them had meikle dread:
Wallace was hazled upon a Couler knight,
That good Currie had brought into his sight:
To stuff the chase, with the new Chevalrie,
Commanded Grahame, and his good men to the,
Together ryde, and follow as they might,
Three Captaines there full soon to death he dight,
The rested hazle so wonder well them bare,
Whom he ouertook againe rose na ber mare:
Kaitly he rode, and wrought full many wound,
These three Captaines he sticked at one stound:
Of Duriscir, Ennoch, and Tybers-mure,
Lord Clifford Eure away to Carlile sure:
The which before had keeped Lochmabane,
Be landed men scarsed with him but ane:
For Maxwell als out of Carlaverock drew,
On the Sutheron the gamest way can sue:
Into the chase so sultully they ryde,
Few got away that came upon that syde:
Belide Cock-pools full feill fighting they fand,
Some stottered there, some flaine upon the land:
The rested men in England fled away.

Wallace returned, no prisoner tuk they:
In Carlaverock that night resting they made,
Upon the morne to Dumfreis blythly rade:
There Wallace cryed, who would come in his peace,
Against Sutheron their malice for to cease;
To true Scots he obtained warrison,
Who faulted had, he granted remission,
In Dumfreis then he would no longer byde,
The Sutheron fled off Scotland on each syde;
By sea and land, without longer abade,
Of Castles and townes Wallace Capitaines made,
Ruled the land, and put it in good rest,
With true keepers the which he trusted best.
The good Dowglas, of which I told you aire,
Keiper he was from Drumlanrick to Aire:
Because he had on Sutheron such thing wrought,
His wife was wroth, but that she helped nought;
Under covert her malice held perfyte,
Like Serpent waits her time when she may byte,
To Dowglas all she wrought full mekle care,
Of that as now I leave mair further mare.
But Sutheron men durst then no Castles hold,
They left Scotland before as I you told:
Save one Morton a Captaine fierce and fell,
That held Dundie, but Wallace would not dwell;
But thither past, and laid it round about,
When Morton saw that he was in that dout,
He asked leave, with their lives for to go,
Wallace denyed, and said, It boes not so.
The last Captaine of England that there was,
I gave him leave whole with his men to passe:
Thou shalt forthink such mastery for to make,
All England shall of the example take:
Such men I wald from thine for to have gone,
Thou shalt be hanged, suppose thou wald mone,
By gart command no Scots should to him speake.

Contemned the fiedge, and faid, he fhall no wreak.
On Englifhmen, as faith will of Dundie,
Scrimgeour he made their Conftable for to be:
An Ballinger of England that was there,
Paft out of Tay and came to Quhichie fair:
To London fent, and told of all this cafe,
To hang Morton fo bolned had Wallace:
Before this time Edward with power pied,
To warre on France, for then he had no dread.
Before he trowed Scotland to be his oton,
When they him warned his men were ouerthrown
Again he tuik to England hattily,
And left his turne all fickled in follie:
Gafcoun he claimed, all into heritage,
He left it thus, with all his pie barnage:
And Flanders als he thought to take in hand,
All thefe he left and came to reave Scotland.
When that this King to England was come hame,
Summonds they made, and charged Bruce by name
And other moe that lived under his Crowne,
Bifhop and Barron to come at his Semon:
When Wallace thofe through force had fred Scotland
This tyrant King tuik plainly upon hand:
For great beftre he might no maw take reft,
He thought to him, to make it plain conqueft:
In covetife he had reigned fo long,
Chiftaines he made that they fhould not go wrong:
Gudis they fhote, for ftrengths them to gup,
They thought no moze to bide at jeopardie,
In plain battell that they might Wallace win.
He trowed for war they would no moze begin:
Leave I this King, making this ordinance,
My purpofe is to fpeak fome thing of France:
The Englifhmen then Guyane held in feare:
To French folk they did all meikell bear.
King and Counfell fon in their bofts caft:

To

To get Wallace, them thought it was the beſt.
The Guyan land the Engliſhmen has they,
Then ſhup they thus, in all the haſte they may,
In they traiſſled, if Scotland were har'd trad:
Wallace would come, as he them promiſe made,
The ſamine Herauld that in Scotland was.
They him commanded, and ordained him to paſſe,
Into Scotland, without longer delay;
Out of the Sluce as goodly as he may.
Ready he was in ſhip he paſt on caſe:
In Tayes mouth, but bode the Yaven tais:
There Wallace then was at the ſailyie ſtill,
And he receiued the Herauld with good will.
Their writ he read, and laid to them this wiſe,
His anſwer ſoon he could them not deviſe:
To honeſt Innes the Herauld ſoon he ſend,
On Wallace coſt, right boldly for to ſpend:
While time he ſaw how other matters ſtood,
Then anſwere he ſhould have withoutten dread:
The wit of France thought Wallace to commend,
Into Scotland with this Herauld they ſend:
Praiſe of his deed, and als the deſcription,
Of him tane there, by men of diſcretion:
Clerks, Knights, and Heraulds that him ſaw,
But I hereof cannot rehearſe it alſo.
Wallace ſtature, of greatneſſe, and of height:
Was judged thus by diſcretion of ſight,
That ſaw him both on Thebill and on word,
Nine quarters large of right he was indeed,
Third part that length in ſhoulders broad was he,
Right feendly ſtrong, and luſtie for to ſee,
In limbes great, with ſtalwart paſſe and ſound,
His braines hearo, with armes long and round.
His hands made right like to a palmeare,
Of manlike make, with naiſles long and cleare.
Proportioned faire, and long was his viſage.

Right fair of speech, and able of courage:
Both breast high, with sturdy craige and great,
His lims round, his nose square and neat.
Curling brosone haire, on browes and baies light,
Cleare siluer eyes, like Diamonds full bright:
Under his chin, on his left side was sein,
By hurt, a wan, his colour was sanguine:
With wounds he had in many diuerse place,
But faire and whole well keeped was his face:
Of riches als he keeped no proper thing,
Gaue that he wan like Alexander the king:
In time of peace mæke as a minde should be,
With when war approached, the right Hector was he.
To Scots men right good credence he gaue,
But knowne enemies they could not him deceite.
These properties were iudged into France,
Of him to be a goodly remembrance:
Maister John Blair this paterne could receaue,
In VVallace book he bleued with the leaue:
But he thereof as then tuk little heed,
His laborous minde was all of other deed:
At Dundie sledge thus earliest as he lay,
Tydings to him Joy brought upon a day:
How king Edward with likely meet of baile,
An hundreth thousand came for to assaile,
And Scots ground they had tane upon caile.
Into some part it grieued good VVallace:
He made Scrimgeor at this house for to lye,
With eight thousand, and charged him for thy:
That none should scape with life out of that stead,
That Sutheron were, but put them all to dead:
Scrimgeour granted right faithfully to byde,
With two thousand VVallace could from him ryde.
To S. Johnstoun, fyue dayes graithed he them,
With sad aduise towards the South can fare:
For king Edward that time obtained had,

Ten

Ten thousand whole to passe that was full glad:
With young Wooditocke, a Lord of meikell might
At Striviling bridge he obtained them full right;
And there to byde, the entry for to weire,
Of Wallace then he trowed to have no deir,
Right royally upon a good array,
Then leave they tuik, and past out but delay.
To Striviling came, and there would not abide,
To see the Heath beyond Forth can they ride:
Such new courage fell into his intent,
Which made the Sutheron full sore for to repent.

The end of the tenth Book.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

The Battell of *Fawkirke*.

THis Woodstock rode into the North gud sped.
Of Scots as then they had but little dreid
For well thy trowed for to reseve Dundie,
Their ships come to Tay in by the sea:
His guides said, that they should lead him by,
Saint Johnstoun where passage lay plainly;
The high they tuik, and linked them about,
So were they ware of Wallace and his rout:
Then in some part he remembred his thought,
The Kings command because he keped nought:

But

But when he saw they were fewer nor he,
He would them bide, and either doe or die:
Sir John Ramsay formost his power saw,
Said, Yon are they that ye se hither draw
Either Sutheron, that come so cruelly,
Or Earle Malcome to seek you for supply,
Then Wallace smiled and said, English they are,
Ye may them know right well where that they fare
On Shyrefie-mure Wallace the field hath tane,
With eight thousand of worthy men in wane.
The Sutheron were right doughty into deed,
Together strake well stuffed in steele weed:
Then speares son all into splenders spent.
The hardy Scots out through the Sutheron went,
In rayed battell seven thousand down they bare,
Dead on the bent, recovered never mare:
Right fell fighting with weapons grounden keen,
Blod then from birnes was bluthed on the green:
The stalward stour right fellon was and strang,
The worthy Scots so dersly on them dang:
That all was dead within a little stound,
None from that place had power for to sound.
Young Woodstock hath both life and hoasts forlorne
The Scots spoiled all good geare them before:
What them thought best, of fine Harnesse they wails
Both Gold and good, and horse that might availe:
To Striviling bridge without resting they rade,
Or moe should come, Wallace this ordinance made:
Past over the Bridge, Wallace gart Wrights call,
And with Crafts-men undo the passage all:
Then these same folk he sent to the Deidfard,
Gart set the ground with strong stakes and burde,
With nine or ten spikes he cast the gate before,
Endlong the shald made it as deep as shore:
Then Wallace said, We shall on one side be,
Yon King and I, but if he south wart flee:

e sent Lawder which had in hand the Basse,
nbolong the coast, where any vessell was:
nd men with him that hastily could look,
of each Boat a hoord or two they took:
hips they brent of strangers that was there,
cton and he to Wallace thus can fare:
n Striviling lay upon his purpose still,
n Englishmen to se what may they will:
The Earle Malcome Striviling in keeping had,
To him came with men of armes sad:
Thæ hundreth whole that sicker was and true,
Of Lennox folke their power to renew.
Sir John the Grahame from Dundaffe sickerly,
To Wallace came with a good Chevalry.
Lithgow him brought that Sutheron came at hand,
In Torphichine King Edward was lodgand.
Destroying the place of purveyance was there,
Saint Johns good as then they would not spare,
Stewart of Bute came unto Wallace there:
With him he had twelfe hundreth men and mare:
The Cumine then was past in Cumbernald,
Upon the moore bowned the Stewart bald,
Him to array with men of armes bright:
Twenty thousand then sembled in their sight:
The Lord Stewart and Cumine forth they ride,
To the Fawkirke, and thought there to abide.
Wallace and his then to array they yed,
With ten thousand of worthy men indeed:
Who could behold his stoutfull Lordly bold:
So well beseen, so forward, sterne, and stout,
So good Chiftane as with in him they been,
Without a King was never in Scotland seen,
Wallace himself and Earle Malcome the Lord,
Sir John the Grahame and Ramsay at record:
Seton, Lawder, and Boyde that was full wight,
Adam Wallace was to that journey dight,

And

And many other that proved well in meate,
Their names all I may not here rehearse:
Satheron or then out of Torpichine fare,
Their passage made into Slamanane mure:
Into a plain set tents and pavilions,
South the Fawkirke a little above the towne.
Quod Jop himself thus judged by his sight,
In whole number an hundreth thousand right:
Of Wallace comming the Scots such comfort took,
When they him saw all dreadour they forsook,
For of envie was selw there that it wist,
Treasonable folke their matter works at list,
Popsun since then at the Fawkirke is said,
Through great treason, and corruption of aid.
For Cumines had envie of good Wallace,
For Earle Patricke as harpned upon case:
Countesse of March was Cumine sister deare,
Under colour he wrought on this manner,
Into the hoast had obtained Wallace dead,
And made Stewart to fall with him at plead,
That Lord, he said, that Wallace had no right,
Power to lead, and be present in sight:
He bade him take the vanguard for the go,
So wist he well that he should tribe for thy:
Lord Stewart asked at Wallace his Counsell,
Said Sir, ye know what may us best availe,
You avoull King is fellon for to byde,
Right unabased Wallace answered that tyde,
And I have sent twise mee into Scotland,
With you same King when Scots men fast on hand
With fewer men than now hither is sought,
This Realme against and to good purpose brought:
Sir, we will fight, for we have men anew,
As for a day, so that we all be true:
The Stewart said, the vanguard me should have,
Wallace answered, and said, So God me save,

That

That shall ye not so long as I may reigne:
For no man else, except my rightfeous King,
The will come, and take on him the Crown.
At his command I shall be ready bowne.
Through Gods grace I rescued Scotland twise,
Were over mad to tin it in such wise.
To tine for boast that I have governed lang,
Thus hastie in wrath from ward him can he gang.
Forward therewith all bowned into haste,
Wallace he said, by the I tell a taste:
Say forth, quoth he, of the fairest ye can.
Unhappilie his tale thus he began:
Wallace he said, thou takes this meikell cure,
As fared it by working of nature:
How an Howlat complained of his Fetherne,
When Waine nature took of each bird but blame.
Faire feather, and to the Howlat gave,
Then he through pride refused all the lave:
Wherefore should thou thy semple show so hie,
Thou thinkes none here that should thy fellow be,
This makes it, thou art glad with our men,
Gude we our own, then were but few to ken:
At these words gode Wallace burnt as fire.
Doerhastily he answered him in yre:
Thou lied he said, the sooth full oft hath beene,
Where have I bidden, where thou durst not be seen.
Contrare thine enemies no more for Scotlands right,
For dare the Howlat when that the day is light:
That tale full neare thou hastes told by thy sell,
At thy desire thou shalt not me compell:
Examine it is hath given thee this counsaile,
Will God ye shall of your first purpose faile:
That false traitour that I from hanger brought,
To wander like to bring this Realme to nought.
For thine eggard either to doe or die,
Or prison flee, or cowardly to flie:

Reing

Refcue of me thou ſhalt get none this day,
Therewith he turned, and from them rode his way.
Ten thouſand men away with Wallace rode,
None better was in all the world to broad:
As ſuch men was living upon life,
Alace, great harme fell Scotland for that ſtrife:
Paſt to the Wood from the Fawkirke by eaſt,
He would not bide for command nor requeſt.
For charge of none, but it had been the King,
That might that time bring him from his reding.
The other Scots ſaw their deſtruction,
For diſcomfort to leave the field was bound:
But that theſe men was native to Stewart,
Principall in Bute take hardyment in heart:
Lord Stewart was at Cumine grieved there;
Peggie and he lived, he ſhould repent it ſare.
The great treſpaſſe that he through miſknowledge
Had gart him make to Wallace in that place:
Of their debate it was a great pitty,
For Engliſhmen then might no blyther be,
Paſſed to ſaſt in battell to the field,
Thirty thouſand that well could weapons wield:
The Earle Hartford was choſen their Chiftaine,
The good Stewart to that array is gane.
The field he took as true and worthie knight,
The Engliſhmen came en with full great might.
There fell meeting was awfull for to ſe,
At that Counties they gart feill Sutheron die,
When ſpeares were ſplit, fine out with ſwords ſaw
On either ſide full doughty deds were done,
Feill on the ground was felled in that place;
Stewart and his ran on their enemies face,
Blod burſtled out through mail ſie burniſſe bright,
Twenty thouſand with dreadfull weapons dight,
On Sutheron men derfly to death they ding,
The remnant again fled to the King.

Ten

Ten thousand then after the dead archeived,
With that Chistaine unto the hoast relieved,
Against to ray the heardie Stewart yard,
When VVallace saw that worthy noble band,
Held up his hands with humble prayer pure,
O God he said, give yon Lord grace to last,
And power have his worship to attend,
To win these folk, and take the whole commend,
Great harme it were that he should be overset,
With new power they then to him rebet,
By that the Bruce an awfull battell raged,
The Bishop Beik that oft hath been assayed,
Fourty thousand upon the Scots to fare,
With full effeare they raised up right there,
The Bruces banner with gold and goulles clear,
When Wallace saw the battels approached near,
The right Lyon against his own kinrike,
Alace he said, the world is contrare like,
This land should be yon tyrants heritage,
That comes thus to stroy his own barnage,
Do I were free of it that I said aire,
I would forswear Scotland for evermare,
Contrare Bruce I should rescue them now,
Or die therefore to God I make avow,
The great debate in VVallace wit can waide,
Betwixt kindnesse and wilfull vow was made,
Kindnesse bade him rescue them from their fo.
Then will said nay, why sole wilt thou do so,
Thou hasse no wit with right thy selfe to lead,
Should thou help him that would put thee to dead,
Kindnesse said, yet they are good Scots men,
The will said wit, the verity thou may ken,
Had they been good all in one we had been,
By reason here the contrare well is seen.
For they us hate more than the Sotheron kind,
Kindnesse said nay, that shew they not upon,

Though

Though ane of them be falle into thefe faw,
Becaufe of him thou fhouldft not lofe them all:
They have done well into yon fellon ftowre,
Refcue them now, and take the high honour.
Will faid, they would have reft from me my life,
I have from them in many a fellon ftrife.
Kindoelle faid, helpe, their power is nit nought,
Then wreak on him that all the malice wrought.
Will faid, this day they fhall not holpen be,
That I have faid, fhall ape be faid for me.
They are but dead, God grant them of his blifle,
Envy long fince done hath great harm and mifle.
Wallace therewith turned in yre and teen,
Teares for baile burft out from both his ene:
Sir John the Grahame, and many other wight,
Weeped for woe for forrow of that Knight.
When Bruces battell upon the Scots ftrak,
Their cruell cumming made cowards for to quake:
Lord Cumming fled in Cumbernald away,
About the Scots the Sutheron lapped they:
The men of Bute before their Lord they ftod,
Defending him when that feill ftreams of blod.
Were them about, in ftoats where they pafs,
Bathed in blood was Bruces fword and fpeir.
Though fell flaughter of feill men of his own,
Dun to the death the Scots were overthrown,
Then flew the Lord, for he would not be tane.
When Wallace faw that their good men were gane
Lords he faid, what now is your counfell?
Two chofes there are, I rede the beft ye wail,
Sender the King his hoaft abandonnand,
With Bruce and Bick itt pond battell to ftand,
Sond King in war right wife and feill hath bene,
Their Captains alfe feill cruell are and kene,
Better of hand is not living, I wis,
In tyrannie, ye trow me well of this,

For

Bruce and Beik, to what live they be set,
We have a choise which is full hard but let:
And we turne East for strength in Lowthian land,
They stuffe a chase right hard I understand,
Take we the mure yon king is us before,
There is but this without en woods more,
To the Torwood, for our succour is there:
Through Bruces hoast, forsoth first it must we fare
Amongst us now there needeth no debate,
Yon men are dead we need not strive for state,
They all consented to work right as he will,
What him thought best, they granted to fulfill.
Sir Wallace then that stoutly could them steire,
Before them rode into his armour cleare,
Ruled their speares all in one number round,
Into the grace have for to passe through them sound,
And few be lost, to our strength will we ride,
Want we many in faith we shall abide.
With their armed horse fast on the hoast they rade,
The fiers then rose when speares in sunder glade:
Dashed in throse dinted with speares thin.
From forged steel the fire flew forth but stint:
The fellon throng, when horse and men renewed,
To prove the dint where they their pithe proved.
The other host might not their deeds see,
The stour that rose, while they disevered be.
The worthy Scots eight thousand dolon they bare,
Few fell on ground that good Wallace wrought there,
The King cryed, haste upon them for to ride:
But this wise Lord gave him counsell to bide:
The Earle of York said, Sir, ye work amisse,
To break array, yon men quite through them is,
They ken the land and will to strengths draw,
Take we the plaine we are in perill alle,
The King conceived that his counsel was right,
Ruled the hoast, and bade still in their sight.

Ere Bruce and Biek might returne their battell.
The Scots were throtigh and had a great availe.
VVallace commanded the hoast should passe away,
To the Torwood in all the haste they may,
Himselfe and Grahame and Lawder turned in,
Betwirt battels, pyle and pyoves to swin.
And with them bode in that place hundreth three,
Of West landmen used in jeopardie,
Upon swight horse, that right warly could ride,
A slop they made where they set on a side,
No speares they had but swords of tempred steele,
Therewith in stour they let their enemies feel.
Now they full oft had proved been in preasse,
Of Englishmen they made fell to decrease,
Ere Bruce thereof might well perceibing have,
Three hundreth there were graithed to their grave,
The hardy Bruce an hoast abandone it,
Thirty thousand he ruled by force and wit,
Upon the Scots, his men for to rescue.
Served they were with good speares anew.
And bishop Biek a stuffe to him to be,
When good Wallace their ordinance can see,
Alace, he said, yon man hath meikell might,
And over god will to undo his oyon right.
He bade his men toward the hoast to ride,
Them for to save he would behind them bide,
Meikell he trowed in God and his oyon deed,
To save his men into his doughty weed:
Upon himselfe meikell travell he taes,
The great battell compleat upon him gaes:
In the fore front turned he full oft,
Whom ever he hit their laughning was unsoft,
That day in world known was not his maike,
A Sutheron man he slew ay at one stroake,
But his oyon strength might not against them be,
Toward his hoast behoved him to flee,

The

The Bruce him hurt at his returning there.
Inder the hanch a deep wound and sare,
Blod bursted out braithly a speares length.
From the great hoast he fled toward his strength;
Such a flyer before was never seen,
Sought as Gaderis of Gaudiffer the teen,
When Alexander rescued the forreours,
Fight not to him be compared in those houres,
The feill turning of forreours he made,
Now boldly as before the hoast he bade,
For how good Grahame with cruell hardiment,
And how Lawder among his enemies went,
How they alone into the stour then stod,
While Wallace was in stanching of his blod,
By then he had stemed full well his wound,
With three hundreth unto the field can sound.
To rescue Grahame and Lawder that were wight,
But bishop Blek came one with strength and slight.
The worthie Scots retired sare a back,
Heaven aiker braod, into their own great wrake,
Yet were these two delibered there full well,
By his own hand, and a good sword of steel:
The awfull Bruce among them with great maine,
At the rescue three Scots men hath he slain.
Whom he hit right ay at on stroak was dead,
Wallace preassed in therefore to set remead.
With a good speare Bruce was served but bade,
With great envy to Wallace fast he rade.
And he to him allonerit not for thy,
The Bryce him mist, as Wallace passed by,
Iewart he stroke with his sharp grounden glave,
Spear and horse neck he all in sunder drave.
Bruce was at ground ere Wallace turned about,
The great battell of Sutheron, sterne, and stout.
They horsed Bruce with men of great valoure,
Wallace alone was in that stalwart stoure.

Grahame preassed in and stroke an English knight,
Before the Bruce upon the basnet right,
That tribole stunte, and all his other weed,
Both bone and braine the noble sword thoughly pied,
The knight was dead, good Grahame returned right
A subtill knight thereat had great despight,
Followed at wait, and hath perceived well,
Grahames birnie to narrow was some deal,
Beneath the waste that close it might not be,
On the fillet full sternly then stroke he,
Pierced the back, in the bowels him bare,
With a sharpe spear, that he might live na maire.
Grahame turned there and smote the knight in twne
Though the vilart a little beneath the kne:
Dead of that dint, to ground he rushed downe,
Sir John the Grahame swowned on his arsoun;
Ere he overcame to palle to his party,
Feill Sutheron men that were on fut him by,
Stirked his horse that he no further past;
Grahame yelds to God his good spirit and his dead.
When Wallace saw this good knight to death brought
The piteous paine so sore thirled his thought
All out of kinde altered his courage,
His wit in war was then but a wood rage.
The horse him bare in field where so him list,
For of himselfe as then he little wist.
Like a wood beast that was from reason rent,
As witlesse wight into the hoast he went,
Dinging on hard what Sutheron right he hit,
Straight upon horse againe might never sit.
Into that rage till feill folk he dang downe.
All him about was red a full great roume.
When Bruce perceived with Wallace it was sa,
He then charged men long speares for to ta.
And slay his horse, so he could not escape.
Feill Sutheron then to Wallace ran them shape.

Pierced

Pierced his horse with speares on either side,
Wounds they made, that were both deep and wide;
Of Gaitis, part Wallace in lumber chace,
But feill heads into his horse left there.
Some wit again to Wallace can revolun,
In his own minde, so ruled him reasoun,
To for to die he thought no vallallage,
Then for to flee he took into a rage,
Spurred the horse, and ran in a randoun.
To his own folke, were biding on Carroun;
The sea was in, they stopped and still stood,
On lowd he cryed, and bade them take the flood,
Together bide, ye may not lose a man,
At his command they took the water than.
He returned the entry for to keep.
While all the hoast were passed over the deep.
Then followed fast, and dread his horse should fail,
Himselfe was clad in a heavie plate of maile.
Though he could swom, he trowed he might not well
The clear water cuiled the horse soone neale.
But over the flood he bare him to the land,
Then fell down dead, and might no longer stand.
Leirly full soon a courser to him wrought,
Then up he lap, amongst the hoast he fought;
Grahame was a way, and other fifteen wight,
On Magdalene day these folk to death were dight.
Thirty thousand of Englishmen for true,
The worthy Scots upon that day they slew:
What by Stewart, and then by knight VVallace,
For all his pace King Edward rebued that case,
To the Torwood he bade the hoast go ride,
Leirlie and he passed on Carroun side,
Beholding over upon the South partie;
Bruce foremost came, and could on Wallace cry,
What? art thou there? a main Wallace can say,
The Bruce answered, that hath thou proved this day

Abide he said, thou needest not now to flee,
Wallace answered, I eschewed not for thee,
But that thine power hath near thine own undone,
Amends hereof will God we shall have sonn.
Language of thee, the Bruce saith, I desire,
Day forth, quoth he, thou mayest for little hyre:
Ride from thine hoast, and gar them bide with Biek,
I would faine heare what thou likest to speak.
The hoast bode still, the Bruce passed them fra,
No man with him, but one Scot that heght Rae.
When that the Bruce out of their hearing were,
He turned in hy, and this question can speare.
Why wrocht thou thus, and mightst in good peace be?
Then Wallace said, But in default of thee:
Through thy falsehood thine own wit is missend,
I claime no right, but would this land defend,
That thou undoest through thy false cruell deed,
Thou hast tint two that were worth fare more meed;
Upon this day, with a good King to found,
For five millions of finest gold so round,
That ever were wrought in work or coyn so bright,
I trow in world be not a better Knight.
Then was good Grahame of truth and hardiment:
Teares therewith from Wallace eyes down went.
Bruce said, Far more on this day we have lost.
Wallace answered, Alace, they were ill cost,
Through thy treson (thouldst be our righteous King)
That wilfully destroyest thine own off-spring:
The Bruce answered, wilt thou do my devise,
Wallace said, No, thou livest in such wise:
Thou wouldst me make at King Edwards will be,
Yet I had rather to mourne be hanged hie:
But wilt thou doe as I shall counsell give,
Then as a Lord thou might at liking live.
At thine own will in Scotland for to reigne,
To be in peace, and hold of Edward King.

of that false King I think never to take,
not contrare him with all my power to make:
claim nothing, as by tittle of right,
hogh I might reave, since God hath lent me might
from thee thy Crown of this Region to wear,
at I shall not such charge upon me beare:
reat God knowes best what warres I talk on hand
u to keep free that which thou doest gain-stand,
might be said of the long time before,
cursed time thou wast for Scotland borne,
eamest thou not, that never yet didst good,
hou Kun a gate, dehourer of thy blood,
vow to God, may I thy Master be,
any field, thou shalt farre rather die,
han shall a Turke, for thy false cruell weare,
eganes to us doe not so meikell dear,
hen leugh the Bruce at Wallace earnestnesse,
id said, thou seest that thus stands the case:
his day thou art with power overset,
gainst pond King overhand ye may not get,
hen Wallace said, We are by meikell thing,
tronger this day in contrarie pond King.
hen at Bigger, where he left many of his,
id als the field, so shall he doe with this:
nto the field we have lost many a Knight,
y die therefore, for all his meikell might,
nd Scotland nots into such perrill stad,
Sleave it thus, I might be called mad:
Vallace, he said, it approachety neare night,
Vould thou to morne when that the day is light,
re nine of clocke, meet me at the Chappell.
y Donypace, I would heare thy Counsell,
Vallace said, Nay, ere that each time be spent,
Were all the men hence in the Orient:
nto one will with Edward who had swome,
e shall bargane ere nine houres of the morne:

Of this wrong reafe, either he ſhall think ſhame,
Or die therefore, or flie in England hame,
But and thou wilt, ſon by the houre of thée,
At that ſame tryſt, quill God I ſhall thée ſée,
While I may laſt, this Realme ſhall not forfare:
Bruce promiſd him with twelve Scots to be there:
Then VVallace ſaid, Stand thou righteous to me,
A contrare part I ſhould not be to thée:
I ſhall bring ten, and for thy power mae,
I give no force, though thou be friend or foe:
Thus they departed, Bruce paſſed thus away,
To Lithgow rode, where that King Edward lay:
The field had left, and lodged by ſouth the town,
At ſupper ſet as Bruce at the Pavilion,
He entred in, and ſaw vacand his ſeat,
No water took, but made him to the meat:
Faſting he was, and haen in meikell dread,
Bloudy was all his weapons and his weed:
The Sutheron Lords ſcorned in tearmes rude,
And ſaid, behold yon Scots eates his own blood,
The King thought evill they made ſuch deriſion,
Bade bade water to Bruce of Huntingtown,
They bare him waith, he ſaid that he would nought,
This blood is mine that hurts moſt my thought,
Sadly the Bruce then in his mynde remorded,
The words ſoth VVallace, had him recorded,
Then rewed he ſore ſra, reaſon he had knowin,
That blood and land ſhould both bath been his aiwn,
With them he was long ere he got away,
But contrare Scots he fought not from that day,
Leave I the Bruce ſore mourning in his intent,
Gud Wallace ſon again to his hoaſt went,
In the Torwood which had their lodging made,
Fyres they beit that was both bright and bland,
Of nolt, and ſheep, they tak at ſuffiſance,
Thereof full ſon to get them inſtinance.

Wallace

Wallace sleeped but short while and soun rose.
To rule the hoast on a good peace he goes.
The Earle Malome, Ramsay, and Lundie wight,
And five thousand in battell then he dight.
Wallace, Lawder, and Christell of Seton,
Five thousand led, and Wallace of Richartoun.
Full well arraped into their armour clean.
Past to the field where that the chase had been:
Seeking dead men among the worthiest,
The corps of Grahame, for whom they mourned most
When they him fand, and good Wallace him saw,
He lighted down him hint before them aw,
In armes up, beholding his pale face,
He kissed him and cryed full oft alace.
My best brother in world that ever I had,
Mine efold friend when I was hardest stad:
Mine hope, mine health, thou wast of most honour,
My faith, mine help, my strengthner into stour.
In thee was wit, fredome, and hardinesse:
In thee was truth, manhood, and nobleneſſe:
In thee was rule, in thee was governance;
In thee vertue without tenance;
In thee lawtie, in thee was great largeneſſe:
In thee gentries, in thee was stedfastneſſe:
Thou wast great cause of winning of Scotland,
Though I began and took the war on hand,
I vow to God that hath the world to wald,
Thy death shall be to Sutheron full dear sald:
Martyre thou art for Scotlands right and me.
I shall be venged, or else therefore shall die.
Was no man there from weeping might refrain,
For lose of him when they heard Wallace plaine,
They carried him with worship and honour,
In the Fawkirk made him a sepulture.
Wallace commanded his men therefore to bide,
His ten he took for to meet Bruce they ride,

South

Southwest he past where that the tryst was set,
The Bruce full soon, and gud Wallace have met,
For losse of Grahame, and als for proper tein,
He grew in yre when he the Bruce hath seen:
Their saluting was but boustreous and throwin.
Reuis thou he said, thou art contrare thine owin,
Bruce said, Wallace, rebute me now no more,
Mine owin deeds have bet me wonder sore.
When Wallace heard with Bruce that it stod sa,
On knees he fell faire countenance can him ma.
In armes soon the Bruce hath Wallace tane,
Out from their men in counsell are they gane:
I cannot tell perfectly their language,
But this was it their men had of knowledge:
VVallace him prayed come from the Sutheron King
The Bruce said nay, there lets me yet on thing:
I am so bound with witnesse to be leale,
For all England, I would not false my Seale.
But on thing here I hecht to God and thee,
That contrare Scots again I shall not be:
Into a field with weapons that I beare,
In my purpose I shall thee never deare:
If God thee grants overhand of us to have,
I will not slee mine owin selfe for to save:
And Edward scape, I passe with him again,
But I through force be either tane or slain:
Break he on me when that my tearme is out,
I come to thee, may I scape from that doubt:
Of their counsell I cannot tell you mare,
The Bruce took leave, and can to Edward fare,
VVallace in hast provided soon his hoast
Right sad in minde for Scots men that he lost:
He made Crawfurd the Earle Malcome to guide,
In the low way to Innerravin to ride:
That their watches then should not them espy,
The other hoast himselfe led hastily:

By

By South Manwell while that they were between,
Of the out watches thus scapped they unseen,
The Earle Malcome on Lithgow entred in,
There hastily a great strife can begin:
Wallace was nought all to the battell boun,
When they heard the cry rise into that toun,
On Edwards hoast they set full suddenly,
Wallace and his made little noyse and cry:
But occupied with weapons in that stour,
Feill felled to death that was without armour:
All disarraped the English hoast was than,
Among the pavilions where Scots full many man:
Cutted down cords, gart many tents fall,
Some soinzeit then, at once were fighting all:
But Wallace hoast and Earle Malcome with might,
King Edward then with awfull feare on height:
Cryed to array on Bruce so sterne and stout,
Twenty thousand in armes him about:
Into harnesse had bidden all that night,
But frayed folke so dolefully been dight,
On each side fled, for fearedneſſe of their deed,
Wallace and his so roughly through them yerd:
Toward the King, and felled feill to ground,
Who bode them there right fell fighting they found:
The cruell King right awfully abade,
To all his folk a great comfort he made:
The worthie Scots among them in that stour,
Feill Sutheron slew into their fine Armour,
Before the King made slops them among,
So forwardly they preased in that throng.
English commons they fled on either side,
But noble men there durst none other bide.
The Bruce as then to Scots made no grievance,
But judge he was with feinzeit countenance:
So did he never into no battell aire,
For yet after such deed as he showed there.

The

The Earle Hartford to flée he made him bowne,
The Earle Malcome by that came in the towne:
The Lennox men set their lodges in fire,
Then fearefully fled many Sutheron syre,
The King Edward that yet was fighting still,
Hath seen them flée, and sikes them full ill,
The worthie Scots fast toward him they preasse,
His bridell neare allayed ere they would ceasse,
His banner man in that place Wallace slew,
And thon to ground the banner soon it slew.
The Earle of Yorke counselled the King to flée,
And to returned, since no succour they see.
The Englishmen hath seen the banner fall,
Without comfort to flée they purpose all,
Ten thousand men in field and towne was dead,
Of Edwards folk, ere himself left that stead.
Twenty thousand away together rade,
King and Chiftains no longer tarry made,
The Scots in haste then to their hoyle they yéd,
To stuffe the chase with worthie men indeed.
The Lennox folk that wanted hoyle and geare,
Took them at will to help them in their weare,
At stragill rode what Scots might fairmost paise:
On Sutheron men full great slaughter there was,
Wallace hath seen the Scots unsteerly,
Follow the chase he made maisters in hye,
Them for to rule and altogether ride,
Commanding them, each one should other byde,
Into flying the Sutheron subtill are,
Sée they a time they will set on full fare,
Feill scailed folk to them will soon renew,
For ye see well that they are men anew,
The followers was ruled well with skill,
In good array they rode all at his will,
And slew down fast what Sutheron they overtook,
Contrare the Scots came not maistrie to make,

Into

nto that chase they hasted all so neir,
o Englishmen durst from the hoast out feare.
The frayed folk at stragill were fleand,
Drew to the King well mae then ten thousand.
Thirty thousand in number then were they,
nto arrap together they past away,
rill Scots hoyse so driven was in trabell,
Sperun that day and irked began to faile,
The Sutheron was with hoyse serued so well,
Of Wallace chase the Sutheron had some feile,
Of hoyse they were purueyed in great waine,
The King changed on sundry hoyse of Spaine,
Then Wallace said, Lords ye may well se,
ou folk are now all that yon King may be,
or fault of stuffe we lose ouer meikell thing,
nd we gud hoyse to passe before yon King.
We should make end of all this long debate,
ot some of them shall be handled so hate.
Part of our hoyse are holven fresh and wight,
et on them fast while thas we are in might,
With that the Scots so hard among them dreu,
Of the outmost three thousand men they slew.
n Crawfurd mare many a man was slaine,
dward gart call the Bruce of meikell maine,
Then said he thus, gud Earle of Huntingtowne
e se the Scots put many to confusion.
Would ye with men again on them reliefe,
nd marre them once, I shall while that I liue,
ue you far mare then any other knight,
nd for all this shall put you in your right,
Then said the Bruce, Sir lose me of my band,
nd I shall turn, I heght you by my hand,
The King soon considered in his minde,
When he heard Bruce answer him in this kinde,
rum Englishmen the Bruce heart set it is,
Then cast he this how he should mend this misse.

And

And so he did in England at his will,
No Scots-man he let with Bruce bide still.
But where he past held him in subiection,
Of Englishmen under a great bandon.
He turned not nor no more language made,
In rayed battell the King to Sulway rade.
With meikell pain past upon Englands coast,
Fifty thousand in that travell they lost,
When Wallace saw he escaped was away,
Upon command again returned they,
To Edinburgh, withoutten words more,
Put in Crawfurd that Captain was before.
Of heritage he had in Manwell land,
VVallace commanded each man should hold in hand,
Their own office, as they before time had.
Put in good peace, Scotland in right he stad,
On the tenth day to Saint Johnstoun he went.
Assembled Lords, then showde them his intent.
Scrimgeour came that then had won Dundie,
Wallace command that time well keped he.
He failed so, while strong hunger them drave,
Feebled them so the houle to him they gave.
These wageours soon they put to confusion,
Then brought Morton, to make a conclusion,
Before Wallace, and soon from he him saw,
He gart hang him for all King Edwards aw.
Malons and Binds with Scrimgeour forth he send,
Cast down Dundie, and thereof make an end.
Wallace sadly when these deeds were done,
The Lords he called, and his will showde them soon.
Good men he said, I was your governour,
My minde was set to do you aye honour,
And for to bring this Realme to righteousnesse,
For it I past in many painfull place.
To win our own my selfe I never sparde,
At the Fawkirke they ordained me reward,

Of

Of their reward ye hear no moze through me,
Unto such gifts God will full well have eye.

NOw ye are free, through the maker of might,
Ye grant you grace foz to defend your right,
Als I presume if harme be ozdained me,
There are Scottishmen, which should the wozkers be
I have anough of our old enemies strife,
Ye thinks our own should not envy my life,
Mine office here over plainly I resign,
I think no moze to take on me such thing.
In France I will, and win my living there,
As now advised, and home to come no moze,
Lozds gain stud, but all that helped nought,
Foz any there he did as himselfe thought,
Bishop Sinkler was visited with sickneslle,
Into Dunkeld, and then through Gods grace,
He recovered when Wallace past away:
After the Bruce he lived many a day.
Syd Wallace thus took leave in Saint Johnstoun,
Eighteen with him to Dundie made them bown,
Longoveill past that doughty was indeed,
The Barrons Son of Brechin with him yed.
Two brethren old with their Uncle them dight,
Symon VVallace, and Richard that wzarwight,
Sir Thomas Gray, this Priest can with him fare,
Edward Little, and Jop and Patster Blaire.
Syd Keirly past had been with VVallace long.
And done full well in many fellon throng.
This Keirly then that could with Wallace fare,
Will ker he heght mine Authoz will declare,
Keirly in Irish, is but Ker Litle calde,
In Carricke he had heritage of ald,
His forebear which wozthy was of hand,
Saint David King him brought out of Ireland

Then at Dunmoir where first Norwayes came in,
This Kee made great discomfite of their kin,
With seven hundreth vanquisht nine thousand,
Some drowned in Doune, some slaine upon the land,
Those whole lands the god King gave him till,
How Wallace past now further speak I will.

CHAP. II.

How *Wallace* met with *John* of *Lyne* upon the sea.

AMong Merchants thus Wallace took the sea,
Pray we to God that he their helper be,
They sailed forth by part of Englands Shore,
To Humber-mouth when that they came before,
Out of the South a great red saile they see,
Into the top three Leopards standing hie,
The Merchants then the signe when that they saw,
Cumming so nieer, they were discomfort aw,
For well they wist that it was John of Lyn,
Scots to slay, he said it was no sin.
These frayed folk they yed to confession,
Then Wallace saw such a devotion,
Yet saw I never in no place where I past,
That for one ship ye should be all agast,
Yon wood Cats shall doe but little dear,
We saw them saile twise moe when they were,
On a fare field so shall they on the sea,
Despite it is to see them stand so hie,
The Stieri-man said, Sir will ye understand,
He saveth none that is borne of Scotland:
We may not flee from yon Barge wot I well,
Well stuffed they are with gun and gamzie of steel,
Upon the Sea, yon River long hath been,
To righteous men he doth full methelt teen,
Right we be saved we rek not for our good,

This

This use he hath shortly for to conclude,
Aloud he bears upon his Coat Armour,
The drowning folk, so painted in his figure,
Suppose we mourn ye should have no marveill.
Then Wallace said, here is men of mare valle,
To saile the Ship therefore in How thou gae:
And thy fiers, no maze cummer us mae,
Wallace and his then went to Harnesse yard,
When they were graithed into their worthie ward.
Himselfe and Blaire, and the Knight Longoveill,
These thae hath taue to keep the mid-ship well,
Before were eight, and six be eft he kend,
Then two he chose the top for to defend,
And Gray he made their Stiert-man for to be
The Merchands then saw them so manfully,
Defend themselves because they had no speed,
Out of the how they took them summes good speed,
Ay betwixt two Tuffed Tholl as they might beft,
Against the stroake, that they might some part left,
Then Wallace leugh and commended them aw,
Of such Harnesse before he never saw,
By that the Barge came out them wonder fast,
Seven scoze in her that were not thog agast,
When John of Lyn saw them in Armour bright,
He leugh, and said these naughty knaves on sight,
Yon glaiked Scots can us not understand,
They are but fools, and new come from the land,
He cryed strike, but none answer them made,
Blaire with a bow that fast withdrawen bade,
Ere they clipped he shot but arrowes three,
And at each shot he gart a river die.
The Boiggans then they richered wonder sair,
Among the Scots with shot of Gunnes rare.
And they again with speares headed well,
Feill wounds they made through plates of fine steel:
Either other fought with clippes so keen,

A cruell Counter was at that ship-bord sein,
The derfe shot brave as thick as haile shoure,
Lasted and well neare the space of an houre,
When shot was gone the Scots great comfort had,
At hand strokes they were sicker and sad.
The Merchants als with such things as they might,
Provèd full well in defence of their right.
Wallace and his at neare strokes when they see,
With sharpe swords they gart fell Brigands die,
They in the top so wightly wrought on hand,
In the South top there might no reaver stand,
All the midship of Reavers was made waste,
That to give over at point they were almast.
Then John of Lyne was right graithly agast,
He saw his folk about him failie fast,
With eager will he would have been away,
Bade fonde the saile in all the haste they may,
But from the Scots then might they not eskey.
The ships so seze on either side they wey.
They saw no thing that might be to them ease,
Crawfurd on loft their saile burnt in a bleise,
Ere John of Lyne ship for to leave that stead,
Of his best men sirty were brought to dead.
Their ship by ones a bord was moze in hight,
Wallace lap in amongst the Reavers wight,
A man he stroke over ship-bord in the sea,
On the ober-last he slew son other three.
Longoveill entred, and als gud master Blair,
They gave no grace to tricks that they found there
Wallace himselfe with John of Lyne hath met,
At his Coller a fellon stroke him set,
Both helme and head from the shoulder he brave,
Blair over the bord in the sea cast the lave,
Of his body, then all the remanand,
Entred and slew the Brigands that they fand,
The ship thop tuk both gold and other gear,

That

hat thofe reapers had gathered long in weare,
at Maſter Blair ſpake nothing of himſelf.
deed of Armes what e'enture that befell.
r Thomas Gray, was prieſt then to Wallace,
t in this book how them happened this caſe,
hat Blair was in, and many worthy deed,
which himſelfe had no pleaſance to read,
allace gart rule the ſhip with his awne men,
ſailed forth the right courſe for to hell,
into the Sluce haven, while they entred be,
e Merchants well he helped in ſafety,
gold and gear they tok part that they fand,
ibe them the ſhip then paſſed to the land.
hough Flanders rade upon a goodly wiſe,
ntred France and then paſt to Pariſe,
he glad tydings that to the king was brought,
Wallace coming it comfort all their thought,
hey trowed by him to get reſcelle of wrang,
he Sutheron had in Guyan wrought ſo lang.
he Peirs of France were at their Parliament,
he king commanded with true and whole intent,
hey ſhould fordge a Lordſhip for Wallace,
he Lords then all herned of this caſe,
n Guyan was all whole out of their hand,
hey thought it beſt for to give him that land,
for well they trowed he had wrought ſo before,
e ſhould it win or elſe to lie therefore.
lo of it they might no profit habe,
hat was the cauſe that Wallace ſhould it habe,
his decreet ſone they ſhewed unto the king,
Diſpleaſed he was they made him ſuch a thing.
Of Guyan thus when Wallace had a faſe,
ſo land he ſaid, liked him halfe ſo well.
by chance is thus for to be ay in weare,
and Engliſhmen habe done our Realme moſt beare,
it was well knowne my defence righteous there.

Right have I here, my comfort is the more.
I thank you Lords, made such reward to me,
Your purpose is I should not idle be.
The King bade him be Duke of Guyan land,
To that command Wallace was gain-stand and,
Be cause that land was hastily to conquish:
His thought was aye to win it through Gods grace.
But nevertheless the King had made him Knight,
And gave him gote to: to maintain his right.
And then gave charge to all war men in France,
They should be whole at Wallace ordinance.
And also of him he bade him armes to take,
Wallace forsook such changing for to make,
Since I began, I bore the red Lyon,
And thinks to be aye true man to the crown.
I thank you Sir, of this mighty reward,
You men heretone shall not right long be spaird,
I think to quite some part ye bithed on me,
In your serbise, or else heretone to die,
God Wallace thought his time he would not waist,
Unto the warres he graithed him in haste,
All Scottishmen that were into that land,
To him they sought with their seruy and band.
Longovell als a great power can raise,
In Wallace help this good Knight gladly gaes,
Ten thousand whole of noble men they were,
The broad banner displaide of Scotland there,
Those war men son upon Guyan they fure.
Brake buildings down which had been stark and sture
Sutheron they fleid against them made debate,
Big bly on brood they raised fires full hate.
Shemon they took, that Wallace first had wonnen,
And fleid all men of Sutheron there was founden.
Into that town Wallace his dwelling made,
All there about he wan the Country broade,
The worthie Duke of Orleance was Lord,

Semblie

ymbled his folke into a good accord,
welve thousand then he had in armour bright,
o thought to help good Wallace in his right,
ave I them thus, the Duke and Wallace baith,
d speak foune part how Scotland tok great skaith.

CHAP. III.

ow Edward King of England came into Scotland and made whole conquish thereof.

The falle enuoy and the wicked treason,
Amongst themselves brought still to confusion,
The knight Vallance in Scotland made repare,
The falle Menteith Sir John withouten mare,
Betwirt them twa was made a private band,
To on a day they met into Annand.
Of the Lennox Sir John had great desire,
Sir Aymer height he should have it in hire,
To hold in Fee, and other lands moe,
Of King Edward, to be would passe him to,
Thus couded they and then to London went,
Edward was glad to held that appointment.
Menteith anone was bound to that fierce king,
To further him in Scotland in all thing.
Then passed home and Vallance with him bare,
While he was brought againe ower Carlile mure,
King Edward then in ire and fierce outrage,
By thirty dayes he tailed his Wardage.
In Scotland past, and there no stopping fand,
No Chiftane wone that durst against him stand,
For Menteith twa they thought to make Bruce king,
All true Scots would be pleased of that thing,
Yet many fled ane durst not bide Edward.
Some into Rosse, and in the Iles past part,
Bishop Sinkler against Iles into Bute;
With that fierce king he had no will to mute.

Thus without stroake the Castles of Scotland,
King Edward hath tane into his owne hand,
Divided then to men that he would like,
Strength and townes to Rosse throughe the Kingrik,
Both height and vale obeyed whole his will,
That he commanded they purpose to fulfill,
The Bishops all inclined to his Crowne,
Both tempozall, and the religion.
The Romane bokis that then were in Scotland,
He gart them bear to Scone where they them fand,
And but redeme they burnt them all each one,
Salisbery tite our Clerks then hath tane,
The Lords he tok that would not of him hold,
In England sent the noble blood of old,
Sir William long Dowglas to London send,
In strong prison and there he mave an end.
Earl Thomas als that Lord was of Murray,
And Lord Fraser, with him to passe away,
Als Hew the Hay, and other heires moe,
He gart Valence with him in England go.
No man was left all this maine land within,
From Edwards peace knowne of any kin.
Seton and Lawder dwelt still into the Basse,
With them Lundie, and men that wozthy was,
The Earl Malcome and Campbell past put let,
In Bute forcour with Sinkler for to get,
Sir John Ramsay, and Ruthven they fled nozth,
To their Cousen that Lord was of Fillorth:
He past with them throngh Murray lands right,
So found they there a gentle wozthy knight,
That Clement height, full cruell ay had been,
And tended well amongst their enemies keen:
He thought never at Edwards will to be,
Into his time he gart keill Sutheron die.
He led these Lords in Rosse withoutten mare,
At the Stockfurd a strong strength bigged there,

Raped

eped it long right worthily by weire,
o their enemies they did full meikell dear,
am Wallace, and Lindesay of Craigie,
nay they fled by night unto the sea,
nd Robert Boyd that was both wise and wight,
rrane they took to send them at their might:
nd Corf Patricke into Dumbar dwelt still,
fewtie full lowne he made king Edward till,
bernethie, Lord Soules and Cumming als,
nd John of Lorne that long time had been falfe;
Lord of Brechin, and many other mae,
t Edwards peace, for gifts that he them gae;
fulling of peace for twenty dayes set he,
f Englishmen in Lorne, that men might see,
laine to declare, but of this caufe, I wis,
That all Scotland, by conqueffe then was his.
The Lords then, and good Bishop Sinklair,
Out of Bute then they made a Ballingair,
To good Wallace told him the torment baith,
Then wrote they thus to get help of their baith.

OUr hope, our health, and our whole Governour
Our goodly guide, our best Thirtaine in stour.
Our Lord, our love, our strength in righteous place,
For Gods take relieve us of this cafe.
And take the crowne to us it were kinder,
To bruke for ay ere fierce Edward it bear.
The wrife he got, but yet suffer he would,
For great falsehood that part him did of old.
Diekell dolour it did him in his minde,
Of their mistare for true he was and kinde,
He though to take a mends of their great wrang,
He answered not but into way forth rang:
Of king Edward yet more saith will I mell,
In what wise that he could Scotland deale,

In Saint Johnstoun he Earle of Yorke he made,
Captaine to be of all these lands haid,
From Tay to Dee and under him Battellar,
His goodbyre had at Kinclevin ended there,
His Father als, Wallace had them bo thslaine,
Edward therefore made him a man of maine,
The Lord Bewmont into the North he send,
These Lordships whole he gave them in commend,
To Striviling then from Saint Johnstoun he went
There to fulfill the lave of his intent.
The Lord Clifford he had then Dowglasdaile,
Euler to be of the South marches haile,
All Galloway he gave Cumming in hand,
Wist none but God how long that state should stand.
Wlith the gentle Lord Bithop Lambertoun,
Of Saint Andrews was Dowglas of renown,
Before that time young James wight and wise,
To him was come from Schoules of Parise,
A private favour the Bithop to him bare,
But Englishmen was so great matters there,
He durst not well in plaine show him kindnesse,
While on a day he took some hardinesse.
Dowglasse he called and can to Striviling fare,
Where King Edward was dealing lands there,
He protered him unto the Kings service,
To book his gloue tra he lost in this wise,
Dowglas he was, then he tuook plainly,
Sweares by S. George he bookes no land of me.
His Father was in contrare of my crotune,
Therefore as now he bydes in our prison.
To the Bithop none other answer he made,
But as he pleased dealt on their lands haid,
To the Lord Soules all whole the Mers gave he,
And Captaine als of Barwick for to be,
Oliphant then that he in Striviling land,
When he him had he would not harp his hand,

The

The which he made ere he him Striviling gave,
Deceitfully the King could him perceive,
Into England sent him in prison strong,
In great distresse he lived there full long:
When King Edward had dealt this Region,
His leave he took to England made him bowne,
Out of Striviling Southward as they ran ryde,
Cumming happed near hand the Bruce to byde.
Thus said he, Sir, and ye can keep counsell,
I can you learne which may you best availe.
The Bruce answered, what ever ye show to me,
As for my part shall well concealed be.
Lord Cumming said, Sir, ye know not this thing,
Of all this Realme ye should be righteous king,
Then said the Bruce, suppose I righteous be,
I see no time to take such thing on me,
I am holden into mine enemies hand,
Under great Oath when I came in Scotland,
To part from it in far proffit nor requell,
Nor for no strength, but if death me arrell.
He height againe to give this land to me,
Now finde I well it is but flatterie,
For this thou sees ye Deals mine heritage,
To Sutheron part, and some to traitours wage,
Then Cumming said, Will ye therefore consent,
Of my lands and ye like to be Lord.
Ye shall them have for your right and the crowne,
Or and ye like, Sir for my pardon,
I shall you help with power at my might.
The Bruce answered, I will not sell my right,
But on this wise what Lordship thou would crave,
For thy supply I height thou shalt it have,
Come from yon King, Sir with some jeopardie,
Now Edward hath all Galloway given to me,
By Nevoy Soules that keeps Berwick towne,
At your command his power shall be bowne,

By

By Nebay als a man of meikell might,
The Lord of Lorne hath great rowme in the hight,
By third Nebay a Knight of great renoun,
Will rise with us of Brechin the Barron,
Then said the Bruce, tell there so sore a chance,
That we might get againe Wallace from France,
By wit and force he could this kintrike win,
Alace we have beene over lang in twine.
To that language Cumming made no record,
For old bone deeds did in his minde remord.
The Bruce and he compleated with their hand,
Then that same night sealed it with their hand,
This ragment left the Bruce with Cumming there,
With Edward king in England home could fare,
And there remained while his ragment was knowne,
Three years and more ere Bruce claimed his owne,
Some men deemes Cumming the ragment send,
Some men again the contrare doth defend.
None may say well that Cumming was sakeleſſe,
Because his wife was Edwards Coulenelle:
He served death by right law of the king,
He reckleſly miskeped such a thing.
Had Bruce past by but bode to S. Johnstoune,
By whole allent, and had received the crowne,
On Cumming then, he might have done the law,
He could not thole from time that he him saw.
Thus Scotland left in hard perplexitie,
Of Wallace more in some part speak will we.

THE

THE TWELFTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* conquelt the land of *Guyan*, and how he was made Lord thereof.

THe foze travell, the earneſt buſineſſe,
The fell labour he had in many place:
To winne the land that the good king him
gave,
Into his Reigne he would no Sutheron ſave,
In Guyan land Wallace was ſtill at weir,
Of Scotlands loſſe it did his heart great deir:
Of true Scots in minde he had great pittie,
He thought to help, his time when he might ſe,
Of ſet battels five he diſcomfit hadde,
With jeopardie and many ſtrong aſſaile:
Then they forſook and durſt not him abide,
The Sutheron fled from thence on either ſide:
To Burdeous into great multiply,
The town they ſtuffe with victails by the ſea,
All Guyan land Wallace took to his peace,
To Burdeous he paſt ere he would ceaſe:
On out biggings ſtill great maiſterie he made,
Still twentie dayes at ſtrong aſſailying bade:
Forts and works that were without the town,
They brake and burnt, and put to confuſion,
Hedges and alleyes by labour that was there,
Foiled and ſpoiled, they would no fruits ſpare.
The Engliſhmen made great defence again,
With ſhot and caſt that meikle were of main:

By

Of Guns they were, and Gunzeis stuffed well,
All actuall gie and weapons of fine steele,
With men and meat within was busked bein:
The great Captaine was wise, cruell and keen,
Of Glocester the budge lord and heir,
The Sarke had bein ay used into weir:
Keeped his men by wit and hardiment,
Without the towne there durst none from him went,
The land without was nere wasted away,
War men so long into the Countrey lay,
In Wallace hoste such scant was of victuall:
They might not byde no longer to assaile,
Then this wise lord, the Duke of Orleance,
To Wallace said, Sir, ye should know this chance:
It stands over well with this false Sutheron blood,
For on no wise can we now stop their food:
The haven they have and ships at their will,
From England comes victuall enough them till:
The land is pore of victuall should us yield,
And ye se well that they forsake the field.
Ye may with peace plenish these lands wide,
They will not fight though ye all years should byde,
My counsell is in plaine ment this thing,
That ye should passe with worship to the King,
By his assent ye may at leasure waile,
With provision against them to assaile,
Wallace inclined, and thanked this wise Lord,
Then they returned all with one good accord:
Past upis France with honour to the King,
And schawed him whole the verity of this thing,
And he thereof in heart was wonder glad,
Frenchmen before a hundreth year not had,
Of Guyan half so mekill in their hand,
Whitting by then was new coming of Scotland,
From part of Lords and good Bishop Sinkler,
Besought this King into these termes faire:

Of

Of his gentrice and of his godly grace,
For their supply to counsell good Wallace,
To come againe and bring them from bandon,
And take to weare the Crowne of that Region.
This writ as then he would not to him shaw,
Right loath he was for friendship, feed, or aw,
Wallace should passe so same from his presence,
A dwelling place he took for his residence.
In Shemon still Wallace his dwelling made,
And held about right fifteen lands braid.
A keen Captaine then claimed in heritage,
Office of it, and great lands into wage,
Therefore he thought good Wallace for to slay,
Under colour such maistrie for to ma,
Long time he sought to get a day and place,
Daid he desired then service of Wallace.

A Tryst they set, with fifteen on the tre,
Fourtie thereby he gart in bushment bide,
Of men in armes. Wh hen he with Wallace met,
Right awfully he bade them on him set.
No armour had Wallace men in that place,
But sword and knife they bore on them throughout,
Part of his men left near a Forrest syde,
Right boustreously the Captaine said that tyde,
That Wallace held of his lands forth outright:
Right soberly he said to that French knight,
I have no lands but what the King gave me,
My selfe therefore have been in jeopardie.
The knight then said, Thy life shall be forlorne,
Or else that land the contrare who had sworne.
Aback he lap, and out a sword he drew,
The bushment hasts when he that token threw,
Good Wallace thought that matters stud not well,
He gryped fast a shearing sword of steele,

And

And at one stroake the knight to death he drave,
About sixteen then lapped all the lave.
Wallace and his so worthily have wrought:
Full feill they slew, that soest on them sought,
The knights brother that stalwart was and strang,
And thought they should be venged ere they gang.
Of Wallace men some part he wounded sare:
Doing there was into a Meadow there:
Nine stout Carles, all servants to that knight,
Sythes then they took, and ran in all their might,
To the fighters, ere they came near that place,
But them perceived right well hath good Wallace.
So awfull thing of such we never saw,
Them to resist, himselfe can to them draw,
Into that stour left his men fighting still,
To meet those Carles that came with eager will.
The first let draw at Wallace with his Syth,
Deliver he was, and high overlap the syth,
An ateward stroak hit the Churle on the head,
Deidly on ground he hath him left for dead:
The other he met overlap the Syth so keen,
On the shoulder als stroke him in that tene:
Through all the coast the noble sword it share,
The third he met with a full awfull fare,
The grounden Syth at Wallace he let draw,
This good Chiftaine cleanly overlap them alw
With his good sword, he made an hideous wound,
Left him for dead, then on the fourth can sound:
On the right bone in great yre can him tae,
Cleaved the coast right cruelly in twa:
Three formost Sythes this good Wallace over-lap,
And some he slew, they saw such was his hap.
For ay a man he slew at every each straike,
The last fled first, thus can their power slaike.
Wallace fast followed, and some the fifth ober tacs,
Strake him so death that no further he gaes:

Then

Then fled him son unto his men againe,
By then they had the knights brother slaine,
fifty and six derfly to death were dight,
Except seven men that fled out of their sight:
five Sawers als that Wallace selfe with met,
To Frenchmen since no such tryst was set:
Because that they him brought to such a case,
The King heard tell well scaped was Wallace:
Sent for him son, and prayed him to be,
Of his houshold, and live in good safetie:
For well he saw they had him at envy,
Still with himselfe he gart him byde for thy:
Two yeares there Wallace with mirth abade,
Still into France many good journey made:
The King him pleased in all his gouy maine,
From him he thought he should not part againe,
Lords and Ladies honoured him reverently,
Wretches and shrewes ay held him at envy.

CHAP. II.

How *Wallace* slew the two Champions.

Two Champions that time dwelt with the King,
Had great despite at Wallace in all thing,
Together yed aye these two Champions,
Of fellon face and froward of conditions,
Right great despite they spake ay of Scotland,
While on a day it happed upon hand:
Wallace and they were leaved them alone,
By a venture into an house of stone,
They used to bear no weapons in that hall,
They trowed therefore amisse they might not fall.
There communed they of Scotland scorne fully,
Then Wallace said, Ye wrong us utterly:
Since we are bound in friendship to your King,
And he of us is pleased of all thing.

Als Scots men hath helped this Realme from dread,
Wee think ye should give good word for good deed,
What may ye speak of our enemies but ill:
In lightlinesse they made answer theretill:
And him despited in their language als,
Wee Scots they said have ever yet been falss.
Wallace tuk one on the face in his teene,
Wt with his good hand, while mouth, nose, and eene,
Thrugh the braith blow, all gushed out of blood,
Ozefling to ground he smote him where he stood.
The other hint to Wallace in that stead,
For weill he weind his fellow had been dead.
And he againe in greefe him gripped fast,
Wt while his spritt faild, that hee might do no more.
The first freik rose, and smote on Wallace fast.
Both to the death he brought them at the last.
Upon a pillar their braines out he dang,
And with his hands out at the doze them flang.
And said, Wt what devil moved you Carles at me?
Long time in France I would have let them be.
Trust well in truth, thus were they done to dead,
Though French men now likes not thereof to read,
Als I will cease, and put it out of Rhyme,
Better it is, who right can luk in time:
Many great Lords was displeased in France,
But the good King who knew all the whole chance,
Right great despite of Wallace spoken had they
This passed over, while that upon a day:
Wt was none of them that durst it undertake,
Wee had done wrong, or therefore battell make.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* slew the Lyon in the Barrace.

This royall Roy an high worthy him gave,
As conqueroure him honoured ober the lave;

I fell Lyon this King gart be brought,
Within barrace for great harme that he wrought:
Cirlized with yron, and no more power him gave,
Of wodnelle he exceded ober the lave:
But he was faire, and right fellon indeed,
In that strong strength he gart men him sed.
Keped him close, from men and bestial,
In Court their dwelt two Squyers of great baile,
That Cousens were to the Champions tyne,
The which before Wallace hapned to slay.
Band they made in prbie conclusion,
At their power to worke his confusion:
By any meanes through fraud and subtiltie,
After therefore, they cared not for to die.
To death or shame so that they might him bring.
Upon a time they went unto the King:
This Scot, they said, that ye so well fare make,
He sees nought here, but he would undertake,
By his great force to put to confusion,
Now he desires to fight with your Lyon.
And bade us aske of you the battell strange,
Ye grant him leave in the barrace to gang.
Sadly again to them answered the King,
Dare me for, thinks he desires such a thing.
But I will neither for right nor yet pleasance,
Denye Wallace what he desires in France:
Then went they forth, and soft meet with Wallace,
Figured tale they told him in that case:
Wallace, they said, the King desires that ye,
Diresse battell so cruell for to se:
And Charged you to fight with this Lyon,
Wallace answered in hastie conclusion:
And I shall doe what he the Kings will,
At my power, right gladly to fulfill.
Then passed he unto the King but mare,
A Lord in Court when he approached there.

Unwisely asked, without provision:
Wallace dare ye go fight with our Lyon.
And he said, Yea, so the King suffer me,
Or with your selfe, if ye ought better be.
What will ye more? this thing admitted was,
That Wallace should unto the Lyon passe:
The King charged to bring him good harnesse.
And he said, Nay, God shield me from such case.
I should it take if I fought with a man,
But for a dog, that nought of armes can,
I will have none, but single as I gae
A great mantle about his hand cantae.
And God sword, with him he tok na mare,
Abowndantly in barrace entred there:
Great chaines were brought in the gate with a gin,
And pulled to, when Wallace was there in.
The wood Lyon on Wallace where he stood.
Ramping he brayed, for he desired blood:
With his round polles in the Pantles wrought sae.
A thort the back good Wallace can him tae:
With his good sword that was of birnisht stæle,
His bodie in two it cutted ever each deale,
Then to the King he raked in great yre,
And said on loud, loas this all your desire.
To war a Scot this lightly into vaine?
Is there more dogs that ye would yet have slain.
Go bring them forth, since I must dogs quell,
To do bidding while that I with you dwell:
It gains me well to gratify me in Scotland,
For greater deeds there men hath tane in hand:
Then with a doge in battell to enchieve,
At you and France for ever I take leave.
The King perceived that Wallace grieved was,
So earnestly he asked leave to passe:
Reved in his minde that it was happned so,
So lewd a deed to let him under goe:

Knowing

knowing the worthip and the great noblenelle,
Of him which ſprang that time in many place:
Namely he ſaid, it ſhould diſpleaſe you nought,
Be it deſired, it dread never in my thought.
And by the faith I owe the Crowne of France,
I thought never to charge you to ſuch chance?
But men of Baile that aſked it for you,
Wallace anſwered, to God I make a vow,
I liked never in ſuch battell to be in,
Upon a dog no worſhip is to win.
The King conceived how this falſehod was wrought,
The Squyers both were to his preſence brought,
Could not deny, when they came him before,
All their treſpaſſe they told without more.
The King commanded they ſhould be done to dead,
Smote off their heads without any remead:
The Champions, loe, for envie caſtelelle,
To ſudden death, Wallace them brought through exile
The Squyers als, from their falſnelle was kend,
Envie them brought both to a ſudden end.
Lords behold, envie the evil Dragon,
In cruell fire he burneth this Region:
For whoſoever abounds in envy,
To ſome miſchiefe it brings him haſtily,
For ſake envy, thou ſhalt the better ſpeed,
Hereof as now I will no further reed.
But in my matter as I before began,
I ſhall declare as plainly as I can.

WHen Wallace ſaw they had him at envie,
Longer to byde he thought not then plainly,
Better him thought in Scotland for to be,
And adventure take, either to live or die,
To help his owen, he had far more pleaſance,
Than there to byde, with all the wealth in France

Then his whole minde, manhood and courage,
Was plainly set to win out of bondage.
Scotland again from paine and meikell shore.
He vowed he should, or else to die therefore,
The King hath seen how good Wallace is set,
The letter then him gave withoutten let.
The which of late from Scotland was him send,
Wallace it saw, and well their harmes kend.
By the first writ thereto accordiall,
Them to supply he thought he would not faile,
Wherefore should I hereof long procelle make?
Wallace of France a goodly leave can take,
The King hath seen, that it would not else be,
To Chamber went, behold him might not he:
For great langour, when Wallace can remove,
The King to him kept aye kindnesse and love:
Jewels and gold his worthip for to save,
He bade them give as much as they would have
Lords and Ladies wæped wonder fast,
When Wallace there so tuik his leave and past:
No man he tuik, but whom he thither brought,
Again with him Longoveill sooth sought:
For paine nor blisse that good knight left him never
For care befell, while death made them dissever,
Towards the Sluce in goodly feir past he,
A vessell got, and made him to the sea:
Eight ship-men hyred, and goodly wage them gave,
To Scotland sure, the firth of Tay they have.

CHAP. IIII.

How *Wallace* came in *Scotland* againe at the battell of *Elchock Parke*.

Upon the night Wallace the land hath tane,
At Ernis-mouth, and is to Elchock gane,

He

He gart the ship in covert saile away,
So out of sight they were ere it was day.
At Elchock dwelt then Wallace Cousen deare,
That Crawfurd heght: his house when they come neare
On the back side Wallace a windowe fand,
And in he called, then Crawfurd came at hand.
From time he will that it was good Wallace,
Into his barne he ordained them a place.
A mow of corne he builded them about,
And clozde it well, none might perceive thereout:
But at on place where meat was to them brought,
And bedding tw, as goodly as he mought.
Into the water whereof Wallace was glad,
A derne hole forth on the North side they had,
Four dayes or five in rest sojourned there,
While meat was gone, Crawfurd boomed for mare
To Saint Johnstoun their purveyance to buy,
Englishmen thought he took more aboundantly,
Than he was wont in any time before,
They have him tane and put in prison sore:
What guests he had, to tell made him request:
He said, it was but to a Kirking feast:
Yet they presumed the comming of Wallace,
And wolcoge to get they set a subtill case:
They let him passe with thing that he had bought,
Then after soon in all the hast they mought
To barnelle yed the power of the towne,
Eight hundreth men with Butteller made them bown
Followed on dreigh, while that this man came hame
Wallace him saw, and said, He served blame:
In my sleeping a fell vision me told,
Till Englishmen that thou should me have sold.
Crawfurd said, He had been tormented sare,
With Englishmen, that put him to despaire,
Therefore rise up, and soon some succour se,
I dread full sore they set watches on me.

The worthy Scots graithed them in good speed,
Their weapons take, then from that house they yeed,
Thus suddenly feill Suthero on they saw,
To few they were to fight against them all:
That keenly came with young Butteller the knight
Then Wallace said, in plain lands is not right.
But Elchocke Park that is neare here beside,
The first saplie we think there to abide,
Fifteene they were, and Crawfurd with good will.
The twentieth man, the number to fullfill.
The Park they took where Wallace a place hath seen
Of great holine, that grew both high and green,
With thortor trees a manner of strength made he
Ere they were won, they thought to gar feill die.
The wood was thick, but little of breadth and length
And they had meat, they thought to hold the strength
The Englishmen then past to Crawfurds place,
Found in the Barne the lodging of Wallace.
Then Crawfurds wife in hands soon have they tane,
And asked at her, what way the Scots were gane?
Right well they trowd that Wallace should there be
From France to Tay he was come through the sea:
She would not tell for boast, nor yet reward,
Then Butteller said, Over long thou hast been spard
And gart them big a full broad burning fire,
Therewith he grew in matalent and ire:
The Sutheron swore therein she should burnt be,
Then Wallace said, She shall not end for me:
Great sin it were you sakeleſſe wight to slae,
Ere she should end, in faith there shall die mae.
He left the strength, and the plain field can tae,
On loud he cryed, and said, Loe, here thy fae:
Thinkes thou not shame sor to torment a wife,
Come forth to me, and make end of our strife:
Fra Butteller had on field good Wallace seen,
For old malice he wore neare wood for teen:

Upon

Upon the Scots they shup all with great maine,
Quhill Wallace won the strength he tok again.
Quhill fell bickker the Englishmen began,
Assailzied sore with many cruell man.
But they within were noble of defence,
Made great debate with force and violence,
At the entry fifteen they put to dead.
Then all the rest removed from that stead:
Red to array again to sailyie new,
Wallace beheld which well in war him knew:
Fellowes he said, again all at this place,
They will not faile, but this stands the case:
Your knight thinks for to divide his men,
In seir places the soth ye shall well ken,
Again on us to prove how it may be,
As now behoves some other way to se.
Contrare their might a good defence to make:
Now Longoveill thou shalt sire with thee take:
William mine Cune as many with you goe,
And five with me, as now we have no moe:
Knight Butteller then parted his men in three,
Wallace visied where Butteller shup to be.
Thither then past that entrie for to meare,
Which five they did assailyie with great feare.
Wallace let part on the entry begin,
But none went out that on the Scots came in,
Seven formost was that in the front first pred,
Wallace five men that doughty were indeed.
Each one slew one, and Wallace gart two die,
Butteller was nere, and said, this will not be.
A back he drew, and let his courage slake,
The worthie Scots moved well for Scotlands sake,
Quhill Longoveill his counter made so sore,
And Crawfurd als they sailyied them no more,
Right near by then approached the dark night,
And Stars to appeare began into their sight.

Sutheron set watches, and to their supper went,
The Butteller was sore grieved in his intent,
Yet sure they well of good stuffe, ale and bread,
Wallace and his, they wist of no remead:
But cold water that ran out through a strand,
In that lodging none other food they fand:
Then Wallace said, Good fellows think not long,
Will God we shall be some out of this throng,
Suppose we fast a day or yet a night,
Take all in thanks this pain for Scotlands right:
The Earl of Yorke was in Saint Johnstoun still:
To Butteller sent, and bade him bide at will.
To him full soon there should come new power,
And als himself this told the Messenger:
Butteller would fain that Wallace had peelden been,
Ere the Earl came, and for this cause was seen,
His Godsyre and his father both he slew,
The Knight therewith toward the Parke him drew,
What cheare they made upon the Scots he cald,
Then Wallace said far better then thou wald:
The Butteller said, I would fain speak with thee.
Then Wallace said, thou mayst for little fee,
Wallace, he said, thou hast done me great skaith,
My Father, and my Godsyre thou slew baith.
Then Wallace said, For that state thou art in.
It were my debt for to unloe thy kin.
And I think als as God of heaven me save,
That my two hands shall graith thee to thy grave:
Then Butteller said, that is not likely now,
But wit thee have, we shall gar sodes sow.
Of this I ask, and thou would make me grant,
What I thee beght, that thing thou shalt not want:
Say forth, quoth he, be thy desire reasonable,
I shall it grant withoutten any fable:
The Butteller said, Wallace thou knowes right,
Thou may not scape by power nor by slight,

And

And since thou sés it may no better be,
For thy gentrice thou would thée yéld to me,
Then Wallace said, thy will unskilfull is,
Thou would me doe which is ouer hie amisse,
Yélden I am, to better I can prouve,
To whom he asked, to the great God above:
For ever eah day, since I had wit of man,
Before my worke to yéld me I began.
And als at night when that I failed light,
I me betaught to the maker of might:
The Butteller said, me thinks thou hast done well,
Yet of one thing I pray thee let me feel;
For thy manhood this to me manifest,
When thou sés thou may no longer last:
On this each place which I habe tane to wear,
That thou come forth, and all other forbear.
Then Wallace lough at his cruell desire
And said, I shall though thou were wood as fire:
And all England the contrarie had swome,
I shall come out thereat each place the moone:
Or else this night, trust well that I thee say,
I bide not here till nine hours of the day:
Butteller sent forth the chake watch on the syde,
In that each place boldly he bowned to bide:
Thus still they bode, while day began to pear,
A thicke mist fell, the planet was not cleare.
Wallace assayed all that place about,
Like as he would at an some place brake out.
While Butrellers men away from him could goe,
To help the lave when they saw it was so,
Wallace and his fast sped them to that stead,
Where Butteller bode feill men they wrought to dead
The worthie Scots som passed through that mellie,
Crawfurd therewith was sore hurt on the knee,
At earth he was good Wallace turned again,
And at one stroake the Butteller hath he slain,

That

Hint up that man under his arme so strong,
Defending him out of that fellon throng:
Good rowme he made among them where he goes
With his right hand he slew five of his foes,
Bure out Crawfurd by force of his person,
Nine aiker broad ere ever he set him down.
The Sutheron found that there Thirlane was dead,
Demled him about, but then was no remead,
Thirty with him of the wightest he brought,
Dead on that place, whereat the Scots out sought.
Wallace and his by then was from their sight,
Sutheron bode still for great losse of that knight,
The mist was mirke, that Wallace liked well,
Himself was glad and said to Longoveill.
At Methven wood is my desire to be,
For there is bestiall to get in great plenty.
By then they were well come unto the bight,
The mist flaiked, the Sun shynde faire and bright:
Down were they ware a little space them by,
Of fout and thirty in a company.
Then Wallace said, Be yon men friends or foe,
We will them see since that they are no moe.
When they came near, a noble knight it was,
The which to name height Sir Hew of Dundasse,
And Sir John Scot a wise and worthy knight,
Into Stratherne a man of meikell might.
For their he had great part of Heritage:
Dundasse after he had in mariage:
Passing they were, and might no longer rest,
To Englishmen their fewty for to fest.
The Lord of Brechin such command had them made
Of king Edward to hold their lands braid.
But fra they saw that it was wight Wallace,
Held up their hands, and thanked God of grace:
Of his great help which he had sent them there,
To Methven wood with one assent they fare:

Down

Don got them meat of beſtiall that they fand,
Reſted that day when night was come on hand.
To Birnane wood but reſting are they gane,
Where they have found the Squyer good Ruthven;
In out-law vle he had long lived there,
Of beſtiall whyle he might get na mare:
They tarried not, but into Athole yeed, (breid
Where meat was ſcant, there Wallace had great
Paſſed to Lorne, right little found they there,
Of wyld and tame that Countrey was made bare;
But in the ſtrengths there ſtid was leaved none,
Theſe worthy Scots then made a piteous moane:
Sir John Scot ſaid, he had far rather die,
Into good name, and leave his heires free,
Than for to byde as bound in ſubjection,
When Wallace ſaw theſe good men of renown:
Wyth hunger ſtad, almoſt might live no more,
Wit ye for them he ſighed wonder ſore,
Good men, he ſaid, I am the cauſe of this,
At your deſire I ſhall amend this miſſe.
Or leave you free ſome chevliance for to ma.
All him alone he bowned for to ga:
Prayed them bide whyle he might come again,
Out over an hill he paſſed into plain.

OUt of their ſight into a forreſt ſide,
He ſet him down under an Make to bide.
His bow and ſword, he leaned to a tree,
In anguith great on grouſe then turned he:
This piteous moan was for his men ſo wrought,
That of himſelfe little thyng he then thought:
O wretch! he ſaid, that never could be content.
Of over great might that the great God thee lent
Wat thy fierce mynde, wilfull and variable,
Wyth great Lordſhip thou could not ſo byde ſtable;

And

And wilfull wit, for to make Scotland free,
God likes not that which I have tane on me:
For worthier than I of birth was borne,
Through my desire for hunger are forlorne:
I ask at God them to restore again,
I am the cause, I should have all the paine:
While studying thus, while fyting with himself,
While at the last upon a sleep he fell.
Three dayes before there had him followed five,
The which was bound, or else to losse their live,
The Earle of Yorke bade them so great guardown,
That they by thift thought to put Wallace down,
Three of them was borne men of England,
And two was Scots that tok the deed on hand:
And some men said the third brother betrayed,
Kildromie east, where great sorrow was raised,
A childe they had which used to beare meat,
In wilderneſſe among the mountaines great,
They had all seen the disheverance of Wallace,
From his good men, and where he bode on chace
Among thick wood in covert held them law,
While they perceived he could on sleeping saw,
And these five approached VVallace near,
Whats best to do at other fast they spier:
One man said thus, it were an hie renown,
And we might lead him quicke to Saint Johnstoun,
Loe how he lyes we may our grips waile,
Of his weapons he shall have none availe,
We shall him binde in contrare of his will,
And lead him thus on back-side of yon hill:
So that his men shall nothing of him knaw,
The other four assented to that saw,
And then those five made them unto Wallace,
And thought, through force to bind him in that place.
What: trowed these men for to hold Wallace down:
The manliest man, the starkest of person,

Living

Living he was: als stwd into such right,
We trust great God his deeds hath in sight.
They gripped him, and out of slæp he braid:
What meanest this? then sadly Wallace said,
About he turned, and up his armes thrang:
On these traitours with knightly force he dang.
The starkest man into his hands hint he,
And all his brains he dang out on a tree:
His sword he got sone after that he rose:
Champion like among the four he goes.
Ever a man he gart die at a dint,
When two were dead, the other three would not stint
Bade them to flee, but then it was no bot,
Was none living might passe from him on fot:
He followed fast, and sone to death them brought,
Then to the childe sadly again he sought.
What didst thou here? the childe with a pale face,
On knees did fall, and asked Wallace grace,
With them I was, and knew nothing their thought
Into service, as they me bade, I wrought.
What bearest thou there, but meat the child can say,
Go take it up, and passe with me away.
Meat in this time is far better than gold.
Wallace and he forth founded on the fold,
Who brought Wallace from his enemies bold,
Who? but great God that hath this world to hold.
He was his help in many fellon thrang,
With glad cheare, thus unto Erne can he gang.
Both rosted flesh there was, als bread and chiese,
To succour them that were in point to leise:
And he it deales to foure men any fifty.
Which had before fasted over dayes three.
Then took his part, he had fasted as long,
Where heard ye ever any in such a throng,
In hunger so sleeping, and weaponiesse,
So well recovered as Wallace did in ease.

Plainly

Plainly by force banquiſht his enemies fiue:
Pen of wit this queſtion will deſcribe:
Withoutten gloze I will tell forth my tale,
How caine this meat, this fellowſhip aſked hale.
To their deſire Wallace no anſwere yold,
Where ſtye were dead, he led them forth and told;
Greatly diſpleaſed was all the Chevalry,
To a Chiftan they held it fantaſie.
To walk alone: Wallace with ſober mod,
Said, hereof hath come nothing now but good,
To the lowland again full faſt they fought,
Aſkt at the child if he could wiſh them ought:
Where they might beſt of pur bevance for to win:
Of none he ſaid was this countrey within,
Nor all about in as far as I know,
While that he came down to the Rannach hath.
That Lord hath ſtuffe, but haile, bread, and bernage
Of King Edward he takes full meikell wage.
Then Wallace ſaid, By ſelf ſhall be your guide,
I know that ſtead, about on either ſide.
Through the wild land he guided them full right,
To Rannoch hall he brought them that ſame night.
A watch was ſet, and that full ſoon they ta,
He was a Scot, yet would he not him ſla:
But gart him tell the manner of that place:
Thus entred they within a little ſpace,
The gate they wan for Caſtle there was none,
But mud-wall wight, withoutten lime or ſtone,
Wallace in haſte ſtroake up the chamber doze,
With his right foot, that ſtalwart was and ſtour,
Then they within awaked ſuddenly,
The Lord got up, and merry can he cry,
Fra time he wiſt that good Wallace was there,
He thanked God, then ſaid theſe wozds mare,
True man I was, and win againſt my will,
With Engliſhmen, ſuppoſe I like it ill:

All

All Scots we are that in this house are now;
At your commaund all boldly shall we bow.
Of our nation good Wallace had great pity,
Tooke oaths of them, and then meat asked he.
Good chear they made whyle day light on the morne.
This true man sone sembled him before:
Three sons he had that stallwart were and bold,
And twenty men of kin, in his houshold.
VVallace wos blyth they made him some supply.
Said, I thank God, that we this multiply.
All that day over in good listing they rest.
Watches they choose to kep them that could best.
Upon the morne, the light day when they saw,
Then VVallace said, our power go to knaw:
We will take field, and up our banner raise,
In right of Scotland, and contrare of our foes,
We will no more now us in covert hide,
Power to us will semble on each side.
Then horse they got, the best that could be there,
Towards Dunkeld the gainest way they fare.
The Bishop then got him to Saint Johnstoun,
The Scots slew that were of that Nation.
Both poore and rich, and servants that they fand,
Left none alive that was borne of England:
The place they took, and made them well to fare,
Of purveyance that bishop had brought there,
Jewels they got, both gold and silver bright,
With good chear there five dayes sojourned right.
On the first day VVallace to counsell went,
Gart all the best and shaw them his intent:
No man we have to assault Saint Johnstoun,
Into the North therefore let us make boun,
In Rosse ye know, good men a strength hath made;
Hear they of us, they come withoutten bade.
Alas in to Bute is good Bishop Sinkler,
Fra he got wot, he comes withoutten maire.

Good

God wel-fand men of Arrane and Rouchlie.
Fra they be warned, they will all come to me:
This purpose tok, and in the North they rine,
No Englishmen durst in their gate abide.
Whom Wallace tok, they knew the old ransoum,
Fra he came home to flee they made them boun:
And Scots men semled to Wallace fast,
In awmfil fear out through the land they past:
Strengths were left, wot ye, all desolate,
Against these folke no man durst make debate:
In arrayed battell they rode to Aberdene,
In whole nunnber, seven thousand then were seen:
But Englishmen had left the toune all waste,
On ever each side away then can they haste.
In all the land left neither moze noz lesse,
Lord Bewmount took the sea at Buchan-nesse.
Through Scotland then was manifest in plaine,
The Lords that fled, in heart was wonder fain.
The knight Clement of Rosse came suddenly,
In Murray land, with their good Chevalry.
The houle of Narne that good knight well hath tane
Slew the Captaine, and good men many ane:
Out of Murray and Buchane Land came they,
To seek Bewmount, but he was past away,
Then these good men to Wallace passed right,
When Wallace saw Sir John Ramsay the knight,
And other good that had been from him long,
Great courage then was raised them among.
The land he ruled as that him liked best,
To Saint Johstoun then rode ere they would rest,

The

The siedge of Saint *Johnstoun*

At every Port a stallwart watch he made,
Conferrned a sledge, and stoutastly abade:
Bishop Sinkler in all good hailt him bight,
Came out of Bute with seemly men in sight:
Out of the Iles of Rauchly and Arrane,
Lindesay and Boyd, with good men many one:
Adam Wallace, Barron of Richartowne,
Full sadly fought to Wallace of renowne.
In Saint Johnstoun bode at the hallyie still,
For Sutheron men they might well passe at will,
For in their way there durst no enemie be,
But fled away by land, and eke by sea,
About the toun thus sembled they but mare,
For they had been with good Wallace before.
Scton, Lawder, and Richard of Landie,
In a good Barge they past about the sea.
In S. Johnstoun haben their Ankers have they set
Two English ships they took by poynton let:
The one they burnt, and stuffed the other well,
With artailzie, and stallwart men in fleete.
To keep the port, there should come no tinnall,
Into the toun, nor men that might availe.
From South and North swamp from Scotland fled,
Left Castles toustie, still left their tines in sted.
The Sutheron Bishop that before left Dunkell,
To London past, and told Edward him sell.
In Scotland there had fallen a great mischance,
Then sent he sone for Aymer the Valliance:
And asked him, what then were best to doe,
He height to passe, and take great Gold thereto,
Into Scotland, some means there to make.
Against Wallace on hand thus can he take,

He said, he would undoe King Edwards crowne,
Except he might through treason put him down.
King Edward bought what thing that Vallance band,
He should it keep, thereto he gave his hand:
Vallance tok leave, and into Scotland went,
To Bothwell came, then cast in his intent:
What man there was might Wallace best begnile,
And soon he found within a little while.
Sir John Menteith that Wallace Cossop was;
A messenger Sir Aymer hath gart passe:
At Rugline Kirke these two together met,
Him to betray the harnage there was set:
Then Vallance said, Sir John, thou knowst this thing
Wallace again riseth contrare the King:
And thou mayst have what Lordship thou wilt wail,
And thou wouldst worke as I would thee counsell:
Yon tyrant holds the Realmes at trouble bath,
To thairfie men it doth full meikell skaith:
Be trusteth thee, thou mayst full well him take,
Of this matter I rede an end thou make:
Were he away, we might at liking reigne,
All as Lords, and live under a King:
Then Menteith said, he is our governour,
For us he bode in many sellon stour.
Not for himself, but for our heritage,
To sell him thus, it were a great outrage:
Then Vallance said, And thou well understood,
Great merite it were, he spills so meikell blood,
Of christen men, putteth soules in perill,
I bind me als he shall be holden haile.
As for his life, and kept into prison,
King Edward would have him in subjection:
Then Menteith thought, so they would keep command
He would full fain have had him off Scotland.
Vallance saw him in a studie bee,
Three thousand pound of fine Gold let him see:

And hecht he should the Lennox have at will,
Thus treasonably Menteith granted theretill.
In obligation with his own hand he made,
Then took the gold, and Edwards seal so braid:
And gave them his, When he his time might se,
To take Wallace, ower Sulway give him frie,
To Englishmen, by this treasonable concord,
Sir John should be of all the Lennox Lord.
Thus Wallace should in England keeped be,
To Edward might make Scotland to him frie:
There Covetise was o'er great matter seen,
Some example takes how another hath been,
For Covetise put in paines strong and fell,
For Covetise the Serpent is in hell:
For Covetise good Hector took the death,
For Covetise there can be no remead:
Through Covetise good Alexander was lost,
And Julius als for all his riefe and boast.
Through Covetise died Arthur of Britaine,
For Covetise there hath died many ane:
For Covetise the traitor Ganillion,
The Flowre of France he put to confusion,
For Covetise they poysoned Godefray,
In Antioch, as the Author will say,
For Covetise Menteith upon false wyle,
Betrayed Wallace who was his Gallop tryle,
Wallance in haste with blyth will and good heart,
To London past, and shewed it to Edward,
Of their contract he had far more pleasance,
Than of fine Gold given in the ballance:
Of Greater weight than his ransome might be,
Of Wallace worth yet speak some part will we.

AT Saint Johnstoun yet was the sledging still,
In a morning the Sutheron with good will,

Five hundreth men in armes right egerly,
They issued forth to make a jeopardie,
At the South port upon Scote and Dundasse,
Who in their time right wise and worthy was:
Against their foes right sharply fought and sore.
In that counter seven score to death they bore:
Yet Englishmen that cruell were and kern,
Full verily fought, where doughty deeds were seen,
From the West side drave all the Scots saile,
To the fighters. When they saw nought availe:
But in again full fast they can them sped,
The knight Dundasse full doughty proved indeed:
Ouer neat the gate full hardonly he bade,
With a good sword full great mastrie he made,
Nought knowing well his fellows were him fra.
In at the gate the Sutheron can him ta:
Unto the Earle they led him hastily:
When he him saw, he said he should not die,
To slay this one it may us little remead:
He sent him forth to Wallace in that stead.
Unto the South his battels path he straught,
While he him saw, of this he wist right nought:
Sent to the Earl, and thanked him largely,
Height for to quite when he such cause might see:
But yet therefore forbearance he would not grant,
Though they were yolden, and come recreant.
For gold nor good he would no treuse take,
A great assault them they began to make,
The Earle of Fyfe dwelt under treuses long,
Of king Edward, and then he thought it wrong,
That Wallace so was fleeging Saint Jonstoun.
But if he come in right help of the Crown,
To Englishmen he would not keep that band,
Then came he sone with good men of the land.
And John Vallance was then Shyreffe of Fyfe,
To Wallace past, and therbed him in that strife.

The

The Earle was come of good true noble blod,
Of the old Thane, which in his time was gud.
Then all about to Saint Johnstoun they gang,
The sellon sault was hideous and strang:
Full feill Faggets into the Dyke they fell,
Bather and Hay about the Stakes they cast:
Mith trees and earth a great passage they made,
Out over the walls they pred in battell braid:
The Sutheron then made great defence againe,
Whyle at the wals there was a thousand slaine:
Wallace and his pepl raved in battell right,
All Sutheron men derfly to death they dight:
To save the Earle Wallace the Herauld fend,
Cwd Jop himselfe the which before him kend:
For Dundasse sake he said, he should not die,
Wallace himselfe thus ordained for to be,
A small Hackney to him he gart betake,
Silver and gold his chargis for to make.
Set on his Cloake a token for to se,
A Lyon in wave that should his convoat be:
Convoyed him forth, and no man him withstand,
Women and Bairnes, Wallace gart fra them all.
And then he cryed, frie Scots to them one,
Plenisht the land which long had been overthrowne
Then Wallace past the Swith land for to se,
Edward the Bruce in his time right worthy:
That peace before he had in Ireland bene,
And there with him were cruell men and kene,
Fifty in feire were of his mothers kin,
At Kircubright in Galloway entred in,
With thois fifty he had vanquisht mare feare,
And then past withoutten earthe mare,
To Wigton fast, and that Castle hastly tane,
Sutheron were fled, and left it all alane:
Wallace him met with true men redyerently,
To Lochmabane went all that Chevalrie:

They made Edward both Lord and leader there,
This condition Wallace made him but mare,
But a short time to byde Robert the King,
If he came not in this Region to reigne:
That Edward should receive the Crown but faile,
This beght Wallace, and all the Barnage baile:
In Lochmabane Prince Edward leinded still,
And Wallace past to Cumnocke with good will:
At the Black-Bog where he had wont to be,
Upon that stead a royall house held he.
English Wardans to London past but maire,
And told the King of all their great misfare:
How Wallace can Scotland from him reduce,
And how he had received Edward Bruce.
The commons swore they should come never mare.
Upon Scotland and Wallace living were,
Then Edward wrote to Menteith privily,
Prayed in haste the time was passed by.
Of the promises to which he was bounden,
Sir John Menteith into his wit hath founden,
How he should best his purpose to fulfill,
His sister son in haste he called him till.
And ordained him in dwelling with Wallace,
As Death again he gart him make on case
What time he with Wallace in quyet drawe,
He should him warne what a venture might fawe,
This man granted that such thing should be done;
With Wallace thus he was in service sonn,
But of treason, Wallace had little thought,
His laborous minde in other matters wrought,
Thus Wallace thrise hath made all Scotland free,
Then he desired in lasting peace to be.
For as of weare he was in some part irke.
He purposed to serve God and the Kirke,
And for to live unner his righteous King,
That he desired above all earthly thing.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

How *Wallace* was betrayed by Sir *John Menteith*, and had in *England*, and was martyred there.

THe Herauld Jop in England soon he send,
And wrote to Bruce right heartily his commend
Beseeching him to come and take his Crowne,
Sone should gainstand, Clerk, Burges, nor Barron
The Herauld past, when Bruce saw his credence,
Thereof he took a perfite great pleasance.
With his own hand again wrote to Wallace:
And thanked him of lawtie and kindnesse,
Beseeching him this matter to conceale,
For him behoved out of England to steale,
For long before was keped the Ragment,
Which Cumine had to byde the Parliament,
Into London, and if they him accuse,
To come from them he would have some excuse:
He prayed Wallace on Glasgow mure to waite,
The nert first night of July for his sake:
And bade he should but into quyet be,
For he with him might bring few Chevalry,
Wallace was blyth, when he this writting saw,
His houshold soon he gart to Glasgow draw.
That moneth there he ordained them to byde,
Keirly he took each night with him to ride:
And this young man that Menteith to him send,
Wist none but they what way that Wallace went:
The which gart warne his Eme the night ere night,
Dirly full soon Sir John Menteith gart dight,
Of his own kin and allays was borne,
To his treason he gart them all be sworne:
From Dumbartane they sped them hastily,
Neare Glasgow bait he they busked them privily,
Wallace past forth where that the tryst was set,

A spy they made and followed him but let.
Robertson was neare the way beside,
And but an house where Wallace used to bide,
He woke on fast while passed was midnight,
Keirly and he then for a sleep them dight,
They bade this man that he would walke his part,
And token Wallace came men from any airt.
When they sleeped the traitour took good heed,
He met his Cane, and bade him bade no dread,
Du sleep he was and with him but one man,
He may him have for any craft he can,
Without the house their weapons laid them fra,
For well they wist got Wallace one of tha,
And on his feet his raiment should be sold,
Thus sembled they about that feeble hold,
This traitour watch from Wallace then he stall,
Both knife and sword, his Bow and Arrows all,
After midnight at hands they have him tane,
Slumbred on Sleep no man with him but ane,
Keirly they took and led him from that place,
Did him to death without ten longer space,
They thought to bind Wallace with strengths strong
On foot he got these fell traitours among,
He gripped about but no weapons he fand,
Yet with a stile that bid beside him stand,
The back of one he burdled in the thrang,
And of a nother the Harnes out he dang,
And als many as hands could on him lay,
By force him hint for to have him away,
But that power on foot might not him lead,
Out of that house while they or he were dead.
Sir John saw well by force it might be,
Ere he were tane rather he thought to die,
Menteith bade cease, and then spake to Wallace,
And showd him both a full right subtill case,
We have so long here used you alone,

While

While wit thereof is into England gone.
Therefore hear me and sober your courage.
The Englishmen with a full great barnage,
Are sembled here and set this house about,
That ye by force on no wise can win out.
Suppose ye had the strength of good Hector,
Among the hoast ye may not long endure:
And they you take in hast your death is dight,
I have spoken with Lord Clifford that Knight,
Their Chiftaine is and well meaned for your life,
They ask no more but be quite of you strife.
To Dumbartane ye shall passe forth with me,
Then in your house ye may in safety be.
Sutheron such use with Menteith long had they:
That Wallace trowed some part that he would say,
Menteith said Sir, lo, weapons none we have,
We come in traist, your life if we might save,
Wallace trowed well, and he his gossop thrise,
That he would nought by no manner of wise,
Him to betray for all Scotland to wide,
An oath of him he asked in that tyde.
There wanted wit, what should his oaths more,
For-swome to him he was long time before,
The oath he made, Wallace came in his will.
Right fraudfully all thus he trowed him till.
Gossop he said, as prisoner they must you se.
Or else through force they will take you from me,
A coureh with light upon his hands they laid,
And under them with sicker cords they braid,
Both sharpe and tough and fast together drew,
Alas the Bruce might sore that binding rew.
Which made Scotland son broken upon case,
By Cumynis death and losse of good Wallace.
They led him forth in sove among them aw,
Keirly he mist, and then the Sutheron saw,
Then wist he well that he betrayed was,

Toward

Toward the South with him when they can passe,
Yet they him said, in truth he should not die,
King Edward would keep him in good safety.
For the honour of war that he had wrought,
But the foye hands so troubled all his thought,
Credence thereto forsoth he could not give,
That he wist well they would not let him live,
A false soule case that Menteith hath him sold,
When on this wise good Wallace he was cold,
Some men sayes it was to save his Lord,
They lied all out that made that false record:
At the Fawkirke the good Stewart was slaine,
Our Chronicles rehearses that in plain,
On Magdalane day the eighteen yeare before,
Cummings death therefore it witnesseth more,
And at Reltoun Wallace, was treasonably,
Thus falsly stolne from his good Chevalrie,
In Glasgow lay, and wist not of this thing.
Thus was he lost, in bydyng of his King:
South they him led, aye holding the waste land,
Delibered him in haste over Sulway sand.
The Lord Clifford and Vallance took him there,
To Carlile town full fast with him they fure,
In prison him set, that was a great dolour,
That house after they called Wallace towre.
Some men then said that knew not well the case,
In Barwicke town to death they put Wallace:
Contrare is knowne by this opinion,
That Sutheron men had not then Berwicke town,
To Scotland free it was, till Soullis it gave.
For Lord Cumming to England with the lave,
Another point is, the traitours durst not passe,
That sold him so where Scots men master was,
The third point is the Commons of England,
What they deny they will not understand,
That thing be done for witnesse that may be,

No mor credence give further then they may se.
To se him die Edward had maze desire,
Than to be Lord of all the whole Empyre,
And for this cause they keped him sa lang,
While the commons might unto London gang.

¶ Alace Scotland to whom shalt thou complain?
Alace from pain who can thee now refrain?
Alace thine help is fallly brought to ground,
Thy best Chiftaine in braith bands is bound.
Alace thou hast now lost thy guide of light,
Alace who shall defend thee in thy right?
Alace thy pain approacheth wonder near,
With sorrow soon thou must be left on stear,
Thy gratious guide, thy greatest governour,
Alace over neare hath come thy fatall houre.
Alace who shall now bet thee of thy baile?
Alace when shall of harmes thou be haile,
Who shall defend? who shall thee now make free?
Alace, in warre, who shall thine helper be?
Who shall thee kep? who shall thee now redeeme,
Alace, who shall the Saxons from thee fleme?
I can no mor but beseech God of Grace,
Thee to restore in haste to Wealth and Peace.
So god VVallace may succour thee na mare,
The losse of him increaseth miekell care.
Now of his men in Glasgow still they lay,
What sorrow raise when they mist him away,
The cruell pain the woefull compleaning,
Therefore to tell it were an heavie thing,
I will let be and speak of him na mare,
Little rehearse is over meikell care.
And principally where redemption is none,
It helps not to tell their piteous moane,
The death thereof is yet in remembrance,

I will let ſtaith of ſorrow the Wallance.
But Longoveill to Lochmabane can paſſe,
And there beght he where god Prince Edward was,
Out of Scotland he ſhould paſſe never more,
Loſſe of VVallace ſought to his heart full ſore,
The Realme of France he vowed never to ſe.
But revenge Wallace or elſe therefore to die,
There he remained while cumming of the King,
With Bruce in war this good knight faith did ring:
Remembrance ſince is in the Bruces buk,
Second he was when they Saint Johnſtoun tuk,
Followed the King at winning of the town,
The Bruce therefore gave him full great Guardoun
All Chartris land the good King to him gave,
Charteris ſince them of him come are the lave,
Whereto ſhould I farre in this Storie wend?
But of my Buk to make a ſmall end:
Robert the Bruce came home on the third day,
In Scotland after that VVallace was away,
To Lochmabane where he found god Edward;
Whereof he was greatly reioyced in heart,
But ſra he wiſt Wallace away was led,
So meikell baile into his breſt was bred.
Near oft his wit he wonthed for that deed,
Edward full ſoon then to his brother yeid.
A ſudden chance this was in wo from weale,
God Edward ſaith, this helpeth not a deale,
Let mourning be, it may be no remead,
Ye have him tint, ye ſhould revenge his dead.
But for your cauſe he tuk the warres in hand,
In your defence and thrise hath freed Scotland,
The which was loſt from us and all our kin,
Were not Wallace ſoe had never entred in.
Mirrour he was of luſtyhead and manheed,
In warres the beſt that ever power ſhall lead,
Had he liked for to have tane the Crown.

Would

Would none him let that is in this Region,
Had not bein he, ye should had none entrette,
Into this Realme for treason and falsenette.
That shall ye se the traitour that him sold,
From you he thinks Dumbartane for to hold,
Some comfort take, and let flaik of this sorrow,
The King charged Edward on the morrow,
Redresse to take of wrong that wrought him was,
To Dalswyntoun he ordained him to passe.
And men of armes if they found Cumming there,
But him to death for no dread they would spare.
They found him not the King him after slew,
Into Dumfries where witnesse were anew,
That hapned wrong ober great hatte in a King,
To work by law it may skaith meikell thing,
I need not here no further for to shaw,
How that was done is knowen to you aw.

BUt young Dowglas thrift to the King can passe,
In all his war that wight and worthie was:
Nor how the King hath tane on him the Crown,
Of all that here I make but short mention.
Nor how Lord Soullis gaue Barwick town away,
How after sone als tint was Galloway,
How Joho of Lorne against his right King rose,
On either side how Bruce had many foes.
How bold Brechin contrare the King could rise,
Right few was then in weir with him to bide,
For how the North was given from the good King
Which made him long in paynfull war to reigne,
But true to him was James the good Dowglas,
For Bruces right bode well in many place,
Under the King he was the best Chiftaine.
But Wallace I set a Chiftain him alane:
Therefore to him is no comparison,

As

As of one man, save reverence of the Crowne.
But so many as of the Dowglas hath been,
Owd of one thing was never in Scotland seen,
Comparisons I cannot well declare,
Of Bruces book as now I speake no mare,
Maister John Barbour which was a cunning clark,
Hath of the Bruce said meikell in his wark,
In this matter I am prolixt almaist,
To my purpose breifely I will me haste:
How good Wallace was set amongst his foes,
To London with him Cliffurd and Vallance goes.
Where king Edward was right fain of that fang,
They have him set fast in a prison strang.
Of Wallace end my selfe would lean for dread,
To say the worst; but righteousnesse me lead,
We finde his life was als so very true.
His fatall houre I will not tenzie now:
Mentieth him sold, and that ouer well was knowen,
Fell of that him in Scotland then was sown.
Charged to byde under the great judgement,
That king Robert ated in his Parliament.
Thereof I make no longer countenance,
But Wallace end in world was displeasance,
Thereof I cease, and put not into rymne,
Scotland may think the blessed happie time.
That he was borne, by principall points two,
This is the first ere that we farther goe:
Scotland he fred, and brought it from thirlage,
And now in heaven he hath his harberage.
Wherefore we have right stedfast confidence,
Since for his Countrey he made so great defence.

An admonition to the Reader.

¶ These things which follow, favouring of the superstitious credulity of the people, and deceitfull cousenage of the Monks of these times, we have notwithstanding insert, lest we should seeme at our own hand rashly to omit any thing which we found in our copie: to the end, that they may admonish me to studie to be thankfull to our blessed Lord, who hath now opened our eyes to see through the milt wherewith these former ages were blinded.

A Ponk there was in Burie Abbay then,
Into that time a right religious man:
A young man als, with him in order stod,
Who knew his life, was clean perfect, and good:
This Father Ponke was visited with sickneſſe,
Out of the world as he should passe on ease.
His brother saw his spirite likely to passe,
A band of him right earnestly could he aske,
To come again, and show him of the merk,
That he should aske of God for his good deed.
He granted him at his power to prieve.
To come again if God will give him leave:
His spirite changed out of this worlds paine,
In that same time come to the Ponke again.
Such thing hath been as is by voice and sight,
Where he appeard there shyned meikell light:
Like to Lanterns they illuminate so clear,
That worldly wight thereto might be no peare.
A voice thus said God hath me granted grace,
That I shall keep my promise in this place,
The Ponke was blyth of this celestiall figure farie,
But a fire-brand in his forie head he bare.

As

As that him thought misliked all the lave.
Where art thou swite? answered to God me save:
In purgatorie, how long shalt thou bide there?
But halfe a year to come and little more:
Purgatorie is, I let the well to wit,
In any place where God will it commit:
In houres space I was there Judged to be,
And that valleth suppose I speak with thee,
Why haste thou that and all the rest so whole?
For in Science, I thought me most availe:
Who prydes therein, labour is in waste,
For Science comes but of the holy Ghaist,
After thine houre where is thine passage eben?
When time comes, he said to lasting heaven,
What time is that, I pray you now declare,
Two are on life must be before me there,
Which two are they, the verity me ken,
The first hath been a great slayer of men,
Now they him keep to martyre in London towne
On wednesday, before the King and Common:
As none on lyte that hath so many slain.
O brother he said, this tale is but in vaine,
For slaughter is to God abhominable.
Then said the swite, Forsooth this is no fable:
He is Wallace, defender of Scotland,
For rightwous war that he took upon hand,
Righteousnesse there is loved over the lave,
Therefore in heaven he shall that honour have:
Syne a poore priest is meetest to commend,
He took in thanks what thing that God him send,
For godlynesse and good devotion,
Heaven he shall have to lasting warison.
I am the third granted through Gods grace,
Brother he said, tell I this in our place,
They will but deeme I either dream or rave.
Then said the swit, this witnesse thou shalt have:

The

The bells shall ring for ought that ye do may,
When they him slay halfe an houre of the day,
And so they did the monk writ what they alled,
Through broad Britaine the word thereof was scailed
The spritе tooke leave at Gods will to be,
Of Wallace end to hear is great pity.

And I would not put men in great dolour,
But lightly passe out over this fatall bourse,
On Wednesday fierce Sutheron with him brought,
To martyre him as they before had thought.
Wallace was martyrde the truth to you to tell,
As were Oswald, Edmond, Edward, with paine fell,
With men of armes led him a full great rout,
With a bold spritе then Wallace blent about,
A preest he asked for him that died on tre,
King Edward then commanded his Clergie,
And said, I charge in paine of losse of life,
None be so bold you tyrant for to shrife,
He hath long rung in contrare of mine pleasure,
A blessed Bishop was present in that place.
Of Canterbury he then was righteous Lord,
Against the King he made his right record,
And said my selfe shall heare his confession,
If I have might in contrare of thy Crowne,
Or thou through force shall stop me from this thing,
I vow to God which is my righteous King,
Over all England I shall thee interdite,
And make it knowne thou art an hereticke:
The sacrament of Christ I shall him give,
Then take thy choise to sterve or let him live,
It were more paine in worship of thy Crowne,
To keep such one in life in thy bandoune,
Then all the land, and good that thou hath reft,
But covetise thee by from honour dreft,

Thou hath thy life rung long in wrangous ded,
That shall be lorn on thee, or on thy seed.
The King gave charge they should the Bishop tak,
But wise Lords counselled to let him ga.
All wise men said, that his desire was right,
To Wallace then he ranked in their sight,
And sadly heard his confession to the end,
Humbly to God his Spyte he did commend.
Lawly him served with hearty devotion,
Upon his knees and said an orison.
His leave he took, and to Westminster rode,
The Clughmen there they bare Wallace but hode,
Unto a place his martyredome to take,
For to his death he trusted them further[ing] make,
From the first night he was tane in Scotland,
They keped him into the samine band,
Nothing he had that would have done him good,
But Englishmen him served of carefull food.
The worldly life deures the sustinance,
Though he it gote in contrare of pleasance,
These thirty dayes his bands they durst not slake,
While he was bound to a trumple of aike,
With yron chaines that were both starke and keen,
A Clerk they set to hear what he would meane,
Thou Scot, he said, that so great sinning hath done,
Thy fatall houre thou sees approacheth soon,
Thou should in mynde remember the milded,
That Clarks may when they the Psalmes read,
For Christen soules which of mankes them to pray,
In their number thou may be one of thay,
For now thou sees on face thou must decease,
Then Wallace said, for all thy round rehearse,
Thou hast no charge suppose I have done mysse,
For blessed Bishop hath begnit I shall have blisse,
And I trow well that God shall it admit,
Thy simulate wordes shall not my conscience smite,

Contort

Comfort I have of way that I should gang,
Most paine I feele that I bide here so lang,
Then said the Clerk, our King sent oft thee till,
Thou might have had all Scotland at thy will,
To hold of him, and ceased of thy strife,
So as a Lord to reigne through all thy life.
Then Wallace said, thou speaks of mighty thing,
Had I lasted, and got my righteous King,
And worthy Bruce received had his crowne,
I thought have made England at his bandown,
That utterly it should been at his will,
What pleased him to save, or else to spill.
Well said the Clerk, I see thou repents nought,
Of wickednesse thou hast a fellon thought.
Is none in world that hath so many slaine,
Therefore to ask me thank thou should be faine,
Grace at our King and then at his barnage,
Then Wallace smiled a little at his language,
I grant, he said, some Englishmen I slew,
In my quarrell me thought not halfe anew,
I moved no war but for to win our owne,
Both God and man the right full well hath knowne,
Thy frustrate words doth nought but tyres me,
I thee command in Gods name let me be.
A Shyrisse gart this Clerk fast from him passe,
Right as they durst granted what he would asse.
A Psalter book Wallace on him had ever,
From his childhood with it he would not sever,
The better he trowed in his voyage to speed,
But when he was dispoyled of his weed,
This grace he asked at Lord Clifford that knight,
To let him have the Psalter book in sight.
He gart a preist upon before him hold,
While they to him had done what that they would,
Stedfast he red for aught they did him there,
Feill Sutheron said, that Wallace felt no feare,

Gud deuotion so was his beginning,
Continued therewith, and so was his ending,
While speach and Spritе at once all can faire.
To lasting blisse we trust for euermare.
I will not tell how he deuided was,
In fiue parts and ordained for to passe,
Bot his Spritе thus by liklinesse was well,
Of Wallace life who hath a better tell.
Bay thow forty more with wit and eloquence,
For I to this have done my diligence,
After the prose giuen from the Latine booke,
Which maister Blaire in his time undertooke,
In faire Latine compyled to an end.
With gud witnesse which more is to commend.
Bishop Sinkler that Lord was of Dunkell,
He got this buk and confirmed to him sell.
For verȳ truth thereof he had no dread,
Himself had heard great part of Wallace déed,
His purpose was to have sent it to Rome,
Our Father of Kirk therein to give his doom.
Bot Maister Blaire and als Sir Thomas Gray,
After Wallace they lived many a day,
Thes two knew best of Sir Williams déed,
From sixteen year while nine and twenty péed,
Fourty and fiue Wallace of age was cald,
That time that he was to the Sutheron sald,
Though this matter be nought to all pleasance,
His suthfast déed is worthy to advance.
All worthie men that reads this rurall byte,
Blame not this Buk though I be imperfite:
I should have thanks since I no travell spaird,
For my travell no man beght me reward:
Nor charge I had of King, nor other Lord,
Great harme I thought this gud déed should be smord
I have said here near as the procesle goes,
And feigned not for friends, nor yet for foes.

For

For coſt hereof was no man bound to me,
In this ſentence I had no will to ſe,
But in as much as I rehearſed nought,
So worthily as noble Wallace wrought.
But in one point, I grant I ſaid amiſſe.
Theſe two Knights ſhould blamed be of this:
The Knight VVallace, of Craigie righteous Lord,
And Liddaill tho, cauſde me make wrong record:
On Allartoun mure the Crotone he tuk one day,
To get battell, as mine author will ſay.
Theſe two cauſde me ſay on an other wiſe,
To Paſſer Blair we did part of ſuppriſe.

FINIS.

Thus endeth *VVilliam VVallace* wight,
Behinde him left not ſuch a Knight,
Of worthineſſe, and deed of hand,
From thraldome thrice he fred this land.

The Conclusion of this Booke.

GOe Noble Booke, fulfilled of sentence.
Suppose thou be barren of Eloquence.
Goe worthie book fulfilled of worthy deed,
But thee to help of Language thou hast need:
When good Makers rang well into SCOTLAND,
Great harme it was that none of them thee fand;
Yet there is part that can thee well advance,
Now bide the time, and be in remembrance.

I you

I you beſeech of your benevo-
lence,
Who will not Love, Lack not mine
Eloquence,
It is well knowne I am a Ruraill
man,
And here have done as goodly as I
can:
My tongue did never ornate tearmes
embrace,
I beſeech GOD, that giver is of
grace,
Made hell and earth, and ſet the heaven
above,
That he till us grant his dear laſting
love.

A A 918.

FINIS.